PICTORIAL REVIEW

ECEMBER
1923

FIFTEEN
CENTS

"TO-MORROW'S BREAD"

Wallace Irwin's Greatest Novel ~ *begins in this issue*

A SPLENDID CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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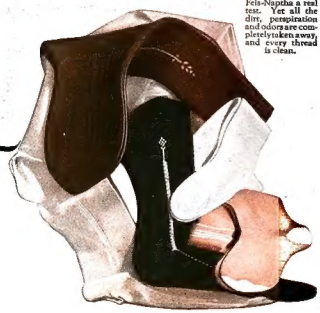
Shirts enjoy the gentle dousing in Fels-Naptha soapy water. It sets them free from dirt, and they retain their youthful color.

Baby's rompers set delighted to escape destructive rubbing. Fels-Naptha makes them clean and sweet by soaking.

If clothes could talk—

Stockings know they give Fels-Naptha a real test. Yet all the dirt, perspiration and odor are completely taken away, and every thread is clean.



"We want Fels-Naptha!" they would shout in chorus. Self-defense would prompt them to do it!

Do you think clothes relish hard rubbing, or the pulling, straining and tearing of their tender fibres that result from ordinary washing, and shorten their life? They *do* enjoy the safe quick way in which Fels-Naptha separates the dirt from their delicate meshes.

Why? The real naptha in Fels-Naptha not only loosens surface dirt easily—it goes deep down through every thread and unlocks the grip of ground-in dirt completely. The soapy water flushes it away and the clothes are thoroughly clean and sweet and wholesome.

All clothes need Fels-Naptha Cleanliness! And you need the saving in work—and in wear on your clothes.

There has never been anything like this unusual combination of real naptha and splendid soap for safely making clothes clean and healthful. It is the exclusive blending of these two great safe cleaners that gives Fels-Naptha its double cleansing value. Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's today, and treat your clothes to *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness!*

The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

You can tell Fels-Naptha by its clean naptha odor.

PROVE the quick, safe, and thorough work of Fels-Naptha. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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The Christmas Cry of the Children

An Editorial by Ida Clyde Clarke

IT HAS been estimated that $100,000,000 will be spent on toys in the United States during this Christmas season. It is said that one person in every three is a "toy prospect." These estimates have been made by the toy manufacturers. By far the largest consumers of toys, so they say, are babies up to three years of age, and "first babies" lead all the rest. Since this is the most destructive period of the most destructive age many "repeat orders" are necessary.

Babies used to be allowed to suck their thumbs, and were fairly well satisfied with this inexpensive diversion. Then came the fad for "foolers," which has now been frowned upon. There was a time when one had merely to choose between a rattle and a teething-ring when looking for a gift for a young baby. But now—well, the Toy Fair held annually in New York spreads over eight floors of two of the city's largest hotels, and visitors are fairly dazed over the endless variety of articles designed, manufactured, and sold for the sole amusement—or would "amazement" be the better word?—of modern babies.

Dolls must do more than merely shut their eyes and squeak a little under pressure if they are to satisfy the small girl of to-day. They must walk and talk and sing and dance. And as for the boys—bless you, the racers and the roadsters must be replicas of dad's and must even bear the same expensive name-plates. One exhibitor declared fervidly that "no red-blooded American youngster would be complimented by a car that sounded like less than $10,000." Well, maybe not.

But of course we can't blame the babies. They haven't created the demand. And even if they had they might fling back at us a reminder that during the same period the rest of us bought and inscribed and paid postage on 33,000,000 greeting-cards and chewed $1,000,000 worth of gum a week.

Now let's go right on and spend that $100,000,000. A tightening of our purse-strings would probably cause no poignant grief among the largest class of consumers, namely, the babies up to three years of age; but how we adults should miss the buying of those toys!

The "Made in America" Label

BUT where do the glittering toys come from? Who makes them, and under what conditions is the work done? Of the millions of children of the toy age how many will be without toys and without joys of any kind at Christmas time? And what of the millions of little ones in the famine-swept, war-scared areas of Europe who are daily dying for want of—toys? No, for want of bread!

In this Christian country over 1,000,000 children of tender age are working and many of them under the most shocking conditions. In two cities of New Jersey a recent investigation disclosed that nearly 1,000 children were doing contract labor at home under sweat-shop conditions of a revolting type. Many of these children were tubercular and practically all were undernourished. Some were engaged in making so-called "sanitary" articles, and many were working on dolls and dolls' clothes which bear the proud label "Made in America."

But what kind of men and women are we making of these children in the sweat-shops and the factories and the fields of America? According to the United States Bureau of Education 14,250,000 persons engaged in mechanical and manufacturing pursuits have not had a chance to secure an adequate training. H. G. Wells, visiting America, declared that the annals of the industrial revolution in England had no worse pages than those of our country and that child labor ranked with lynching as our greatest shame.

America's child toilers are not confined to any one section. They are to be found bending their frail, undeveloped little backs and straining their tired eyes in the tenements of New York, in the textile establishments of New England, in the cotton-mills of the Carolinas, and in the fields of Texas.

Do you know the sordid story of the child toilers in the sugar-beet-growing areas from Ohio to California? Ask about the child workers in the canneries of the Gulf Coast States, and, perhaps blackest and saddest of all, in the coal-mining districts of Pennsylvania.

Consider the Beads on Your Dress

A GIRL of thirteen waiting to be admitted to a tuberculosis hospital that had already received two of her sisters was found working early and late beading dresses. Another frail child of ten was making rompers for talking dolls. Investigators in Jersey City found a family consisting of father, mother, and seven children living in a small, dirty tenement. There were also four boarders, two cats, and twelve chickens. The children were kept busy fastening pieces of tin on cheap toys designed for the "Christmas trade"—and destined for happier boys and girls. The combined earnings of the children added about four dollars a week to the family income.

Thousands of children are doing the same kind of work in many cities of America. The pay for which they sacrifice education, health, and joy is four, five, and occasionally ten cents an hour—after the child has become expert.

One little girl working in one of the canneries on the Gulf Coast said, "I stick shrimp thorns in my hands four or five times a day. My hands drip blood from the shrimp. I use twenty-five cents' worth of alum a week."

Such is the dreary picture of the need of a million of our own little children here in America. But even more heart-breaking is the plight of millions of helpless babies on the other side of the world, survivors of war and famine and pestilence the horror of which we in America can scarcely conceive. Armenia is called "a nation of orphans." Of the tragic catastrophe in Japan and the desperate need there we all know. As we do our Christmas shopping let us remember that five dollars a month saves a life; one hundred dollars a year supports a child.

Have these few facts concerning the menacing threat to the child life of the world stirred anything within you? Do you want to do something about them? The way is easy.

The laws Congress has passed to prevent child labor have been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. The child labor laws of the different States, like those dealing with marriage and divorce, are a hodgepodge, and are often so vague as to render evasion easy. There is but one way out of the difficulty and that lies through an amendment to the Constitution. Such an amendment has been proposed in a bill sponsored by Senator Medill McCormick. *Do what you can to secure its passage and urge your friends to do likewise.*

A Carpenter-Shop at Nazareth

THE best way in which to give quick and practical assistance to the suffering children of other lands is through one of the great relief organizations. In a little carpenter-shop at Nazareth near the spot, tradition says, where Joseph taught the child Jesus, boys of to-day are being taught by workers for the Near East Relief. In "the greatest orphanage in the world" this organization is caring for 17,000 children and 50,000 others are being fed. In the same area 50,000 refugees are being cared for. In the very barracks where Florence Nightingale walked with her lamp during the Crimean war the Near East Relief has 9,500 refugees.

Through the superefforts of the American Relief Administration 10,000,000 starving people were fed in Russia. The Red Cross had only to tell the American people how much money was needed for immediate relief in Japan and it was but a matter of hours before the sum was in hand.

And all of these things were made possible by the generosity of those same Americans who spend $100,000,000 a year for toys. If we are reckless spenders we are also reckless givers. Yes, Americans may be proud that that little carpenter-shop in Nazareth is a "made in America" product.

Let us spend our millions for toys if we wish to. Let us give all the joy and get all the joy we can out of this Christmas season.

But may we not also celebrate by heeding the Christmas cry of the children? A million of our little ones are tired. May we see that they have rest? Millions of orphans on the dark side of the world are strangers. Shall we take them in? They are hungry. Shall we feed them? They are naked. Shall we clothe them?

These things shall we not do in the name of Him who came that these little children also might have life and have it more abundant?

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Will You Keep the Faith?

If We All Work Together a Federal Marriage and Divorce Law Will Become a Fact

By Genevieve Parkhurst

LAST year in Washington I spoke with a leading man of the Senate about the proposed Federal Marriage and Divorce Law. I had been told he was difficult of approach and more difficult of conviction and that a brief encounter with him would serve me in many ways.

He was a bachelor, a misogynist, and a legal expert opposed to all social legislation—a blend apt to debilitate any cause. But he was not so bad, after all. At first he spoke with slight irritation, at last with a reasonable suspicion of interest, as he told me that he knew the divorce laws, particularly, were an absurd mess and that something ought to be done about them. What, he did not know. A Federal law would require an amendment to the Constitution, and he was wary of that. Besides—his impatient shrug indicated as plain as day that in his mind it was a woman's cause and therefore without interest to him.

When I told him that it meant just as much to men as to women, as women could be mighty mean sometimes, he bowed sarcastically, thanked me, and smiled in spite of himself. His most serious objection to it was on the ground of State rights, but he admitted that there are arguments to meet it. Refusing to commit himself, he asked me to keep him in touch with what was being done.

I cite this man because his attitude presents the essential points of the minority opposition which the movement for a Federal Marriage and Divorce Law has met.

Among the many Senators and Congressmen with whom I talked about it, aside from the representatives of one State which permits divorce on no ground whatever, I met with no violence of opinion. A few were free to say that our marriage and divorce laws are an unsavory potpourri. But they had taken the Volstead Act as a personal affront and were emphatic that the whole world could ride to ruin before they would vote for another amendment to the Constitution. The remaining opposition was divided between a few who stood out for State rights and a few who thought something ought to be done and that a Federal law might be the only solution. At mention of the amendment they were seized with political rickets.

"Personally, I would not object," said each one, "but my constituents——!"

An Amendment to the Constitution Needed

SINCE the Constitution states succinctly (Amendment X.) that "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people," and since legislation on marriage and divorce is not mentioned in the Constitution, the only way to a Federal Marriage and Divorce Law is through an amendment delegating to Congress the power to pass such a law.

And this is the high note upon which the "State righters" strain their voices. They contend that if those who made the Constitution had considered marriage or divorce an institution begging for Federal regulation, they would have provided for it in the first session of the First Congress, held in New York city, 1789, when the first ten amendments were passed—an argument founded on a false premise. All human endeavor can be improved. Only divine activity is perfect. The forefathers being neither omniscient, omnipresent, nor omnipotent, acted only upon those immanent problems the solutions of which were the spine of our government.

Conscious improvement of the race did not fret the minds of men immersed in founding a new nation. All that science has done toward proving that what parents are, mentally, spiritually, and physically—what they have to bestow upon their children before birth as well as after—sets the standard of what those children shall grow to be, had not in those days had its beginning.

Women and children, according to the common law, were chattels. They were denied economic value and independence. They were clinging vines who clung whether or not the oaks were sturdy and the clinging welcome. Men meant to be protective. If they were not, women suffered in silence. Puritanism was the guiding star of conduct. Those who flouted it were scourged in the public mind. Naturally all social problems, including marriage and divorce, child welfare and public health, were not matters of moment to a nation still at christening age. To refuse to support a progressive measure because it was not considered in the Constitution is like expecting the laws which regulated equipage traffic a hundred and fifty years ago to be effective with the automobile traffic of to-day.

While the framers of the Constitution did not claim to be seers, they had vision, and saw that the march of time would lead to conditions commanding Federal attention. So they provided for these by Article V., which defines the process of amendment.

The Plea of State Rights Disciples

PITCHED in a lower key and submitted as a question rather than a fact, comes another plea of the ardent disciples of State rights. "Since climate and geography modify or exaggerate human tendencies, is it not safer," they ask, "for the States to make their own laws?"

Climate and geography and race do partly determine the character of a population. But healthy bodies and healthy minds are the essence of a high civilization, and these are not the products of climate and geography. They are the fruit of healthy, happy mating. Feeble-mindedness is feeble-mindedness whether those afflicted with it are bred in Florida or Wyoming. The same is true of epilepsy and of insanity—and of social diseases—all instruments of human defection whose carriers, if permitted to marry, prolong these evils down the generations.

Many States do not forbid such marriages. Neither do they forbid the marriage of the immature. No girl, white, black, yellow, red, or brown, is mentally fit for marriage and motherhood at 12. No boy can be a responsible husband and father at 14. Yet a number of States, adhering to the old common law, set 12 and 14 as the ages at which girls and boys, respectively, may marry with consent of the parents. However, hundreds of child marriages take place every year, and a large part of them lead to the divorce courts, the juvenile courts, the public charities, the homes for the feeble-minded, the insane asylums, or the morgue.

According to statistics of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene 232,680 patients are cared for in our hospitals for the insane at a public cost of more than $50,000,000 a year. These figures are 20 per cent. higher than those of 1910. Forty thousand men, women, and children of such low mental standards that they can not order their own lives are confined in institutions at the estimated annual cost of $200 a patient. The National Committee for Mental Hygiene, after exhaustive research, further calculates that outside of the institutions four or five in every thousand of our population are feeble-minded. Ten States, because of the increase in defective children, have established salvage schools in the hope that a certain percentage might become self-supporting.

So long as the unfit marry, the tide of defection will rise higher and higher. It would not be so bad if a State, unconcerned about the mentality of its people, forbade the unfit to leave its boundaries. But they are permitted to wander from State to State, breeding and scattering their kind over the entire country.

It is one thing to say offhand that the States separately should be educated to change their laws, but it is another thing to do it. There is as much likelihood of some States improving their marriage and divorce laws as there was of all States agreeing upon the negro vote or woman suffrage.

If all States but two were to pass the same laws, either the two would become the rendezvous of recalcitrants from the remaining forty-six, or the forty-six would harbor the refugees from the other two, according to the rigidity or laxity of the two groups of laws. Again, as now, we would have the situation wherein men and women, having gone from their own State to marry or divorce, return, to find that at home their marriage or divorce is invalid.

With conditions as they are it is practically futile for a State to make an honest effort toward improvement. Judges and lawyers and clergymen in neighboring States stand with hands extended and pockets open, smiling encouragement to those who find their home laws too exacting.

Reaping a Harvest in License Fees

AT THE last session of the Nebraska Legislature a law was passed providing for a lapse of ten days between the application for a marriage license and its issuance. Council Bluffs, Iowa, is now reaping a harvest in license fees from eloping Nebraskans. Illinois, whose divorce decrees for several years have carried a proviso forbidding second marriage to either or both of the involved parties for a year, found it necessary to repeal this clause of the law, since the divorced from Illinois took a trolley-ride to Indiana, where they could marry whenever and whomever they pleased.

As stupid as the above is futile is the attempt of one or two States to curtail human happiness by too rigid divorce laws. Reno and Paris serve as a court of last resort for those who have the money to travel while the poor must suffer and go on bearing wretched and unwanted children, as the children of unloving parents must nearly always be. If they can find their freedom away from home, they may be confronted, once home again, by the possibility of having their divorces annulled, their second marriages voided, and the children thereof illegitimated—all without regard to that part of Article IV., Section I., of the Constitution: "Full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other State."

Isn't it time to stop this parade of unreason with a Federal Marriage and Divorce Law which shall give the unborn a fair chance for a full and fruitful life and bestow upon all men and women the right to harmonious living?

Such a law, written by Mrs. Edward Franklin White, Legislative Chairman of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and an empowering amendment were introduced at the last session of Congress by Senator Capper of Kansas and Representative Fairfield of Indiana. They are to be reintroduced at the present session.

The law will not be taken up until the amendment has been disposed of. So let us concentrate. Let us talk about it with every one. Above all let your Senators and Congressmen and State lawmakers know that you are actively and purposefully interested in its passage.

Pictorial Review will do all it can to aid you. So will the great women's organizations. If you want a Federal Marriage and Divorce Law you can have one—but it will not come by silence or inaction. In your response lies the power by which the coming generations are to be made strong or weak. Will you keep the faith?

It's Your Turn to Do Something

THE Sixty-eighth Congress is about to convene. Important social questions, long vexing the national conscience, will, we hope, at last be given recognition and attention. Among these none is more important than that of a Federal Marriage and Divorce Law.

For over thirty years we have been talking of this need. Nothing was done. A year and a half ago Pictorial Review sounded the first note in an active campaign for such a law. The women's organizations fell in line. An empowering amendment to the Constitution and a tentative marriage and divorce law were introduced into both houses of Congress. There they lie—ready to be acted upon, if the men and women of the country want it.

If all who read this article will write to their Congressmen and Senators urging them to support the Capper Marriage and Divorce Legislation, action will be had.

A Federal Marriage and Divorce Law is up to you.

Ask for one and you will get it.

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Schoenhut Toys

Made in U. S. A. since 1872. American ingenuity and invention

All-Wood Girl Doll

No. 16/317C/574

Illustrating an All-Wood Doll, 17 inches high, with closing eyes and curly wig; nicely dressed with White, Pink or Blue poplin.

Will be mailed to any address in the U. S. upon the receipt of $9.00. Can furnish without dress at $6.50.

THE TOYS you give this Christmas—where will they be a year from now? One well-made toy, still in affectionate use, is better than a wastebasket full of fragile cast-offs.

That is why reliable toy departments recommend Schoenhut toys. They have been staunchly made by American craftsmen since 1872, when Mr. Schoenhut opened his small toy factory in Philadelphia. Today there are thousands of fascinating Schoenhut toys. They are the standard by which all toys are judged.

Whether you spend 50c or $50 on Christmas toys, it will pay you to look for the Schoenhut name.

Schoenhut All-Wood Dolls

are made entirely of wood, firmly jointed with patented swivel connections and steel spring hinges having a double spring tension. They do not come apart. They are practically unbreakable. Children love them dearly because they will stand or sit in practically any position, a metal foot-stand being furnished with each doll. They are painted with enamel oil colors that do not come off. They come with either finest quality mohair wigs or with hair carved and painted on the wooden head, and may be had with either conventional or natural child faces. Eyes movable or fixed. A whole family to choose from—the world's only educational doll. Send for our illustrated doll booklet. If your dealer cannot supply you with Schoenhut's Dolls, we shall be glad to do so direct from the factory.

All-Wood Infant Doll

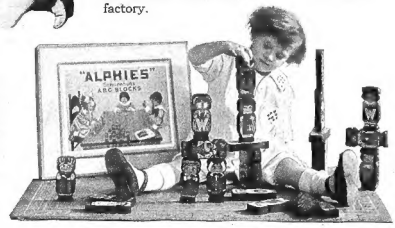
No. 14/107W/550

Illustrating an All-Wood Doll, 14 inches high, stationary eyes and bob cut wig; nicely dressed in white lawn.

Will be mailed to any address in the U. S. upon the receipt of $6.00. Can furnish without dress at $3.50.

Alphie Blocks

The Schoenhut **Alphie Blocks** are cute, chubby, attractive little creatures, each of which has a separate personality to endear itself to the childish mind. In shape, the blocks present the semblance of human figures. They are handsomely lithographed on both sides; one side a cute little child, the other a funny little animal; each block a different design. A different letter of the alphabet appears on the front and back of each block; so arranged that a half set provides a complete alphabet. They are made of hard-wood—5" high, 2⅛" wide, and about ⅞" thick. Flat on the tops, bottoms and sides, they can be used in innumerable ways for building, spelling, ten pins, etc. Several rubber balls come with each set.



Toy Pianos

The Schoenhut Toy Piano has accurate notes. Real tunes can be played upon it. The keys are the same width as on grown-up pianos, so that the child learns to spread her fingers properly. Schoenhut Toy Pianos are sold by practically all toy dealers and music stores. There are 42 variations of sizes and styles, ranging in price from 50 cents to $40.00 each. They should not be ordered from the factory, as it is not practical to ship them by parcel post. Get them from your dealer, and make sure that the name "Schoenhut" is on the front of the piano. Schoenhut's toy pianos have been famous for 50 years.

Humpty-Dumpty Circus (*illustrated below*)

Here are the toys that every boy and girl in the United States is longing for this Christmas. Schoenhut's Humpty-Dumpty Circus Toys are made of solid wood, firmly jointed with strongest elastic cord. They are attractively enamelled in natural colors. With a Humpty-Dumpty Circus you can have all the thrills of the big tent right in your own home. The toys can be put through all kinds of contortions. Here is the elephant standing on his hind legs and there is the clown balancing himself on a ladder. They will stay that way, too, until you take them down. Schoenhut's Humpty-Dumpty Circus Toys can be bought in sets from $1.00 to $35.00, according to the number of pieces. You can start a circus with a few pieces and then keep adding to it until you have "the greatest show on earth" right on your play room floor—horses, dogs, donkeys, elephants, everything that goes to make up a real circus. It is more fun than you can shake a stick at, and mother won't get mad, because there is nothing that will soil your clothes or mar the furniture. If you can't get these toys at your regular toy shop, send us its name and we will mail you an illustrated catalog free.

"The Greatest Play Toy in the World"

Look for the Name "Schoenhut"

With Schoenhut Toys in all good stores, no mother need put in the hands of her child carelessly conceived or cheaply constructed toys that break a few days after Christmas; toys with paint that comes off; toys that confuse the child's growing thoughts. Every Schoenhut Toy means education cleverly interwoven with amusement. Look for the name "Schoenhut" which appears on every toy or package.

The A. Schoenhut Company, 2288 East Hagert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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At nine a. m.—

Pretty Mrs. Jollyco!
To market now she goes.
She fears no snowy, wintry wind,
That blows and *blows* and BLOWS.
Her face is smooth and soft and pink.
And clear as any girl's—
Just *see*, now, how she smiles at you
Through the snowy whirls!
Pretty Mrs. Jollyco,
With skin just like a girl's.

At five o'clock—

Pretty Mrs. Jollyco
Is eating toast and tea.
She looks ten years younger than
Her friends know her to be.
"How *do* you do it, Alice, dear?"
They ask ere they depart.
"Is't rouge, massage or beauty soap?
Or is it, pray, just *art*?"
And pretty Mrs. Jollyco
Replies, "Oh no—not *Art!*"

How the basis of complexion beauty may be easily established

There are fashions in complexion treatment, just as there are in clothes.

But simple cleanliness is still known to be the foundation of all complexion beauty.

Yet when a famous dermatologist says, "The way to keep the face clean is to *wash* it," your natural inclination may be to reply, "Why, that is so old-fashioned. My grandmother did that."

Yes, washing the face *is* old-fashioned.

For more than two generations, simple, daily washing with Ivory Soap and water has cleansed and protected more lovely complexions than probably any other method ever known.

Cleanses thoroughly, yet safely

So, today, with the help of warm water, Ivory Soap gently and safely removes the film of oil and dust or powder that accumulates on your skin during the day. Your pores are cleansed naturally and safely. Your skin revives and glows with new, healthful cleanliness.

Ivory is able to achieve such results, without prolonged rubbing, because it is properly blended from the finest materials obtainable anywhere in the world. It is pure soap, without any of the extraneous materials like coloring matter or medicines which we might so easily and cheaply add if we desired.

Perhaps you may not realize that soap can bring only this one benefit to your complexion—*safe-cleansing.* Yet the highest medical authorities will all tell you this is true. Therefore, when a soap promises extraordinary or magical benefits to your complexion, it *cannot keep its promises.*

Ivory promises this: Safe, gentle cleansing, which refreshes and enlivens the skin. And Ivory *keeps its promise.*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

At seven—

Pretty Mrs. Jollyco
Descends the stairs with grace.
The men admire, their wives discuss,
The beauty of her face.
Dear reader, here's her secret, which
You'll take to heart, we hope:
She bathes her face two times each day
With gentle Ivory Soap.
Pretty Mrs. Jollyco!
You'll do the same, we hope.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

IVORY

NEW! Guest IVORY

What a welcome this dainty new cake of soap is receiving everywhere!

Wrapped in fresh new blue and white. Of just the right size for slim feminine hands.

Pure, mild and gentle for the most sensitive skin.

Creamy white, as Ivory always is.

Guest Ivory will acquit itself becomingly on your washstand.

As fine as soap can be. Yet five cents is Guest Ivory's modest price.

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"There Was a Flash of Gold-rimmed Chariot-wheels with Flying Horses in a Blur. There Was the Figure of a Youthful Man with a Bare Head and Shaved Face, Holding the Reins Far Out as Charioteers Drive; and Nero's Royal Equipage Had Passed."

Neither Bond Nor Free

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF FIVE STORIES THAT PICTURE DRAMATICALLY THE ROMANCE OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY

by Agnes C. Laut

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REMINGTON SCHUYLER DECORATIONS BY GUSTAV B. JENSEN

THE old Idumean soldier of the Pretorian guard sat on the stone bench in front of his prisoner's hut on the canal road to Rome and listened to the drunken songs coming from the bargemen at the place called the "Three Taverns." It was a fair evening in Spring. Frogs piped from the marshes. Oleander- and apricot-bloom drugged the night with dreams. The sun hung over the far sea in a warrior shield, and the dust from the chariot-wheels filtered the air with powdered gold.

The Spring Festival was over. The corn-ships from Egypt had come in to Naples on time for the free gifts to peasant and slave. All Rome seemed out in holiday attire, on foot, on barge, on horseback, or in chariot, either going home to the hill towns, or down to the villas by the sea. The plodding peasants and slaves had their little bags of free corn and goatskins of wine flung over their shoulders, and were followed by their wives and their children as they turned off up to the hills, where their bonfires were already aglow with flamy eyes in the blue shadows of the mountains for all-night revels.

On the canal and its paved road passed an endless procession of the great and the rich. Litters, palanquins, chairs, with black Nubian slaves between the poles, went surging past with the patter of the runners' bare feet on the pavement and the glimpse of painted face or jeweled pointed hand, when the breeze blew the silk curtains from the latticed windows. Barges, with black-faced slaves chained to the iron rowlocks and gaily clad men and women lolling on the ivory benches beneath awnings and pennants of white, red, and gold, went gliding down the canal with a drip of water from the oars colored in the dusty air like a rainbow.

Then there would be the sharp ring of iron-shod hoofs over the cobblestones; and a centurion with his hundred horsemen riding in rhythm as one man, their three-edged lances aslant, would gallop seaward, followed by the whirl of gold-rimmed chariot-wheels, when some General or Senator went flashing past to take his pastime for the night down in his grand villa by the sea.

The old Idumean soldier of the Pretorian guard glanced in the hut to see that all was well with the prisoner inside, glanced toward the Three Taverns, whence came louder songs and wilder revels, loosened his metal head-piece, laid the helmet on the stone bench beside him, and with another glance up and down the thronged road, raised a bronze tankard of wine and drained it to the lees. Smacking his lips, he set it down and had begun eating some bread and cheese, when the revels in the Three Taverns rose to the tumult of a noisy brawl. A figure darted out of the dense road crowds, running like a deer, pursued by a rabble of drunken bargemen armed with pikes.

The fugitive dashed along the stone parapet of the canal, looking wildly to right and left, frantic for way of escape. Then the figure dived into the thronged road, as if the crowd would afford best hiding, in and out among the plodding peasants, who scattered from the road in panic; with the bargemen in full cry behind shouting, "Stop him—stop him—slave—slave—runaway slave!"

The old Idumean guard had sprung up with sword in his right hand for a slash at the flying figure, when a great hue and cry rent the confusion.

"Make way—make way—the Emperor!" And a centurion band galloped through the dust, clearing the road with their long lances.

THERE was a flash of gold-rimmed chariot-wheels with flying horses in a blur. There was the figure of a youthful man with a bare head and shaved face, holding the reins far out as charioteers drive; and Nero's royal equipage had passed in a smoke of dust with a great shout from the barge-travelers, who clapped their hands and rose and waved their flags. The fleeing figure, the pursuing bargemen, and the drunken rabble had melted; and a little form crumpled up in the doorway of the prison-hut, panting as if its lungs would burst.

The old Pretorian guard stood motionless, sword in hand.

The pursuing rabble had disappeared back to the drunken revels in the Three Taverns.

The old Idumean drove his sword back in its scabbard with a clank.

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Then he surveyed the figure lying prone at his feet. A thin voice called softly from the dark of the prison-hut: "Who is there, my Julius? My eyes grow poor. I can not see in this light. I thought I heard some one running in distress."

"Nothing—nothing—Master! 'Twas only that mad-man Emperor of ours passed in his mad race with his proselyte Jewess Queen. You only heard the knaves of the Three Taverns noisy in their cups."

The crumpled figure had not looked up, but lay panting on its face. A green-and-white tur-ban, such as mountaineers wear, had fallen off. The hair was gold as the golden light of the sunset and hung in unshorn curls about the neck. There were the sky-blue jacket of the Asiatic Greeks, the scarlet trousers and pointed red soft kid sandals of a page; but the garments were torn as if snatched by the pack of hu-man wolves.

The burly Idumean guard smiled till his teeth shone like ivory tusks through his grizzled beard.

"No runaway this, but some grandam's lackey," he smiled. "Is it boy or girl?"

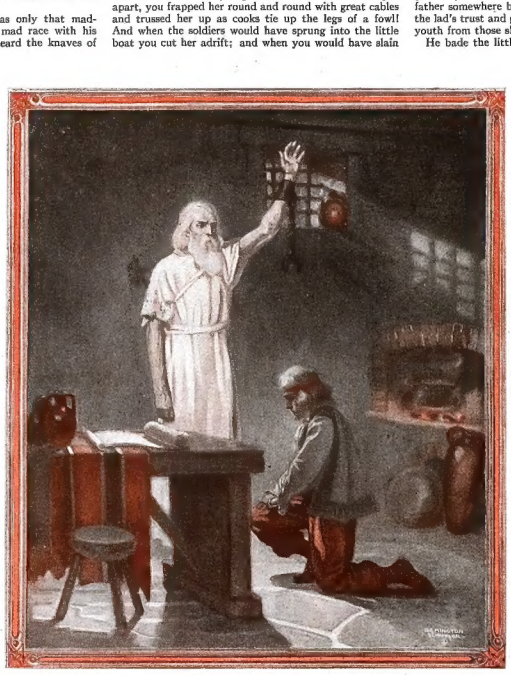
He touched the prone panting figure with his boot. The form did not rise. It crouched upon its knees, and, with face hidden in hands, bowed the head at the soldier's feet.

An evil-faced old woman with bleared eyes and wiry, dis-arrayed gray hair came swaying drunkenly up from the Three Taverns and paused, peering.

"Off—out of this, harpy, snake of the dirt—sniff earth!" the soldier clanked his scabbard against the metal of his leg-greaves, "back to your wine-shop den! I'll question you later of this! We'll have none of you here—" and the leering woman vanished in the gather-ing dusk.

The soldier sat down on his stone bench.

"Up—boy or girl, whichever you are—help me unbuckle my breastplate and greaves!"



"'CHILD, THERE ARE NOR BOND NOR FREE IN THE GREAT KINGDOM, WHICH I SERVE; FOR NEITHER LIFE NOR DEATH SHALL BE ABLE TO SEPARATE US FROM THE LOVE OF GOD'"

THE figure sprang up with the nimbleness of youth. The eyes were blue with the terror of a frightened girl, the cheeks were burned with the tan of a hillside grape, and the lips were fine and full as the caressed lips of a child. The long, slim hands had slid off the metal breastplate of the Pretorian, and were unbuckling the greaves of an out-stretched leg, when the soldier's great hand closed on the slim wrist and twisted the palm upward.

"No slave you! No callus here! No gyve-marks on the wrists! You've never worked among the galley-slaves—my little runaway! Thighs too thin and shoulders too slim for these foreign swine we bring to Rome in droves! Where do you come from, young one?"

"From the mountains of Lebanon, my Lord Julius," answered the downcast face.

The Idumean gave a start. "How know you the Ro-mans call me Julius?" he sharply asked. "I'm an Idumean of Herod the Great's guard."

"Because you were commander on the Alexandria corn-ship that carried all the Jewish prisoners wrecked at Malta," answered a trembling voice in the falsetto be-tween youth and man.

"You were not among the prisoners, young one—nor sailors, either! I recall them—to a man. I'll test your truth. Mind your tongue! Describe the ship, the pas-sengers, the prisoners."

"I took ship at Fair Havens, Crete. I came down from Phrygia. You remember the Prophet, who was a prisoner from Cæsarea, wanted you to tarry there for the Win-ter—?"

"By Jupiter, I do; and now I wish I had, for I'd be back in Idumea leading our General Vespasian's cohorts if I hadn't wrecked that accursed corn-ship, and not be cooling my heels here, waiting the trial of these Jewish fanatics— What next? Describe what next—the ship—"

"The ship had a golden goose at the stern. It was full of Egyptian corn to the rowers' benches. She was deep as she was broad, and long as from here to the Three Taverns——"

"Go on! You guess well and may lie better—all corn-ships are the same——"

"She had flaming pennants and huge iron anchors and two monstrous oars as paddles that you used as rudders, and the pilot at the helm was a bald-headed old man——"

"They all are—these Greeks—from wearing caps so tight— Any bargeman at the Taverns could have told you that. Go on——"

"And she had only one little boat astern, that al-most swamped in the mountain waves; and when the northeaster struck her you were afraid of being driven to Africa, and cut the great mainmast and threw it over-board, and drifted for fourteen days four hundred miles; and when the hull sprang a leak and strained to split apart, you frapped her round and round with great cables and trussed her up as cooks tie up the legs of a fowl! And when the soldiers would have sprung into the little boat you cut her adrift; and when you would have slain the prisoners to prevent escape, and slain yourself to avoid punishment for the loss, it was the Prophet, who is the prisoner in your but there, stopped your hand and fore-told you not a soul would lose his life. Then you cast the cargo overboard.

"No stars, no sun we saw for fourteen days, only the clouds and the pelting rain, and fogs so thick a sword could cut them. When the breakers and the surf roared ahead, you heaved and heaved and heaved the lead, and knew we were driving straight ashore to wreck in the breakers, and you cast four great iron anchors out astern to hold her back; but they only combed the fine sand as a housekeeper's knife cuts dough. The shore of Malta Bay was soft as paste— The pumps you set to work; but she settled on her prow, like a swine's snout in mud, with her goose-beaked stern, high in the crash of waves, breaking to splinters——"

"STOP!" cried the Idumean. "I'll test your truth right there! The bargemen of the Taverns might have told you all the rest. When the ship broke and the sailors and the prisoners plunged over in the pelting dark to swim for it, what said the Prpphet, who is my prisoner, then—"

"When you could not look the wind in the eye, my Lord Julius, the Prophet bade you be of good cheer and thanked his strange Judean God, whom he called Christus, that he was reaching Rome."

"By Jupiter, child," cried the guard with a crash of his sword on the stone bench, "you have spoken truth! What—next? Be careful how you answer—your life hangs on it if you are slave! It is death to harbor a runaway in Roman law——"

"I know not what next, my Lord Julius; for Publius, the Governor of Malta, took all your shipwrecked crew in, and you tarried to come by the *Castor and Pollux* on to Neapolis (Naples) while I took secret passage on a fishing-vessel and reached Rome first."

The Idumean then knew the youth spoke truth; but not all the truth—what more? Here was a lad of noble birth and clad in a page's garment, caught and held and hounded by the harpies of the wine-shops amid the rascal loafers of the underworld—lost in the gutters of Rome for two full years. Whose son was he and why was he here?

The old guard's manner changed. Could he find the boy's parents there might be money in it—honest money—not the kidnapers' ransom for which the knavish criminals of the Three Taverns had tried to steal him; but the old soldier knew he must proceed cautiously. No gain to frighten a startled bird that had fallen in your hand, a gift of gold from the gods!—good money from a good father somewhere back in Grecian Asia could he but win the lad's trust and get his story true, and save some royal youth from those sharp-taloned hawks of the wine-shops!

He bade the little stranger sit down on the bench.

"The wine in the tankard there I drained; but here's bread and cheese—eat! How does that compare to the bread and cheese of your Lebanon herds?"

The lad ate ravenously. The guard went inside the hut and brought out fresh wine.

"The cheese is not so white as our goat-curds; but the bread is like pearls after Rome's slave fare."

The old Idumean pricked up his ears. "Slave fare?" Then, the boy had been held by some one in Rome. The guard's cau-tion redoubled, to which he added courtesy.

THE Spring frogs piped from the marshes. Last snatches of bird-notes came from the oleander- and acacia-groves in front of the villas on the far side of the canal. A cooling breeze came down from the hills where the festive bonfires now winked in flamy eye. Only a few barges glided down the waters of the canal. The traffic of the paved road had quieted to an occasional soldier-tread echoing iron on the stones, or the barefoot patter of a hurrying furtive slave, or the loud laugh-ter of lewd women, and louder disputes of the bargemen in the lodging-houses.

"What brought you here?" quietly asked the guard.

"To see the sights of Rome——"

"And I'll warrant you've seen enough of them. Have you seen the gladiators?"

"Their blood sickened me," answered the lad. "The narrow streets choked me. I could not breathe their yellow air after our Lebanon sunshine. These marshes send up a yellow stench; and the lodging-houses stank; and your freedmen loafers are night demons! I'd give all Rome for one night back in Daphne's Gardens at Antioch, or down by the sea at Cæsarea. Your iron-shod hoofs keep me from sleep. I'd give all Nero's empire to hear the padded tread of our camels in the turfs where the caravans of Damascus and Chaldea meet!"

"The Idumean pondered that. He must, then, be the son of some Damascus or Grecian merchant in Asia. Good money and plenty of it in those iron chests.

"Know you the 'Camel Song' of the sand-rovers of Arabia?" he asked.

In the starlight he saw tears spring to the long-lashed blue eyes.

Sweet to mine ears are the sounds
Of thy tinkling bells, O my camel,

repeated the stranger in a voice that trembled.

"I'll befriend you. You can stay here. The Prophet needs some one to care for him and cook his meals. He's growing old. His sight failing him. I've grown tired of nightly sleeping chained to the arm of a prisoner you could not bribe to run away, while the Emperor takes his pleasure and puts off the acquittal of a man Agrippa wrote was innocent, all because his wife plays the convert to Jeru-salem Jews to get a revenue for protecting them, and hates this new sect of Jews that call themselves Christians. You could not pay this prisoner to escape, the fewer and fewer friends come to see him every day.

"They know the Empress is their enemy and may work Nero to some fresh madness any day. If it were not I value my own head, I'd sometimes believe him, myself; but no head of mine for these mad zealots! It takes the iron hand of a Herod to beat out the flame of their sedition, and not the gentle pleading of young Agrippa to bring them to their senses! When the Prophet gets his pardon, if he is wise he'll haste to Spain and never set foot in Rome or Jerusalem again."

A second draft of wine—for the mountain lad had not touched the fresh tankard—had loosened the old soldier's tongue. "I mind when I served Herod's son as a lad like you at Cæsarea and won my freedom in the great gladia-torial combat in the theater, where the sands swam in blood to the knees, with Agrippa the Great sitting clad in his mail of silver, before the owl flew over and brought him ill omens so that he fell down dead——"

"What?" interrupted the boy— "Were you once a slave, too, my Lord Julius?"

"Too," noted the old Idumean. The softened manner

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A New and Gripping Novel by the Author of "Lew Tyler's Wives"

To-morrow's Bread

BY WALLACE IRWIN

"'DAT'S A PEAKE BABY,' THE NEGRESS INFORMED HIM IN A CHIDING TONE. 'FLORA LEE PEAKE IS DE NAME SHE'LL BE CHRISTENED BY HOLY SANCTUM OF DE CHURCH'"

At Eight Admah Holtz Makes a Resolution, but at Eighteen He Realizes that Boyhood Is Gone, Leaving Him Nothing Save a Sore Back and Blistered Palms

Illustrations by Hubert Mathieu

Complete in Four Instalments—Part One

THE christening party came along under the tender green trees of Prince's Avenue. There were three victorias, royalistic in appearance; blue-black coachmen held the reins high in white-gloved hands while thoroughbred hackneys stepped as if to meet the requirements of a state occasion; silver harness jingled after the best traditions of the days when Benjamin Harrison—God rest his solid Republican bones!—was offending the South with a tariff unpleasantly protective.

The dignified splendor of that turnout attracted an attention to which it was obviously indifferent. The public peered. Uninvited spectators squinted through lace curtains in the lesser mansions along Prince's Avenue. Negro pedestrians, not so crafty as their white brothers in the art of concealing emotion, stopped in their tracks and stared, stunned by a celestial visitation.

For the Peakes were driving from their fine old house in Inness Street to All Souls' Church, where, both as Christians and as ancestor-worshipers, they owed an important visit. But more important still, from the angle of life at which we view this story, was the reaction on a certain small boy who had set a heavy market-basket in front of his bare toes and was giving himself up utterly to a dream of human greatness. Admah Holtz had lived eight years in a seamy world. He was at the age when the mind is like putty; a curious putty that will harden suddenly in spots, creating impressions on solid rock. But the little creature who was the helpless target of so much attention had no mind at all as yet. She was merely a combination of jerky legs, untrained digestive tract, aimlessly rebellious lungs.

Gosh, what a fuss over a baby! So thought the boy with the candy-basket. Gosh, ain't they high-toned! Look at the black mammy totin' that baby acrost both hands like it was a million dollars' worth of pound-cake! Gosh! Look at all that lace on the baby! I bet ma never seen so much lace! And that black mammy's dress. Whiter than starch!

At this point his thoughts scattered blindly like frightened mice; or like mice suddenly dazzled by a great light, they stood at palsied attention, unable to move. A beautiful lady was descending from her carriage, one foot stepping out daintily as she laid a frail hand on an attendant elbow. She was of another world than Admah's. Daughter of a nation where, officially, there are no classes, she stood so many ranks above him that he must needs look up as the worshiper views Mount Everest, lost in its own tremendous clouds. A Peake indeed!

Now the christening party was moving, a picture of animation, toward the church door. The lady, still leaning on the arm of her frock-coated escort, showed her teeth pleasantly. Her eyes were like pansies, if there are pansies with disturbing fires at their centers. The gentlemen wore silk hats and frock coats. The older ladies dripped with jet, their bodices drawn tight over heavy busts. A gentleman of fifty-five, leaning on a gold-headed cane, flirted humorously with a young lady whose black eyes snapped under her lace parasol. And the new-born princess, cause of it all, was beginning to cry.

"What folks is those?" asked Admah Holtz, directing his questions at a lanky negro boy. The boy, who had been dividing his attention between the christening party and the peppermints in Admah's basket, opened his mouth to a gummy grin.

"Whuh yo' come fum?"

"Crost the river," replied Admah, quite without resentment at the colored boy's tone.

"I reckon yo' come a long ways. How come yo' don' know Peakes when yo' see 'em?"

"Jedge Peakes," interposed a stout negress, evidently possessor of the lanky boy. It was said in the voice of an old-time Viennese mentioning Hapsburgs.

"Gosh!" Admah's round eyes were focused on the church door through which the gay procession was now passing. "All that fuss over a baby!"

"Dat's a Peake baby," the negress informed him in a chiding tone. "Flora Lee Peake is de name she'll be christened by holy sanctum of de church. De fat ge'lman wif de cane is Jedge Peake. Mrs. Jedge Peake is gone in ahaid——"

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"It must cost right smart o' money, hirin' a church and all." A speculative light, which even at that early time would lighten Admah's sallow face, kindled there.

"Peakes," said the colored woman, "eat off o' golden plates—solid golden plates—and take no stock o' money. Wha' fo' yo' want to hire a church?"

"I dunno." With one bare toe Admah poked the basket out of reach of the lanky colored boy.

"Thinkin' o' gittin' married?" A kindly sarcasm curved the woman's saddle-colored cheeks.

"Naw. Only when I'm growed up I reckon I'll have my baby christened in style like that."

Such a silence fell upon this prediction that Admah picked up his basket and started shuffling away.

"Silo," he could hear the negress warning her son, "don't you go take none o' that candy offen that white boy. Maybe it's got poison in it."

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-NINE, boastful of its heart-breaking speed, moved with quaint slowness. Telephones and electric lights were still something of a novelty. Inadequate Shakespearian troupes, burlesques, and tank melodramas dragged art sluggishly across the continent. No electrical wizard had contrived the throwing of motion-photographs on a sheet in ten thousand theaters at a time. We were imperfectly standardized. Our houses, whose architecture had by then touched the abysmal depths of ugliness, were rather individual in style.

Unable to purchase music in wrapped rubber disks at every corner store, our parents were compelled to *learn* a little music and thump their popular songs painstakingly on the piano. Moreover, we knew nothing of the upper air as a noise-producing possibility; in 1889, we can easily believe, the angel Israfil played solo on his heart-strings, his musical ear untroubled by wave-lengths saxophoning from Broadway to Apple-Blossom Center.

Eighteen hundred and eighty-nine! Good gracious, we hadn't even had our Spanish war and that delightful sip of foreign blood! We were still in the feudal age, divided neatly between the commoners, who didn't keep a horse, and the uncommoners, who did.

Under the last rating the Holtzes were uncommoners. How the high nose of Southern gentility, which had never heard the name Holtz, would have curled at the thought! Indeed, in that State where the horse goes forth like the centaur with gilded hoofs and the right of way into a king's presence, the Holtz horse was no horse at all. He was something that had escaped the pound-keeper's, a creature unworthy of working in span with his mulatto brother, the mule.

However, as I am a Yankee and know little of horses outside the sphere of utility, I insist that the Holtzes' family drudge was a horse. His name was John. His coat was shabby, his eyes dull. His life-work was to haul the milk of five consumptive cows from the Holtzes' scraggly holding and sleep idiotically while the cans were loaded on the river ferry. On the rare occasions that Ma Holtz could afford the luxury of murdering one of her little auburn hogs John rambled away to market, Jo Holtz, the elder of two surviving children, dreaming aimlessly on the seat, slack reins between slack fingers.

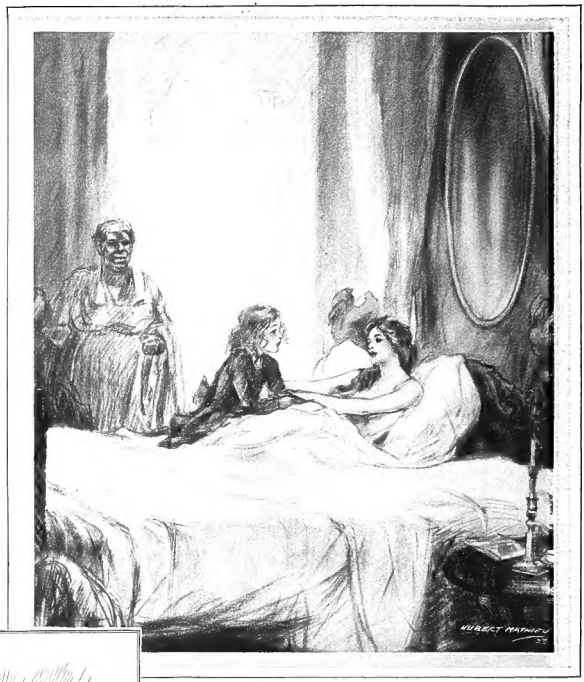
Thus the Holtzes, originate tho they did on the wrong side of the wide yellow river, kept their horse and drove their own carriage. John, commonplace in character as in name, awoke one morning in his latter years to find that he had become Destiny; a browbeaten and managed Destiny, perhaps, but it was behind his swollen knees and mangy tail that a stern-faced woman with her two disheveled brats drove slowly across the long bridge.

Admah Holtz sat on top of the family treasures. Against an arm of the green-plush rocker he braced an elbow—he remembered his father, seated in that chair, a jug on the floor beside him, one of Ingersoll's forbidden volumes perched slantingly under square-paned spectacles, also aslant. Those were the weeks when Pa Holtz forsook his work at the quarry, complaining that the stone dust cut his lungs. Ma nagged and quoted Scriptures; pa drank and quoted Ingersoll. Admah, from the days when he was cradled in a soap-box, knew pa as an evil liver.

Secretly he was on pa's side. The free-thinking stone-cutter, much older than his wife, and rheumatic and prematurely gray from dissipation, was a man of the world and as such knew his strength. He had drifted South from somewhere in Pennsylvania.

In his early youth he had been one of those old-time printers who read and digested the galleys they set. In the quarries he dressed stone with the air of a philosopher, the monotonous thump of the mallet giving cadence to his thoughts. Besides being an infidel he was something of a socialist; he despised ignorance; this aversion was the basis upon which ma and pa quarreled oftenest. She resented his superiority when he undertook to correct Admah's verbs or to teach him the rudiments of geography.

The morning they crossed the bridge behind old John, who limped and groaned with every pull at the traces, Admah occupied the very pinnacle of the family furniture.



"'LINDA, HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND, SMUGGLIN' MY CHILD AWAY IN THE MAWNIN' BEFORE I'M SO MUCH AS AWAKE?'"

His large, melancholy eyes fixed on the new world ahead, Admah Holtz was a symbol, and vaguely he knew it. The world he saw was a pile, too, solid, well ordered, and high as the stars. Who sat there, arms folded, eyes aslant upon the destinies of lesser men?

"Admah!" The wagon stopped so suddenly that the sly dreamer fell to his rightful place.

"Yes, Ma."

"Is the gravestone ridin' good?"

He peered over an edge of the pile to see six inches of handsome marble slab projecting beyond the tail-board. This relic, which once marked the grave of a fallen pioneer, had served years as a door-stone on the Holtz farm. Later Pa Holtz smoothed away every trace of its old inscription, polished it, and handed it over to ma as a convenient hard, cold slab for rolling doughnuts or cooling peppermints. Like John the horse, this unmarked headstone had its share in the game which Ma Holtz was playing with Fate.

"Looks all right," decided Admah.

"Gee ap!" This from Ma Holtz, together with a whack from a willow switch across old John's shabby flank.

The wagon jolted on. Ma resumed her pipe, Jo his stare, Admah his seat on the hazardous throne. Straight ahead lay the city, plumed by the rich black smoke of industrialism. Gray, violet, and royal purple, it lay across the river, its feet touching turgid waters which a foggy sun turned to sullen gold. Through the iron struts of the bridge the boy could see stout white steamers, their side-wheel paddles working gallantly. Up the river they swept toward Cincinnati, bearing hogsheads of tobacco. Down the river they plied with freight and passengers, toward hot ports on the wider Mississippi. Admah's father had often promised to take him on a trip down the Big Water—Memphis, Cairo, New Orleans—what names to remember!

Pa had often promised that. He was dead now.

Below the falls the boy could see a yellowish gargle of water, slow and dangerous. They had found Pa Holtz floating there four days after he disappeared. Everybody thought it a good thing for ma; he had been a drag and a drunkard and a freethinker. But Admah was always a little on pa's side. Corn whisky never made him cross. He stood a lot of hammering, like the wall of a rock quarry which resists silently, then comes down with a crash.

Admah stared at the gargling water below the falls. His eyes filled with tears, as they always did when he thought of pa for a long time. And this was strange, because pa had been a bad man, a neglectful husband, and an indifferent father.

THEIR city house stood on an eminence.

This statement, magniloquent in its simplicity, might serve in a real-estate prospectus; in the less romantic light of fiction it calls for an apology. For the breast of Mother Nature may swell graciously to be adorned with jewels, or her face wither to a hag's and on her raw cheek-bone grow a wen trimmed with a bristly hair.

The Holtz house stood on an eminence. It was a bump of land coughed up by some primeval spasm; in the days of Indians and coon-skin trappers it might have been beautiful. Civilization had scarred it with gravel-pits, seamed it with roads, bitten it with an atmosphere that corroded like an acid. Half-way up the slope stood a geometrical arrangement of wooden dwelling-boxes, about equal in size, very similar in slope of roof. This was Dutch Hill.

An inherent tidiness in the German citizens who, generations before, had elected to become Southerners in accent

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and habit, had given the section something of the toy village's charm. Little streets ran bias to the compass. Later an indifferent city administration ordered a wide thoroughfare cut straight east and west so that the original streets, meeting it on a slant, gave it scalloped edges—an eccentricity which flirted with the imagination behind Monotony's drab back.

Above Dutch Hill stood a superior wen, called the Fort. Ordnance, arsenal, moat, or stockade, there was none to be seen when Admah came to live on Dutch Hill. Only a little plateau, gently rolling, where afternoon suns slanted silver gilt on dry grasses, blowing in the wind. There were no relics to be found, save for rusty piles of tin cans, already merging with the earth; they might have been dumped there by Admiral Noah on some unrecorded visit. Admah and Jo and Eddie Stek—the Steks lived in the little house which linked arms with the Holtzes' on the right—used to dig up these cans and roast them over bonfires. When the fires died they would search the ashes for pellets of solder, which they would melt and run into wooden molds, creating hard, bright bars, resembling silver bullion. These had a market value according to a junkman who lived below

"I'm goin' to save mine till I git a hundred," announced Admah upon division of the silvery bars.

"How it'll be right smart of a time," suggested Eddie Stek.

"Mebbe. But I'll have five dollars," decided Admah.

These can-melting expeditions were as near play as the Holtzes knew. Even in his latter years Admah looked back upon the Fort as an enchanted pleasure-garden, infinite in variety. Upon its brow dwelt a sordid tribe of negroes. Their habitations were more like lairs than houses; collections of outhouses, chicken-coops, battered vehicles, leaning towers of stovepipe, all walled in with strips of corrugated iron or old doors salvaged from some former wreck. Here was dramatic contrast to the ant-like orderliness of the Nordic people lower down the hill. They were architectural accidents, these huts, lacking in design like the ramblings of a crazy brain. Yet they had charm, a kindly appeal to fancy.

TO THE north the Fort was practical. From a bluff Admah could look down on the soap-works, boiling all day and tainting the air with its fat, heavy smell. Wagons of raw animal matter would lumber up to one great door; out of another would be trundled neat, fresh boxes to pile on the flat cars. Admah liked the method of it and the homely magic. The idea of piling things—identical things—one upon another worked like yeast in his mind; to pile up solder-bars, to pile up boxes, to stack great dollars one upon another. In the artless sentimentality of boyhood, he saw himself spending a great deal on his mother, fixin' it so she needn't be worried and jawin' all day, fixin' it so she could have a hired girl to wait on her and clean up. When he owned a factory he would marry somebody. Mabel Stek, who lived next door, would do. But she was a little tall for him and gettin' kind of old.

Ma Holtz had scarcely set pa's green rocker opposite the voiceless melodion in the parlor than she laid the reconstructed gravestone over a kitchen table and began mallet-and-chisel-drops.

Jo, whom she called her "good boy" because he lacked sufficient initiative to take him far into mischief, she chose for her assistant and chore boy. Admah she appointed salesman. Ma made these decisions out of hand, keeping her own counsel, consulting nobody. Ma's preferences were always a mystery to Admah. Just what had sent her, almost overnight, from the farm to the city was a question which her death left unexplained. Apparently she had suddenly revolted against the whole rural scene and abandoned the farm, stock, barn, and mortgage. The skinny cows and auburn hogs had gone to market. Even old John departed from the family shortly after his arrival in the city. The junkman, who knew the value of wreckage, paid twelve dollars for him and drove him to death in six months.

A feature of Dutch Hill, second only to the soap-factory, was the car-barn. Here a troupe of jolly rovers, who in the languors of Spring changed greasy blue coats to denim shirts, stabled their mules at night, and by day rambled along the tracks in small yellow bobtail cars, grandfathers of the fabled Toonerville Trolley. Eddie Stek, wise and worldly, told remarkable stories of these conductors, who, according to Eddie, were piratical by instinct and wealthy to a man. Eddie himself had witnessed their evil deeds one day when he hid in a sycamore-grove at the lonely end of the line; and there he had seen a buccaneer in blue denim take down the glass money-box and shake a handful of nickels into his brown-straw hat.

Inflamed with these tales, Admah peddled his first basket of candy around the car-barn. He found several of the pirates singing popular songs and skylarking like young men everywhere. Quite obviously they had not shaken the money-box that day, for nickels were scarce. One of them—a tall one with a pimple on the bridge of his Roman nose—bought a bag of peppermints, nibbled, and exclaimed:

"Say, buddy, whah d'ya git them at?"

"Ma makes 'em," replied Admah.

"You don't say!"

"On a gravestone," Admah's pride forced him to explain.

"On a gravestone?" The conductor's goggling eyes were quite solemn as he tucked a handful of candy into his large, elastic mouth. "On a gravestone? They sho' don't taste like it."

The other men teased Admah a little, and he turned to go. The tall conductor stopped him with kind advice.

"Look yuh, son. Don't y'-all make doughnuts up yo' way? We boys got a pow'ful taste fer doughnuts."

ADMAH took the idea for what it was worth back to Ma Holtz, who grumbled and acted on it. Under a revised program Jo sold doughnuts and small apple pies in the car-barn zone, while Admah, venturing further, rode in the bobtailed car every morning as far as the school district down-town. Ma's peppermints gained quick popularity at the high school. But business was always best at Miss Martincastle's School for Young Ladies. At that great brick barrack, devoted to improving the daughters of the privileged class, there was more small change than at the humbler seats of learning. Miss Martincastle, it is true, set up barriers between the salesman and the customer. Her tall iron fence was like a row of javelins, forbidding barter.

But Admah, strategical by nature, found a way around that wall of spears. He soon tired of slipping candy through the bars and being scolded by a watchful spinster. So he took to the back alley and made the acquaintance of Solomon, cross-eyed heir of David, Miss Martincastle's colored janitor. Solomon's daily commission was small, one slightly damaged bag of candy. And for this he would slip into the alley with a handful of nickels and dimes, load himself with half the Holtz supply, and dart back to a brisk smuggling trade.

There was something gipsy-like about Admah's wanderings in those days. He went forth in the morning with a full basket and returned at night with an empty one. From a border farm where he had lived like some long-eared little creature of the hedges, he had been thrown into a civilization which was, to him, overpoweringly metropolitan. Gosh! There were nearly a hundred thousand people in the city! They wore shoes every day. Some of the ladies' dresses looked 's if they'd cost most twenty dollars! Maybe more. Here were ladies and gentlemen, born to rule like the others. The others were there to serve—if not that, to die or move away.

In high gray houses along Prince's Avenue or Inness Street or Helicon Park the swells lived in naive state. Many of their houses had fences like Miss Martincastle's. There were smooth lawns inside with iron statues of deer and dogs. Over the doors and windows were clusters of flowers, carved in stone; there were balconies, too, made of iron so cleverly twisted that it looked like stiff black lace.

"SHE LEANED OVER THEIR LUCKY GRAVESTONE, DROPPING HOT CANDY FROM A SPOON"

Newer and more aggressive houses were springing up everywhere, marking a recent real-estate boom. Their red-brick façades, red-sandstone trimmings, and bulging towers gave them the appearance of monsters, flushed with anger, swollen with righteous indignation. On the whole Admah preferred them to the pallid gray mansions with balconies of iron filigree. They had the look of wealth. Only rich men could have walked up their sandstone steps and banged their stained-glass doors.

A philosophic tour brought him once to the door of All Souls' Church. Queer how that picture stuck in his mind. The negro mammy totin' that baby acrost both hands like it was a million dollars' worth of pound-cake. Gosh! And look at the lace on the baby!

On a Sunday morning, several weeks later, when ma had taken Jo to her Baptist church and Admah had stayed home because his shoes weren't blacked, he wandered up to the Fort. Throwing himself among the dry grasses, he lay moodily on his stomach, and from his height enjoyed a queer bug's-eye view of the city which enchanted him with its palaces.

LIFE to the small boy is usually objective. It is the romance of action. But sometimes into the dream comes a flash of self-analysis, transitory and harmless as heat-lightning. What had got into him that day when he saw the baby with all its lace being carried into the big church? Gosh, thought he, it was only a baby, after all! He was a baby once; so was Jo; so was ma, he supposed. And what would he be doing, when he was a man, walking into a christening with a stove-pipe hat on, just to have his baby sprinkled by one o' them high-toned preachers? He'd have something better 'n *that* to do with his time. Yes, *sir!*

One afternoon at the hour of whist and chess Dr. Furniss, who had officiated at the birth of Sally Livingstone Peake's three children, sat sipping his Bourbon with Dr. Wiggin, the clergyman who had christened them. That was in the days when the old Pickwick Club still retained its ante-bellum air, conceding nothing to the hurried Yankeeisms of a younger generation. When Dr. Furniss and Dr. Wiggin sat thus, toping like gentlemen, important things were settled in the affairs of the society which they served with honor, one ministering to its body, the other to its soul.

"I mean the Satsuma Clan," chuckled Dr. Furniss.

"Satsuma Clan!" The clergyman laughed his rich laugh. "You damn our society with a fine pagan name."

"Why not?" The little doctor rolled his big head on its short neck. "The South has always been pagan, sir. Henry, you're just as pagan as ecclesiastical law admits——"

"Now, look here, Aleck—" The clergyman began severely, then broke into smiles. "But where does the Satsuma Clan come in?"

"'WON'T YOU SIT DOWN, POPPA?' MABEL ASKED NERVOUSLY. 'NOPE,' SAID PA, 'AN' NONE OF THE REST OF YOU NEED STAY SETTIN' MUCH LONGER'"

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"'I WANT TO MARRY YOU SOME DAY,' THE PERSISTENT BOY WENT ON. 'WILL YOU WAIT FOR ME, MARGARET?'"

"It's Japanese," admitted Dr. Furniss, "but it fits. Satsuma implies the right to rule, hereditary privilege, unquestioned authority. I'm only a half-breed Satsuma," he went on, and Dr. Wiggin knew what he meant—the elder Furniss had been a carpet-bagger, arriving after the Civil War. "I'm only a half-breed, but I realize my power."

Dr. Wiggin folded his hands, a gesture which suggested the clasping of a shell tight around his broad person. Dr. Furniss, he thought, was talking too much. But Aleck was a character. He had always been loved for his whimsical turns—and Satsuma was a good byword.

"But royal succession," persisted the doctor, "is just biology; the way about everything is. Saturns chiefs breed themselves out of existence. The cell gets bored with easy living and commits suicide. That's what happened to Cato Livingstone."

"He became a cell, you mean?"

"No. He became a collection of bored cells. The brain-cells went on strike and told Cato to wipe out the whole mess, themselves included, with a forty-four bullet."

"The newspapers called it a failure in tobacco."

"*De mortuis nil nisi*—and you preached the sermon."

"I never thought Cato would come to that," reflected Dr. Wiggin.

"Wild blood mingled when his daughter married Garnett Peake."

"No harm in Sally Livingstone," said Dr. Wiggin indulgently.

"But a lot of wear and tear to any neighborhood she lived in. Remember how she threw Sam Macmillan's engagement ring into a vacant lot because Sam wouldn't fight Jim Howard? The negroes have been diggin' in that lot for ten years, trying to find that ring. And the day she was engaged to Garnett Peake she rode her horse up the court-house steps—on a bet, of course. But it's a long flight of steps!"

"Sam sent her a bucket of calves' brains as a wedding present," said Dr. Wiggin solemnly. "A very poor joke."

"Just another case of the weakening cell. In the old days Garnett would have called Sam out. The Satsumas don't fight like they used to."

"That's lucky," reflected Dr. Wiggin. "Seems to me Sally's been lots quieter for several years."

"Children," said Dr. Furniss.

"Seriously?" Dr. Wiggin raised his heavy brows.

"Biologically. She married too young. That's one of my grudges against you, Henry; you lead these little girls from the cradle to the altar and expect me to repair the damage. Sally did well with the first two, but the last one's given her trouble."

"Five years ago. Let's see—I christened her in 1889."

"Cato's death was quite a shock to Sally. She was enough like the old man to care a lot for him. And the youngest baby——"

"Let me see. There *are* three of 'em, aren't there?"

"You ought to know. They all go to your Sunday-school."

"I remember that little red-headed one——"

"They're all red-headed. Can't you remember what you sprinkle holy water on? But I know the one you mean. The little one. *She'll* be ridin' a pony up the city hall steps before she's twenty-one, or I'll never bet again."

Dr. Furniss finished his second glass of Bourbon, arose heavily, and consulted his fat gold watch. It was after five.

"While we're on the subject," he drawled, "it reminds me that I promised to see Sally before supper-time."

So they separated, these two middle-aged men whose professions, polar opposites intellectually, equally concerned the two honest moments of civilized life—birth and death. Each had contributed his learning toward the holding of the Peake family upon its eminence.

WHEN Flora Lee Peake was five years old she and Margaret were enough alike to be twins—twins who, by some freak, had been born in different sizes. To say that they came into the world like dolls would be a spreading insult; but in infancy there was a bisque perfection about the famous Peake sisters. At an early age the dolls became imps and a scandal to their elder brother, Roland; he was a good fellow, a good smoker, a good fighter, who never varied a shade from the conventional coloring of his class.

Roland Peake was nine when Flora Lee was five; Margaret, aged seven, was the spirited sister. The black jury of nursemaids, who sat on a bench in Helicon Park and tried the cases of the day, used to refer to Margaret as the child who favored her ma. "She so ba-ad!" old Linda would moan proudly. She surmised, not without trepidation, that Flora Lee would turn out to be studious and thoughtful; a temporary flaw in her digestion gave to the child a look which counterfeited spirituality.

Stature aside, the Peake girls differed only in subtleties. Flora Lee was a shade the finer; a purer blond, softer-skinned, smaller-boned. Her hair was not thick like Margaret's, but it held the pallid gold of an Italian figurine. Margaret's eyes were the more beautiful; they had the candid quality of crystal against warm gray velvet. Flora Lee's were shot with hazel—the youthful portrait of General Horatio Peake, Continental Army, showed eyes like hers, accounting possibly for his record as a duelist. From infancy that dash of hazel gave Flora Lee an advantage.

Old ladies of the town will still tell you stories of Roland Peake, gang-leader and gentleman, a straight-limbed boy who had inherited good looks from both sides of the house.

If a corner statue was pulled down, or a garbage-can dumped in the buggy of the unpopular Dr. Vesey, or an ice-cream freezer abstracted from Miss Sunshine Buckner's back stoop the day of her All Souls' Auxiliary meeting, Helicon Park wasted no time in searching for the criminal. Punitive expeditions would go directly for Rol Peake.

He promised to be a brilliant improvement on his father, who had seldom shown his mettle. General Horatio Peake, who rode a white horse in the Continental Army; Colonel Condé Peake, who strode a big bay in the Mexican war; General Horatio Peake, second, who tamed a coal-black charger and took orders from no living man but Lee, sir—these, his grandfathers, had bequeathed him a heritage of glory, a mighty spring-board, but a shackly easy chair.

Rol was associated with success of a gallant and showy nature. He appealed to the average mind. Even Judge Peake, his living grandfather, was found unworthy of Rol's effulgent future. Once the youngest captain in the Confederate Army, the Judge—since his second failure to achieve the United States Senate—was settling down, a silent, rather crabbed old man, another picturesque feature in his fine historical library.

LET us look at the Peake children in Helicon Park. Aloft, astride a stone lion—a poor copy of St. Mark's snub-nosed celebrities—sits a young lady of seven, tawny hair across her eyes; she is a spirited, laughing cub of the old stone mother.

"Oh, Rol! Rawl! Look, quick!"

That shriek from mid-air calls Roland Peake from his marbles. Instantly his eyes grow round with disapproval. Miss Margaret Livingstone Peake, her long legs bent like nippers, her arms raised like the wings of a fledgling bird, is showing her ruffled drawers.

"Margaret Peake, you come down from there!"

"You said I couldn't do it. Look. I can——"

The law of gravitation spoils her little human boast. She loses her balance, sinks down on all fours, and saves herself by a lucky clutch at the monster's mane.

"I'll have to tell grandmother this," says Roland.

"Tattletale!"

"You get down from there."

"Nobody can make me!"

On a bench not far away Flora Lee Peake is being "read to" by old Linda, who doesn't know one letter from another, but follows the text by the pictures. Flora Lee's languid eyes are on the crude illustrations of *Sleeping Beauty:* during Margaret's adventures she hasn't taken the trouble to look up.

"What was on her gown of rose violet with swansdown?" asks Flora Lee drawlingly.

"Dye-muns big ez ros-burries," improvises the ever-ready Linda.

"Read it from the book."

"Awn hub dress uv rose vi'let an' swansdown was dye-muns big ez ros-burries—" Here Flora Lee breaks in, never taking the trouble to raise her sweet, lazy voice:

"Yesterday it was rubies big as peanuts. Don't they ever have it the same?"

Still quarreling with her, Roland is helping Margaret shin down from the lion's perch. But Flora Lee's eyes are upon a shabby boy of thirteen who comes shambling down the walk, a market-basket over his arm.

"Margaret Livingstone Peake," lectures her elder brother, "after this exhibition——"

The boy with the market-basket stops dead in his tracks and stares at the two bright-haired girls. He recognizes the name. To him the Peake women are already like the goddesses whom Æneas knew in passing by the fragrance of their tresses.

"Here's the candy boy!" shouts Margaret. "Lend me a dime, Rawl."

"Lend you nothin'," grumbles Roland, and rejoins his game.

The candy boy, hesitant before a shrine, fumbles with his paper bags, then relinquishes his half-formed plan. The girl's crystal gray eyes are staring at him, whether in disapproval or sympathy he doesn't know. Her look stings him. Shuffling down the path, he hesitates in front of the bench where the little girl sits with her nurse. Her hands and her eyes go out to him, coaxing with a sort of proud mendicancy. He has no power, no wish to resist her; he reaches into his basket, brings out three peppermint-drops, and lays them in her soft, warm palm.

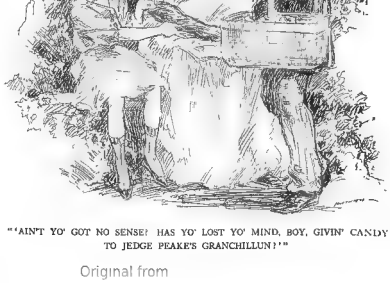
"Hey, boy!" he can hear old Linda's scolding tone following him down the path. "Ain't yo' got no sense? Has yo' lost yo' mind, boy, givin' candy to Judge Peake's granchillun?"

THE Peake house centered a hundred and fifty front feet of lawn at the intersection of Archer and Inness Streets. That conjunction meant much in the horoscope of yesterday. Judge Peake's was not only the best residential lot in town, but it held upon it the finest residence. There was a flourish about the Peake house which the Livingstone—a pallid creole house with French windows and iron filigree—had never quite achieved. These two mansions stood facing one another, only separated by a pavement's width. They still stand, glaring window to window like close relatives who, having grown dissolute in old age, try in vain to deny the family connection.

The Peake house was completed nineteen years before the Civil war. Horatio Peake built it for his bride, Miss Randolph, of Albemarle County, Va. A gentleman who traveled much in youth, Horatio Peake digressed considerably from the American building of his day and, like Thomas Jefferson, built to his own ideal. Horatio Peake's experiment was Renaissance rather than Georgian; the portico, shading the entire lower portion of the façade, was semicircular in form, with tall Corinthian pillars. The panes of the upper windows were marked off in graceful ovals, seldom encountered in that region of the South. A French architect named Pitou had suggested these windows together with other niceties of design.

Roland, Margaret, and Flora Lee Peake played up and down that spacious interior, and around its big leafy back yard where whitewashed brick dwellings still housed the family servants. The days of slaveholding and of American feudal lords were for them remote as Rome. That old Linda, who nursed Flora Lee, had been born the personal property of their grandmother was only a story that came to their ears like an echo out of fairy-land. That they were living in the finest house in town was something which they learned from the negroes—solid Republicans all—and accepted on its face value.

Roland and Flora Lee took their position for granted as



"'AIN'T YO' GOT NO SENSE? HAS YO' LOST YO' MIND, BOY, GIVIN' CANDY TO JEDGE PEAKE'S GRANCHILLUN?'"

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they did their red hair or the use of their father's name. Margaret had occasional doubts; in her way she was the non-conformist of the family. Physically more vital than her brother or sister, she often devoted her surplus energy to works that pained Roland as deeply as her lion-climbing. Peg—for even Peakes have nicknames—liked to fix and tinker and experiment. Once she smuggled a can of white enamel into her bedroom and worked havoc on with the black-walnut woodwork. Under the magic of her scissors paper dolls grew into rows of talented comedians. Children liked them. Roland spoke to his father about Peg.

But in a general way the Peake house was an unalterable fact to the younger Peakes. To them it had always been the same. They knew nothing of its graceful early years before Grandfather Peake—now a glum recluse in his tall brown library—had changed it to conform with Victoria's Hanoverian ideals.

Only Sally Peake's bedroom, on the second floor overlooking the side garden, had escaped grandfather's itch for improvement. Little Flora Lee, born with an instinct for Versailles, had loved this room since she could see it. Mornings before her mother was up—which was any morning in the week—the small girl would stand peering in, refusing to be bullied away by Linda's awesome warnings. The room was charged with fascination. It was oval in shape, paneled in yellow brocade; and from the candelabra dripped crystals that looked like ladies' earrings. The gilt chairs had fluted legs, too slender to support any but the lightest of princesses. Upon the floor an enchanted carpet was spread, flowered with roses and garlanded with laurel.

Then there was mother's bed. Horatio Peake had brought it from Venice, Flora Lee was to learn years later when she owned that bed and slept in it. As a small child she peered at it and thought of the *Sleeping Beauty*. There were golden flowers, asphodels perhaps, twined all around the headboard. Upon the apexes of its four short posts perched gilded swans, their wings spread, their heads drawn back belligerently on serpentine necks. Like lovely, graceful dragons, they stood all night and guarded dreams.

A Hesperian wanderer, this bed, in a land where Georgian mahogany reached the splendor of its polished severity. A barge out of some hyperborean channel, this bed had floated into the tall house in Inness Street; and a rather worn woman with bronze hair and eyes that lost their color when she slept lay all morning, every morning, crumpled languidly between its guardian swans. Sometimes she would open her eyes like pansies caught fire in the center, and beckon to the little spy in the door.

"Flora Lee, honey, come here an' kiss me good mawnin'."

"Mother, Linda says I must go in the park," the child would complain, throwing herself into arms more self-indulgent than her own.

"Linda!"

"Yas'm." The old negress would step forward and assume the respectfully critical pose of one who, in bondage, had enjoyed her privileges.

"Linda, have you lost your mind, smugglin' my child away in the mawnin' before I'm so much as awake?"

"Good lan', Miss Sally!" Linda would exclaim, not in the least intimidated by the great lady whom she had baby-nursed. "Ef Flo' Lee wuz to wait in th' house evvy mawnin' till you woke up she'd grow like a mushyroon, nevva seein' daylight."

"Straighten up the room a little, will you, Linda? Samanthas are useless since the got married."

"Yas'm. Marriage takes 'em that-a-way sometimes," Linda would pant, stooping to sort out the shoes, letters, lingerie, ribbons, paper-covered novels which strewed the rug. Sally Peake, propped up in bed, her favorite daughter across her knees, would study the little girl's eyes with a wild gentleness, running a fine tawny curl across her forefinger. Then she would lean and kiss one of the small feet; a foolish act, as the Flora Lee were a bare-toed baby.

"They ought never to touch the ground, except to dance," the mother would say, pride and pathos in her voice.

"How could I get to the park without feet—'less I had wings like the swans?" The last with a glance at the golden guardians on mother's bed-post.

"Some one must always carry you, my dear." Generations of self-indulgent grandmothers spoke through her lips.

"But Linda says I'm gettin' too old to be carried."

"Somebody always will. Always——"

Her prophecy unfinished, the woman who, but a few years before, had ridden her horse up the court-house steps and tossed a diamond into a vacant lot, settled back on her pillows. Flora Lee took Linda's hand and slipped from the room without a word. Two specialists had studied Sally's case. Dr. Wiggin and Dr. Furniss, viewing her from spiritual and physical angles respectively, agreed on one point. She was too lazy to get well.

"'DEEP, HEY! WELL, COME OUT O' THAR—HEAR ME!' THE END OF A WOODEN CLUB PUNCHED ADMAH IN THE RIBS; HIS VOYAGE WAS OVER"

THE little Holtz house always smelled of peppermint, fragrant reminder of what earned their liver and onions. In his mature years Admah was not recalled to boyhood scenes by the pungency of sunflowers or of willows or by the damp elf odor of shy wood-fungi. It was the smell of peppermint that revived memories for him.

In their little square house on Dutch Hill the Holtzes prospered, gaged by the standard of wingless working insects. In that row of little dwellings, standing diagonally like wooden soldiers in some intricate maneuver, the Holtzes enjoyed a certain distinction. In their daub of front yard they had cultivated a magnolia-tree which retained its shiny leafage until after Christmas and bloomed handsomely in the Spring.

Ma Holtz grew geraniums, too, and once in an improving spirit she borrowed brushes, bought paint, and commanded the Holtzes as a family to mount ladders and convert the Dutch Hill residence into a spectacle of bright orange with Indian-red trimmings. Drab, weather-beaten Dutch Hill gasped at the innovation and 'lowed as how the candy woman was breakin' out in marshmallows. Satirical carconductors as they went around the loop snickered, "Candy House is on fire!" until the city's soft-coal smoke had dimmed the orange clapboards to the prevailing gray.

In Ma Holtz's Spartan breast there lay the seed of self-expression, unwatered and neglected. Modern advertising meant nothing to her. She could read only the simplest words and they didn't interest her. In that debauch of color, perhaps, she gave way to an instinct. The world should know that she was there, a dot of vividness in the drabby ant-heap.

Admah, who grew up with a sort of wolf's affection for this lean, bitter woman, thought of her as unprogressive, neglectful of opportunities. He seldom ventured to tell her so. One doesn't advise the perfect captain of a river-barge to get into a gold-laced uniform and command an ocean-liner. To her life Ma Holtz was sufficient, working constantly, never sparing her hard, country-bred muscles. The picture of his mother, working after Dutch Hill had gone to bed, became familiar to Admah's eyes.

Hair that had been thin and gray since he could remember she wore neatly combed back into a pug. Her bare arms were stringy and blue-veined; as she leaned over their lucky gravestone, dropping hot candy from a spoon carefully that each spoonful might harden into a perfect peppermint-disk, there was a certain feminine daintiness about her, unrevealed in her ordinary acts. In the light of a kerosene-lamp shadows would fall across her face, softening it to gentleness. Sometimes she would sing, ingeniously off the key:

> Walk in thee light,
> Bee-yew-ti-ful light;
> Doo-drops are failin' so pew an' so bright,
> Ann awl a-roun' me a bee-yew-ti-full light—
> Je-sus, the light of thee world!

Over and over and over she would sing it, not ecstatically as the negroes do, but defiantly. There was complaint, too, in her song. She called for light from Heaven that had given her so little. She had chosen her guide—let the devil and Dutch Hill know it. But that floating acid strain held something more than defiance—maybe it was forgiveness for Pa Holtz, who read the books of Robert G. Ingersoll and drank himself blind out of a stone jug.

There were three rooms in the house and the Holtzes slept in them all. Ma had set up a battered folding bed in the parlor. Jo, the "good boy" who smoked cigarets secretly and enjoyed the local pool-room when he was supposed to be peddling candy, had a fairly good brass bed in the little middle room. He insisted on this arrangement because, so he explained, the day's heavy work gave him a backache. Admah slept on a cot in the kitchen. It never occurred to him to object to this, but it moved his mother to one of her rare apologies.

"It's sort o' poor pickin's fer you, Ad," she told him once. "But we're only livin' here temp'ry. Some o' these days we'll move down-town so we kin be closer to the schools."

"Oh, that's all right, Ma," said Admah, who had never considered the discomforts of his kitchen-bedroom. He slept like a stone in those days. On cold nights the kitchen stove was a comfort. More than that, the convenient back door gave him independence. Two or three golden nights he had waited until the house was dark, then hurried back into his clothes and tiptoed over to the Steks', where they kept late hours, and Miss Mabel, just turning seventeen, often sat on her front porch until twelve o'clock. For Admah Holtz was breaking from the chrysalis, and his mind, like his voice, was changing its tone, wavering from falsetto to bass.

"Ma," ventured Admah the night she apologized for the cot in the kitchen, "I've been thinkin' about our movin'."

"You?" Ma Holtz paused over her gravestone, her iron spoon suspended, allowing liquid candy to drip back into the pan. A cricket on the hearth has thought of moving into the apartment of the sun god.

"Whar," she asked, "do you think of movin', Ad?"

"It ain't movin' so much, Ma," Admah corrected himself. "But Eddie Stek says we can sell ten times the candy we make."

"Eddie Stek!" snorted Ma. "What does Eddie Stek know 'bout anythin'? All them Steks is nothin' but cheap fact'ry hands."

"Maybe," insisted Admah, stung by his mother's slighting the Steks—already he was in love with Miss Mabel—"but Mabel goes to high school and is gittin' educated good——"

"Book-learnin' done a lot for your pa, didn't it?" snapped Ma Holtz and dropped hot candy with an unsymmetric splash.

"Well, I don't mean what Mabel says. It's what Eddie says, I mean."

"What does His Lawdship say that's so smart?"

"I been noticin' it myself. Them pep'mint-drops go like hot cakes, Ma. Jest like hot cakes. We could sell ten times what we make."

"Indeed!" Ma glared again over her upraised spoon. "I notice Jo comes home most every night with a half-full basket."

"Course he does," admitted the boy, tempted to tell all he knew of Jo as a salesman. "He can't sell much, loafin' round the barns."

"You needn't git stuck up jest because you go down-town every day," was all he got for that.

"I jest as leave let Jo go down-town," said Admah; which wasn't exactly true. Already he had caught the metropolitan spirit.

"Jest do the work the good Lawd gives yo' and don't kick agin the pricks," Mrs. Holtz spoke piously. "An' ef ther's anybody needs the patience of Job it's me, what with you two boys pullin' both ways. Not that Jo gives me much trouble. He's a good boy. But——"

Her qualifying words were not uttered. If Ma Holt saw any fault in Jo she never said so. Her only admission of the older boy's weakness was in her continued unprovoked praise of him. Parents often proceed in this perverse way, much as the Chinese refer to their demons as "the good people." She tacitly acknowledged Admah's superiority; yet there lurked a fantom doubt. He was too much like his father. Physically he resembled the broad-browed stone-cutter who defied God and was drowned for his sins. So Ma Holtz went on dropping peppermints; silly little peppermint-disks, spawned interminably on a gravestone. Every dip of the spoon, every dropping of the scented paste on the marble surface seemed to proclaim the obscurity of her fate.

"How kin we sell ten times the candy we make?" she asked finally, coming out of her dream.

Admah was sitting on an edge of his cot and had removed one shoe—merely a gesture, because the night outside was lovely and he had planned to steal over to the Stek porch as soon as ma was abed.

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THE CHARACTERS:

Ex-Governor Richard Harkness
Grandmother Harkness
Richard Harkness, Junior
Mrs. Richard Harkness, Junior
George Harkness
Mrs. George Harkness
Richard Harkness the Third
The Other Grandchildren
The Butler

The Memories:

The Boy, Bess, Sarah, Nell, Anna, Tom, a Barefoot Lad, and Jack

Directions for Staging "Reverie" will be found on page 60

"IT'S VERY NICE TO BE ALWAYS RIGHT—MOSTLY, BUT IT ISN'T NICE AT ALL TO BE ALWAYS RIGHT—ALWAYS'"

Reverie

A Christmas Play for Children

By Percival Wilde

Illustrations by Elmer Hader

WE ARE in the living-room in the New England country homestead of Richard Harkness, former Governor of one of the United States.

It is a large, comfortable room, dating back to the early days of New England—and those were very early indeed. In the huge fireplace a brisk fire is burning. An enormous easy chair faces it, and invites repose.

In the wall opposite, a door leads to the hallway; and in the wall beyond the door Colonial windows disclose a dim, snowy vista.

At the back a double door with portières gives access to the dining-room (in which hundreds of turkeys and thousands of mince pies have come to a happy end), and in the opening itself, made still more prominent by a large screen behind it, stands a handsomely decorated Christmas tree. The room itself is lavishly adorned with holly and evergreens.

It is evening. As the curtain rises, Grandmother Harkness, who is a little, lovable lady of sixty, is putting the finishing touches to the Christmas tree with the assistance of Henry, the Butler.

It is an extremely modern Christmas tree. Electric lights in many colors (unlighted), the very latest fashions in odd-shaped glass balls and acorns, elaborate festoons of fancy paper, bells, pendants of every conceivable shape and hue, gold and silver tinsel: all the resources of modern civilization have joined together to make it up to the minute. The foot of the tree is surrounded by parcels wrapped in tissue-paper and tied with red ribbon.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

[Kneeling before the tree, sits back and nods in approval.] There! That will do!

THE BUTLER

[Who is quite ten years older than she is.] Yes, Mrs. Harkness.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

Help me up, Henry. It isn't as easy for me to get up as it used to be once. *[The Butler assists her to rise.]* Thank you, Henry. *[She surveys the tree with satisfaction.]* It looks nice, doesn't it?

THE BUTLER

It couldn't look any nicer, ma'am.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

A Christmas tree—right up to date—with everything and everything and everything!

THE BUTLER

Correct in every detail.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

You know I'm depending on you, Henry.

THE BUTLER

And well you may, ma'am. If I don't know how to dress a Christmas tree, I that was born right here in New England, and my father and grandfather before me—well, nobody does.

"THIS IS BESS, WHO SITS NEXT TO ME IN SCHOOL"

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

You ought to know.

THE BUTLER

[Nodding.] And I do know. *[He smiles reminiscently.]* The Governor was born in 1851, in this very house—only a year before I came into the world, and in a town not twenty miles distant. In those days Christmas was much the same everywheres up here, for rich and poor alike. There have been changes—many changes—but there's hardly been a year that I haven't helped to dress a Christmas tree for some one.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

[Inspecting the tree anxiously.] Henry, I want this to be a nice tree—the nicest tree there ever was. If it isn't—if you've overlooked a thing—I'll never forgive you!

THE BUTLER

You can trust me, ma'am.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

[Looks about the room. Her glance stops at the fireplace, horrified.] Henry, if I haven't forgotten the most important thing of all!

THE BUTLER

And what's that, ma'am?

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

[Puts her finger to her lips in a wise gesture.] I'll get it! *[She hurries out through the dining-room door.]*

[There is a pause of but a few seconds while the Butler looks at the fireplace in perplexity. Then, through the hall door, Governor Richard Harkness enters. Despite his seventy-two years and his silvery hair he is very erect, very dignified, very much the martinet. His fine face is heavily graved with lines, but his glance is keen and alert as it ever was.]

[Something in his manner transmits itself to the Butler, who unconsciously straightens into a position of military attention and alertness. You almost expect him to snap to a salute. He salutes mentally; you may be quite sure of that. He holds his master in respect approaching awe; that is likewise perfectly evident.]

THE BUTLER

Good evening, sir.

RICHARD

Good evening, Henry. *[Half-way across the room he detects the Christmas tree, and stops abruptly in his tracks.]* Henry, what's this?

THE BUTLER

[Very much afraid.] A Christmas tree, sir.

RICHARD

A Christmas tree?

THE BUTLER

Yes, sir, it's a Christmas tree.

RICHARD

Don't you think I know a Christmas tree when I see one? Humph! Humph! *[The Governor has many ways of saying "Humph." This time it sounds like a cross between a simple grunt and the bark of a good-sized Irish terrier.]*

THE BUTLER

[Bowing.] Quite so, sir.

RICHARD

[Glaring at him.] Henry, what's a Christmas tree doing here?

THE BUTLER

[Emboldened at the sight of Grandmother Harkness, who has returned with a box, and who stands on the threshold listening.] Well, sir, it's Christmas eve, sir.

RICHARD

Humph! Ar—humph! *[The "Humph" has become much deeper; less of the Irish terrier, and a dash of the St. Bernard.]* And what has that got to do with it?

THE BUTLER

[Flustered.] Well, sir——

RICHARD

[Impatiently; imitating him.] Well, sir; well, sir; well, sir! Is that all you can say?

THE BUTLER

[Trembling.] It's a very nice Christmas tree, sir.

RICHARD

What? *[He makes this harmless word sound like the crack of a whip.]*

THE BUTLER

The nicest Christmas tree I've ever seen, sir.

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"HAND IN HAND, LAUGHING, THE DANCERS SERPENTINE ABOUT THE ROOM, WEIRD FIGURES IN THE UNCERTAIN LIGHT"

RICHARD

Humph! Ar—humph! Arrr—humph! [*Now sit is the father of all St. Bernards himself.*] It isn't a marker to what we used to have when I was a boy!

THE BUTLER

What, sir?

RICHARD

[*With boundless contempt.*] When I was a boy we didn't have electric lights, and glass knickknacks, and paper doodads, and newfangled contraptions. We made our own decorations out of pop-corn, and apples, and sugar candy.

THE BUTLER

But everything else was the same, sir.

RICHARD

What?

THE BUTLER

Nothing else has changed in sixty years.

RICHARD

No? What about those?

THE BUTLER

I beg your pardon, sir?

RICHARD

[*Indicating the packages at the foot of the Christmas tree.*] Those! And those! And those!

THE BUTLER

[*Smiling.*] Why, those are the Christmas presents, sir.

RICHARD

Indeed? Well, when I was a boy they didn't wrap up Christmas presents in tissue-paper and red ribbon. They tied them on the tree just as they were!

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

[*Breaking into the conversation.*] Is that right, Henry?

THE BUTLER

[*Crestfallen.*] I'm afraid so, ma'am. The Governor's always right.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

[*In whose eyes the light of battle is already beginning to blaze.*] You may go, Henry. [*The Butler goes.*]

RICHARD

[*Facing Grandmother Harkness sternly.*] Well?

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

[*You can see that every other time but this she has trembled when he said "Well?" But now the little old lady is unafraid. She gives as good as she receives.*] Well?

RICHARD

What does this mean? [*He waves his hand toward the tree and the decorations about the room.*] What is the reason for this? Why this performance?

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

[*Facing him bravely.*] Because, Richard, because you need to have something of the spirit of Christmas brought home to you!

RICHARD

Humph! Humph! [*The St. Bernard has become an Irish terrier again.*]

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

Do you realize that it is years since you have spoken to either of your sons? Do you realize that on this Christmas eve you are on such terms with your own children that they won't come into our house? Oh, the wickedness of it! The stubbornness of it!

RICHARD

[*Flashing.*] I'm no more stubborn than they are!

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

But just as stubborn!

RICHARD

[*With great satisfaction.*] Yes—just as stubborn—yes, indeed!

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

And proud of it too, you old wretch!

RICHARD

Haven't I told you a hundred times that if Junior wants to make peace all he has to do is come here and say so? Haven't I repeated that time and time again?

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

Yes; and that's just the answer that Junior sends you: if you want to make peace, go to him and say so.

RICHARD

Humph! I'll see myself shot first!

"'THIS IS SARAH, WHO LIVES ACROSS THE WAY'"

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

[*Nodding.*] That's the way that Junior feels about it too.

RICHARD

[*Indignant.*] Is that a proper message for a son to send to his father?

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

[*Thoughtfully.*] Considering that he's your son—your flesh and blood and soul—and that he's inherited quite a little of your own obstinacy—what else do you expect?

RICHARD

Sticking up for him, aren't you? [*He shakes his head in disapproval.*] I don't know what's come over you to-night! You were never like this before.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

[*Beginning to waver.*] Perhaps if I had been we'd be happier this Christmas eve—you and I—and they.

RICHARD

[*Taking her in his arms quickly.*] Mary!

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

[*On the verge of tears.*] Think, Richard: Junior's children, and George's children: they should be here this minute; here, laughing and shouting and dancing around our own Christmas tree. Richard, I miss them so!

RICHARD

[*Petting her.*] There! There! [*There is a pause. Then, suddenly and sharply:*] What's that?

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

What, Richard?

RICHARD

[*Crossing to the Christmas tree.*] I saw something move. Here, under the tree.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

I saw nothing.

RICHARD

[*Impatiently.*] No; how could you when you weren't looking that way? [*He peers about.*] I'm almost sure that I saw something.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

It's only the dancing shadows cast by the fire. Shadows; only shadows. [*He returns to her. She sighs.*] How I wish they weren't just shadows!

RICHARD

[*Half to himself.*] It isn't my fault that I'm not on good terms with my own sons. I say it isn't my fault.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

[*Pathetically.*] Richard, it makes me too unhappy to talk about it. [*There is a pause. Then she moves briskly to the table, on which she has set down her box.*] If we can't have the kind of Christmas eve we ought to have we're going to have some kind of Christmas eve anyhow—just you and I. Look, Richard. [*She shows the box.*]

RICHARD

What is it?

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

Your own dear mother gave it to me. [*She opens the box.*] Laid away in lavender: the things that were yours when you were a boy. [*She draws out a pair of child's gloves, homespun, and badly worn at the finger-tips.*] Yours: years and years ago. Your chubby little fingers made these holes.

RICHARD

[*Stretching out his gnarled hands.*] They're not so chubby now.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

[*Drawing out a faded muffler.*] You wrapped this around your neck every morning when you went to school.

RICHARD

I remember that: a two-mile walk across the snow!

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

The teachers didn't know that the little boy who wore this was one day to be Governor of the whole State.

RICHARD

[*Chuckling.*] No, I'll wager they didn't. I had other ambitions when I was a boy.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

And this! [*Tenderly she draws out a child's homespun stocking.*]

RICHARD

[*Smiling.*] Mine? [*She nods.*] How did my foot ever get into that stocking? [*As she closes the box gently.*] Where's the mate? The other stocking?

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

There is only one.

RICHARD

Why so?

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

Can't you guess, Richard? This stocking was hung at the fireplace once a year on Christmas eve.

RICHARD

Oh! [*He smiles.*] It was always well filled. It's funny that it wasn't worn out.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

It would have been, so your mother told me, if you hadn't insisted on a larger stocking when you reached the ripe age of ten.

RICHARD

[*Laughing heartily.*] Yes, yes! I remember now!

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

You got your own way then just as you've had your own way since. You were always good at getting your own way. [*She rises with the stocking in her hand.*]

RICHARD

What are you going to do with it?

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

I'm going to hang it up at the fireplace! Hang it where it has not hung in more than sixty years. [*Tremblingly she crosses to the hearth and fastens the stocking.*] And here's one for me—a very little one. [*From somewhere she produces a second stocking, and hangs it at the side of the first. She moves away slowly, looking at the stockings.*] Perhaps, Richard, perhaps something for you and for me will fly into those stockings to-night!

RICHARD

[*Very gently.*] What could you want in them?

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

Happiness—just happiness.

[*There is a long pause. It is growing much darker.*]

RICHARD

[*Crossing suddenly to the Christmas tree.*] I saw something move again. Right in here. I was quite sure of it. [*He searches; finds nothing; examines the portières; impatiently pulls them together, concealing the Christmas tree.*]

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

[*Who has not moved.*] Well?

RICHARD

[*Chagrined.*] There's nothing. My eyes must be growing old. [*His glance travels wistfully to the stockings hanging at the fireplace.*]

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Illustrations by Mead Schaeffer

"HE GLANCED OVER HIS SHOULDER AT THE *AMELIA* RUSHING AFTER THE TARTAN WITH SWELLING SAILS, AND RAISED HIS VOICE SUDDENLY. 'HE WILL DO IT BECAUSE NO MORE THAN HALF A MILE AHEAD OF US IS THE SPOT WHERE PEYROL WILL DIE'"

The ROVER

By JOSEPH CONRAD

In Which Peyrol Is Recalled to His Old Wandering Self When He Had Known No Hesitation in the Face of Danger

FOURTH AND CONCLUDING INSTALMENT

A STRANGE, dim, cold light filled the room—a light he did not recognize for anything he had known before—and at the foot of his bed stood a figure in dark garments, with a dark shawl over its head, with a fleshless, predatory face and dark hollows for its eyes, silent, expectant, implacable. "Is this death?" he asked himself, staring at it terrified. It resembled Catherine. It said again, "*Écoutez.*" He took away his eyes from it and, glancing down, noticed that all his clothes were torn open on his chest. He would not look up at that thing, whatever it was, specter or old woman, and said:

"Yes, I hear you."

"You are an honest man." It was Catherine's unemotional voice. "The day has broken. You will go away."

"Yes," he said without raising his head.

"She is asleep," went on Catherine or whoever it was, "exhausted, and you would have to shake her hard before she would wake. You will go. You know," the voice continued inflexibly, "she is my niece, and you know that there is death in the folds of her skirt and blood about her feet. She is for no man."

Réal felt all the anguish of an unearthly experience. This thing that looked like Catherine and spoke like a cruel fate had to be faced. He raised his head in this light that seemed to him appalling and quite unearthly.

"Listen well to me, you too," he said. "If she had all the madness of the world and the sin of all the murders of the Revolution on her shoulders I would still hug her to my breast. Do you understand?"

The apparition which resembled Catherine lowered and raised its hooded head slowly. "There was a time when I could have embraced *l'enfer même* to my breast. He went away. He had his vow. You have only your honesty. You will go."

"I have my service," said Lieutenant Réal in measured tones, as if calmed by the excess of horror that old woman inspired him with.

"Go without disturbing her, without looking at her."

"I will carry my shoes in my hand," he said. He sighed deeply and felt as if sleepy. "It is very early," he muttered.

"Peyrol is already at that well," announced Catherine. "What can he be doing there all the time?" she added in a troubled voice, so that Réal, with his feet now on the ground, gave her a side glance; but she was already gliding away, and when he looked again she had vanished from the room and the door was shut.

CATHERINE, coming down-stairs, found Peyrol still at the well. He leaned over and seemed to be looking into it with extreme interest.

"Your coffee is ready, Peyrol," she shouted to him from the doorway.

He turned very sharply like a surprized man and came along smiling.

"That's pleasant news, Mademoiselle Catherine," he said. "You are down early."

"Yes," she admitted, "but you too, Peyrol. Is Michel about? Let him come and have some coffee too."

"Michel's at the tartan. Perhaps you don't know that she is going to make a little voyage." He drank a mouthful of coffee and took a bite out of a slice of bread. He was hungry. He had been up all night and had even had a conversation with Citizen Scevola. He had also done some work with Michel after daylight; however there had not been much to do because the tartan was always ready for sea. Then after having locked up again Citizen Scevola, who was extremely concerned as to what was going to happen to him, but was left in a state of uncertainty, he had come up to the farm, had gone up-stairs, where he was busy with various things for a time, and then had stolen down very cautiously to the well, where Catherine, whom he had not expected down-stairs so early, had seen him before she went into Lieutenant Réal's room.

WHILE he enjoyed his coffee he listened without any signs of surprize to Catherine's comments upon the disappearance of Scevola. She had looked into his den. He had not slept on his pallet that night, of that she was certain, and he was nowhere to be seen, not even in the most distant field, from the points of vantage around the farm. It was inconceivable that he should have slipped away to Madrague, where he disliked to go, or to the village, where he was afraid to go. Peyrol remarked that, whatever happened to him, he was no great loss; but Catherine was not to be soothed.

"It frightens a body," she said. "He may be hiding somewhere to jump on one treacherously. You know what I mean, Peyrol."

"Well, the lieutenant will have nothing to fear, as he's going away. As to myself, Scevola and I are good friends. I had a long talk with him quite recently. You two women can manage him perfectly; and then, who knows? perhaps he has gone away for good."

Catherine stared at him, if such a word as stare can

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he applied to a profound, contemplative gaze. "The lieutenant has nothing to fear from him," she repeated cautiously.

"No, he is going away. Didn't you know it?" The old woman continued to look at him profoundly. "Yes, he is on service."

For another minute or so Catherine continued silent in her contemplative attitude. Then her hesitation came to an end. She could not resist the desire to inform that man of the events of the night. As she went on, Peyrol forgot the half-full bowl of coffee and his half-eaten piece of bread. Catherine's voice flowed with austerity. She stood there, imposing and solemn like a peasant-priestess. The relation of what had been to her a soul-shaking experience did not take much time and she finished with the words: "The lieutenant is an honest man." And after a pause she insisted further. "There is no denying it. He has acted like an honest man."

For a moment longer Peyrol continued to look at the coffee in the bowl, then without warning got up with such violence that the chair behind him was thrown back upon the flagstones.

"Where is he, that honest man?" he shouted suddenly in stentorian tones which not only caused Catherine to raise her hands, but frightened himself, and he dropped at once to a mere forcible utterance. "Where is that man? Let me see him."

Even Catherine's hieratic composure was disturbed. "Why?" she said, looking really disconcerted, "he will lie down here directly. This bowl of coffee is for him."

Peyrol made as if to leave the kitchen, but Catherine arrested him. "For God's sake, Monsieur Peyrol," she said, half in entreaty and half in command, "don't wake up the child. Let her sleep. Oh, let her sleep! Don't wake her up. God only knows how long it is since she has slept properly. I could not tell you. I daren't think of it." She was shocked by hearing Peyrol declare: "All this is confounded nonsense." But he sat down again, seemed to catch sight of the coffee-bowl, and emptied what was left in it down his throat.

"I don't want her on my hands more crazy than she has been before," said Catherine in a sort of exasperation, but in a very low tone. This phrase in its selfish form repressed a real and profound compassion for her niece. She dreaded the moment when that fatal Arlette would wake up and the dreadful complications of life which her slumbers had suspended would have to be picked up again. Peyrol fidgeted on his seat.

"And so he told you he was going? He actually did tell you that?" he asked.

"He promised to go before the child wakes up. At once."

"But, *sacré nom d'un chien*, there is never any wind before eleven o'clock," Peyrol exclaimed in a tone of profound exasperation, yet trying to moderate his voice, while Catherine, indulgent to his changing moods, only compressed her lips and nodded at him soothingly. "It is impossible to work with people like that," he mumbled.

"Do you know, Monsieur Peyrol, that she has been to see the priest?" Catherine was heard suddenly, towering above her end of the table. The two women had had a talk before Arlette had been induced by her aunt to lie down. Peyrol gave a start.

"WHAT? Priest? Now, look here, Catherine," he went on with repressed ferocity, "do you imagine that all this interests me in the least?"

"I can think of nothing but that niece of mine. We two have nobody but each other in the world," she went on, reproducing the very phrase Arlette had used to Réal. She seemed to be thinking aloud, but noticed that Peyrol was listening with attention. "He wanted to shut her up from everybody," and the old woman clasped her meager hands with a sudden gesture. "I suppose there are still some convents about the world."

"You and the patroune are mad together," declared Peyrol. "All this only shows what an ass the curé is. I don't know much about these things, tho I have seen some nuns in my time and some very queer ones too, but it seems to me that they don't take crazy people into convents. Don't you be afraid. I tell you that——"

He stopped because the inner door of the kitchen came open and Lieutenant Réal stepped in. His sword hung on his forearm by the belt; his hat was on his head. He dropped his little valise on the floor and sat down in the nearest chair to put on his shoes, which he had brought down in his other hand. Then he came up to the table. Peyrol, who had kept his eyes on him, thought: "Here is one who looks like a moth scorched in the fire." Real's eyes were sunken, his cheeks seemed hollowed, and the whole face had an arid and dry aspect.

"Well, you are in a fine state for the work of deceiving the enemy," Peyrol observed. "Why, to look at you, nobody would believe a word you said. You are not going to be ill, I hope. You are on service. You haven't got the right to be ill. I say, Mademoiselle Catherine, produce the bottle; you know, my private bottle."

He snatched it from Catherine's hand, poured some brandy into the lieutenant's coffee, pushed the bowl toward him, and waited. "*Nom de nom!*" he said forcibly, "don't you know what this is for? It's for you to drink." Réal obeyed with a strange, automatic docility. "And now," said Peyrol, getting up, "I will go up and shave. This is a great day—the day we are going to see the lieutenant off."

Till then Réal had not uttered a word, but directly the door closed behind Peyrol he raised his head.

"Catherine!" His voice was like a rustle in his throat. She was looking at him steadily, and he continued. "Listen, when she finds me gone you tell her I will return soon. To-morrow. Always to-morrow."

"Yes, my good monsieur," said Catherine in an unmoved voice, but clasping her hands convulsively. "And what else could I dare tell her!"

"She will believe you," whispered Réal.

"Yes! She will believe me," repeated Catherine mournfully.

Réal got up, put the sword-belt over his head, picked up the valise. There was a little flush on his cheeks.

"Adieu," he said to the silent old woman. She made no answer, but as he turned away she raised her hand a little, hesitated, and let it fall again. It seemed to her that the women of the Escampobar had been singled out for divine wrath. Her niece appeared to her like the scapegoat charged with all the murders and blasphemies of the Revolution. She herself too had been cast out from the grace of God. But that had been a long time ago. She had made her peace with Heaven since. Again she raised her hand, but this time made in the air the sign of the cross at the back of Lieutenant Réal.

Meanwhile up-stairs Peyrol, scraping his big flat cheek with an English razor-blade at the window, saw Lieutenant Réal on the path to the shore; and high above there, commanding a vast view of sea and land, he shrugged his shoulders impatiently with no visible provocation. One could not trust those epaulet-wearers. They would cram a fellow's head with notions either for their own sake or for the sake of the service. Still, he was too old a bird to be caught by chaff; and, besides, that long-legged, stiff beggar going down the path with all his officer

"HE FELT HIMSELF BEING TAKEN POSSESSION OF IN A WAY THAT TORE ALL HIS SCRUPLES OUT OF HIS BREAST"

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airs was honest enough. At any rate he knew a seaman when he saw one, tho he was as cold-blooded as a fish. Peyrol had a smile which was a little awry.

Cleaning the razor-blade (one of a set of twelve in a case), he had a vision of a brilliantly hazy ocean and an English Indiaman with her yards braced all ways, her canvas blowing loose above her blood-stained decks, overrun by a lot of privateersmen, and with the island of Ceylon swelling like a thin blue cloud on the far horizon. He had always wished to own a set of English blades, and there he had got it, fell over it, as it were, lying on the floor of a cabin which had been already ransacked. "For good steel—it was good steel," he thought, looking at the blade fixedly. And there it was, nearly worn out. The others too. That steel! And here he was holding the case in his hand as tho he had just picked it up from the floor. Same case. Same man. And the steel worn out.

He shut the case bruskly, flung it into his sea-chest, which was standing open, and slammed the lid down. The feeling which was in his breast and had been known to more articulate men than himself, was that life was a dream less substantial than the vision of Ceylon lying like a cloud on the sea. Dream left astern. Dream straight ahead. This disenchanted philosophy took the shape of swearing. "*Sacré nom de nom de nom! Tonnerre de bon Dieu!*"

When tying his neck-cloth he handled it with fury as tho he meant to strangle himself with it. He rammed a soft cap onto his venerable locks recklessly, seized his cudgel; but before leaving the room walked up to the window giving on the east. He could not see the Petite Passe on account of the lookout hill, but to the left a great portion of the Hyères roadstead lay spread out before him, pale gray in the morning light, with the land about Cape Blanc stretching behind with all its details blurred as yet and only one conspicuous object presenting to his sight something that might have been a lighthouse by its shape, but which Peyrol knew very well was the English corvette already under way and with all her canvas set.

THIS sight pleased Peyrol mainly because he had expected it. The Englishman was doing exactly what he had expected he would do, and Peyrol looked toward the English cruiser with a smile of malicious triumph as if he were confronting her captain. For some reason or other he imagined Captain Vincent as long-faced, with yellow teeth and a wig, whereas that officer wore his own hair and had a set of teeth which would have done honor to a London belle and was really the hidden cause of Captain Vincent appearing so often breathed in public.

That ship at that great distance and steering in his direction held him at the window long enough for the increasing light of the morning to burst into sunshine, coloring and filling in the flat outline of the land with tints of wood and rock and field, with clear dots of buildings enlivening the view. The sun threw a sort of halo around the ship.

Recollecting himself, Peyrol left the room and shut the door quietly. Quietly too he descended the stairs from his garret. On the landing he underwent a short inward struggle, at the end of which he approached the door of Catherine's room and, opening it a little, put his head in. Across the whole width of it he saw Arlette fast asleep. Her aunt had thrown a light coverlet over her. Her low shoes stood at the foot of the bed. Her black hair lay loose on the pillow; and Peyrol's gaze became arrested by the long eyelashes on her pale cheek. Suddenly he fancied she moved, and he withdrew his head sharply, pulling the door to. He listened for a moment as if tempted to open it again, but judging it too risky went on his way down-stairs. At his reappearance in the kitchen Catherine turned sharply. She was dressed for the day, with a big white cap on her head, a black bodice, and a brown skirt with ample folds. She had a pair of varnished sabots over her shoes.

"No signs of Scevola," she said, advancing toward Peyrol. "And Michel too has not been here yet."

Peyrol thought that if she had been only shorter, what with her black eyes and slightly curved nose she would have looked like a witch. But witches can read people's thoughts, and he looked openly at Catherine with the pleasant conviction that she could not read his thoughts. He said:

"I took good care not to make any noise up-stairs, Mademoiselle Catherine. When I am gone the house will be quiet and empty enough."

She had a curious expression. She struck Peyrol suddenly as if she were lost in that kitchen in which she had reigned for many years. He continued:

"You will be alone all the morning."

She seemed to be listening to some distant sound, and after Peyrol had added, "Everything is all right now," she nodded, and after a moment said in a manner that for her was unexpectedly impulsive.

"Monsieur Peyrol, I am tired of living."

HE SHRUGGED his shoulders and with somewhat gloomy jocosity remarked:

"I will tell you what it is: you ought to have been married."

She turned her back on him abruptly.

"No offense." Peyrol excused himself in a tone of gloom rather than of apology. "It is no use to attach any importance to things. What is this life? Phew! Nobody can remember one-tenth of it. Here I am; and, you know, I would bet that if one of my old-time chums came along and saw me like this, here with you—I mean one of those chums that stand up for a fellow in a scrimmage and look after him should he be hurt—well, I bet," he repeated, "he wouldn't know me. He would say to himself perhaps: 'Hullo! here's a comfortable married couple.'"

He paused. Catherine with her back to him and calling him, not Monsieur, but Peyrol, *tout court*, remarked, not exactly with displeasure, but rather with an ominous accent, that this was no time for idle talk. Peyrol, however, continued, tho his tone was very far from being that of idle talk:

"But you see, Mademoiselle Catherine, you were not like the others. You allowed yourself to be struck all of a heap, and at the same time you were too hard on yourself."

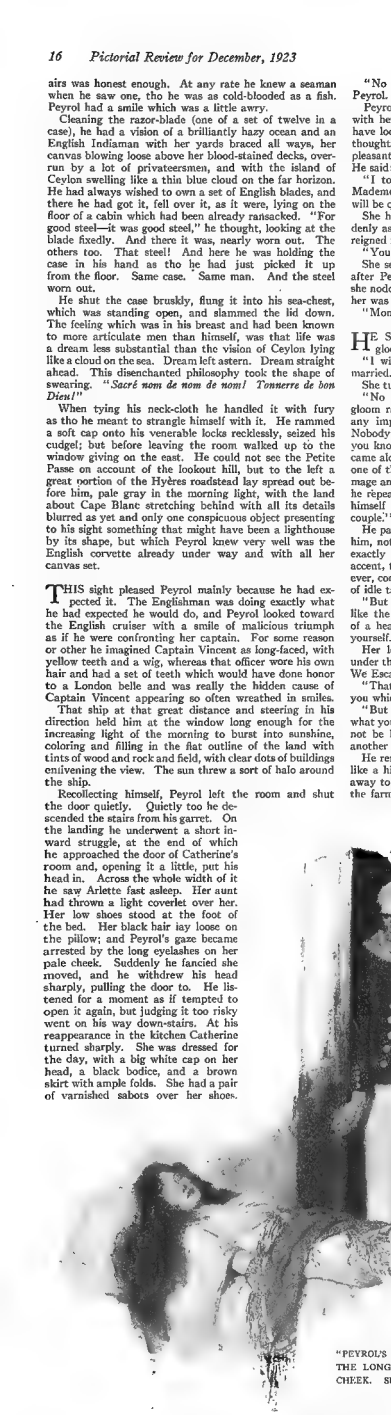
Her long, thin frame bent low to work the bellows under the enormous overmantel, she assented: "Perhaps! We Escampobar women were always hard on ourselves."

"That's what I say. If you had had things happen to you which happened to me—"

"But you men, you are different. It doesn't matter what you do. You have got your own strength. You need not be hard on yourselves. You go from one thing to another thoughtlessly."

He remained looking at her searchingly with something like a hint of a smile on his shaven lips, but she turned away to the sink where one of the women working about the farm had deposited a great pile of vegetables. She started on them with a broken-bladed knife, preserving her sibylline air even in that homely occupation.

"It will be a good soup, I see, at noon today," said the rover suddenly. He turned on his heels and went out through the salle. The whole world lay open to him, or at any rate the whole of the Mediterranean, viewed down the ravine. The bell of the farm's milk-cow, which had a talent for keeping herself invisible, reached him from the right, but he could not see as much as the tips of her horns, tho he looked for them. He stepped out sturdily. He had not gone twenty yards down the ravine when another sound made him stand still as if changed into stone. It was a faint noise resembling very much the hollow rumble an empty farm-cart would make on a stony road; but Peyrol looked up at the sky, and tho it was perfectly clear he did not seem pleased with its aspect.



"PEYROL'S GAZE BECAME ARRESTED BY THE LONG EYELASHES ON HER PALE CHEEK. SUDDENLY HE FANCIED SHE MOVED"

He had a hill on each side of him and the placid cove below his feet. He muttered: "H'm! Thunder at sunrise. It must be in the west. It only wanted that!" It would first kill the little breeze there was and then knock the weather up altogether. For a moment all his faculties seemed paralyzed by that faint sound. On that sea ruled by the gods of Olympus he might have been a pagan mariner subject to Jupiter's caprices; but, like a defiant pagan, he shook his fist inwardly at space, which answered him by a short and threatening mutter. Then he swung on his way till he caught sight of the two mastheads of the tartan, when he stopped to listen. No sound of any sort reached him, and he went on his way thinking: "Go from one thing to another thoughtlessly! Indeed! That's all old Catherine knows about it." He had so many things to think of that he did not know which to lay hold of first. He just let them lie jumbled up in his head.

His feelings too were in a state of confusion, and vaguely he felt that his conduct was at the mercy of an internal conflict. The consciousness of that fact accounted perhaps for his sardonic attitude toward himself and outwardly toward those whom he perceived on board the tartan; and especially toward the lieutenant, whom he saw sitting on the deck leaning against the head of the rudder, characteristically aloof from the two other persons on board. Michel, also characteristically, was standing on the top of the little cabin-scuttle, obviously looking out for his maître.

Citizen Scevola, sitting on deck, seemed at first sight to be at liberty, but as a matter of fact he was not. He was loosely tied on to the stanchion by three turns of the main-sheet, with the knot in such a position that he could not get at it without attracting attention; and that situation seemed also somewhat characteristic of Citizen Scevola with its air of half liberty, half suspicion, and, as it were, contemptuous restraint. The sansculotte, whose late experiences had nearly unsettled his reason, first by their utter incomprehensibility and afterward by the enigmatical attitude of Peyrol, had dropped his head and folded his arms on his breast. And that attitude was dubious too. It might have been resignation or it might have been profound sleep. The rover addressed himself first to the lieutenant.

"*Le moment approche,*" said Peyrol with a queer twitch at a corner of his lip, while under his soft woolen cap his venerable locks stirred in the breath of a suddenly warm air. "The great moment—eh?"

He leaned on the big tiller, and hung, as it were, over the lieutenant's shoulder.

"What's this infernal company?" murmured the latter without even looking at Peyrol.

"ALL old friends—*quoi?*" said Peyrol in a homely tone. "We will keep that little affair amongst ourselves. The fewer the men the greater the glory. Catherine is getting the vegetables ready for the noonday soup, and the Englishman is coming down toward the Passe. We are to will be in good noon for quarter-deck talks and all that politeness."

"I wish, Peyrol, you would not talk so much," said Lieutenant Réal, turning his head slightly. He was struck by the strange expression on the old rover's face. "And I don't see what the actual moment matters. I am going to look for the fleet. All you would have to do would be to hoist the sails for me and then scramble ashore."

"Very simple," observed Peyrol through his teeth, and then began to sing:

Quoique leurs chapeaux sont bien loids—
Damn it! Moi, j'aime les Anglais.
Ils ont un si bon caractère!

but interrupted himself suddenly to hail Scevola.

"*Hé!* Citoyen!" and then remarked confidentially to Réal: "He isn't asleep, you know, but he isn't like the English; he has a *sacré mauvais caractère.* He got into his head," continued Peyrol, in a loud and innocent tone, "that you locked him up in this cabin last night. Did you notice the beastly glance he gave you just now?"

Both Lieutenant Réal and the innocent Michel appeared surprized at his boisterousness; but all the time Peyrol was thinking: "I wish to goodness I knew how that thunder-storm is getting on and what course it is shaping. I can't find that out unless I go up to the farm and get a view to the westward. It may be as far as the Rhône Valley; no doubt it is, and it will come out of it too, curses on it. One won't be able to reckon on half an hour of steady wind from any direction."

He directed a look of ironic gaiety at all the faces in turn. Michel met it with a faithful-dog gaze and innocently open mouth. Scevola kept his chin buried on his chest. Lieutenant Réal was insensible to outward impressions, and his absent gaze made nothing of Peyrol. The rover himself presently fell into thought. The last stir of air died out in the little basin, and the sun clearing Porquerolles inundated it with a sudden light in which Michel stared like an owl.

"It's hot early," he announced aloud, but only because he had formed the habit of talking to himself. He would not have presumed to offer an opinion unless asked by Peyrol.

His voice having recalled Peyrol to himself, he proposed to masthead the yards, and even asked Lieutenant

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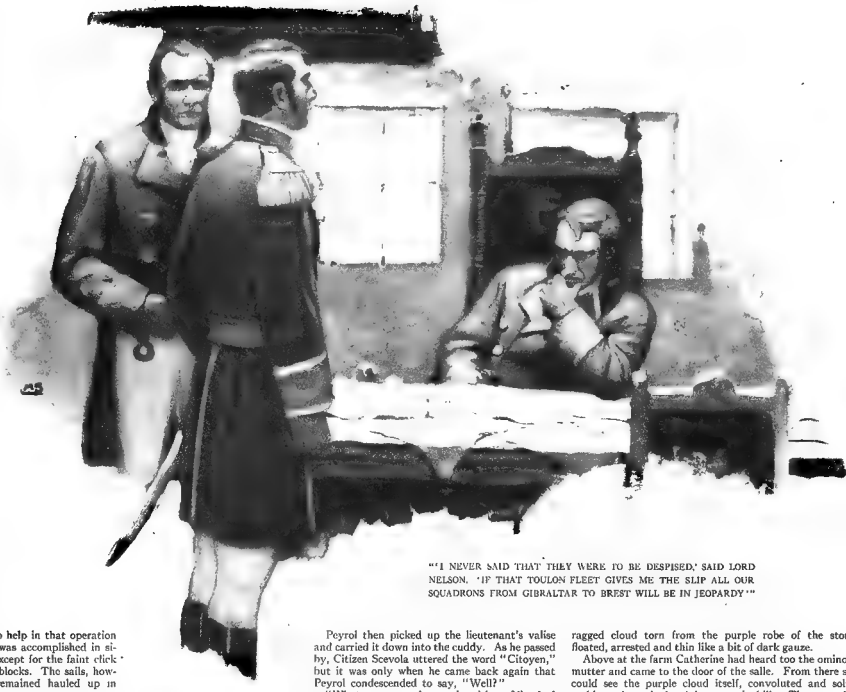

"'I NEVER SAID THAT THEY WERE TO BE DESPISED,' SAID LORD NELSON. 'IF THAT TOULON FLEET GIVES ME THE SLIP ALL OUR SQUADRONS FROM GIBRALTAR TO BREST WILL BE IN JEOPARDY'"

Réal to help in that operation which was accomplished in silence except for the faint click of the blocks. The sails, however, remained hauled up in the gear.

"Like this," said Peyrol: "you have only to let go the ropes and you will be under canvas at once."

Without answering, Réal returned to his position by the rudder-head. He was saying to himself: "I am sneaking off. No, there is honor, duty. And of course I will return. But when? They will forget all about me and I shall never be exchanged. This war may last for years—" and illogically he wished he could have had a God to Whom he could pray for relief in his anguish.

"She will be in despair," he thought, writhing inwardly at the mental picture of a distracted Arlette. But he was embittered, and he said to himself: "But in a month's time will she even give me a thought?" Instantly he felt remorseful with a remorse strong enough to lift him to his feet as if he were morally obliged to go up again and confess to Arlette this sacrilegious cynicism of thought. "I am mad," he muttered, perching himself on the low rail. His lapse from faith plunged him into such a depth of unhappiness that he felt all his strength of will go out of him. He sat there apathetic and suffering. He meditated dully: "Young men have been known to die suddenly; why should not I? I am as a matter of fact at the end of my endurance. I am half dead already. Yes! but what is left of that life does not belong to me now.

"Peyrol," he said in such a piercing tone that even Scevola jerked his head up; but he made an effort to reduce his voice-production and went on speaking very carefully: "I have left a letter for the Secretary-General at the Majorité to pay twenty-five hundred francs to Jean—you are Jean, are you not?—Peyrol, price of the tartan in which I sail. Is that right?"

"WHAT did you do that for?" asked Peyrol with an extremely stony face. "To get me into trouble?"

"Don't be a fool, Gunner; nobody remembers your name. It is buried under a stack of blackened paper. You will have to go there and tell them that you have seen with your own eyes Lieutenant Réal sail away on his mission."

The stoniness of Peyrol persisted, but his eyes were full of fury. "Oh, yes, I see myself going there! Twenty-five hundred francs! Twenty-five hundred fiddlesticks!" His tone changed suddenly. "I heard some one say that you were an honest man, and I suppose this is a proof of it. Well, to the devil with your honesty!" He glared at the lieutenant and then thought: "He doesn't even pretend to listen to what I say"—and another sort of anger, partly contemptuous and with something of a dim sympathy in it, replaced his downright fury. "Pah!" he said, spat over the side, and, walking up to Réal with great deliberation, slapped him on the shoulder. The only effect of this manifestation was to make Réal look up at him without any expression whatever.

Peyrol then picked up the lieutenant's valise and carried it down into the cuddy. As he passed by, Citizen Scevola uttered the word "Citoyen," but it was only when he came back again that Peyrol condescended to say, "Well?"

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Scevola.

"You would not give me an account of how you came on board this tartan," said Peyrol in a tone that sounded almost friendly; "therefore I need not tell you what I will do with you."

A low muttering of thunder followed so close upon his words that it might have come out of Peyrol's own lips. The rover gazed uneasily at the sky. It was still clear overhead, and at the bottom of that little basin surrounded by rocks there was no view in any other direction; but even as he gazed there was a sort of flicker in the sunshine succeeded by a mighty but distant clap of thunder.

For the next half-hour Peyrol and Michel were busy ashore taking a long line from the tartan to the entrance of the little basin, where they fastened the end of it to a bush. This was for the purpose of hauling the tartan out into the cove; then they came aboard again. The bit of sky above their heads was still clear, but while walking with the hauling-line near the cove Peyrol had got a glimpse of the edge of the cloud. The sun, still in the clear sky to the east, grew scorching all of a sudden, and in the stagnating air a subtle change seemed to come over the quality and the color of the sky. Peyrol flung his cap on the deck, baring his head to the subtle menace of the breathless stillness of the air.

"Phew! *Ça chauffe*," he muttered, rolling up the sleeves of his jacket. He wiped his forehead with his mighty forearm, upon which a mermaid with an immensely long fish-tail was tattooed. Perceiving the lieutenant's belted sword lying on the deck, he picked it up and without any ceremony threw it down the cabin stairs. As he was passing again near Scevola the sansculotte raised his voice.

"I believe you are one of those wretches corrupted by English gold," he cried like one inspired. His shining eyes, his red cheeks, testified to the fire of patriotism burning in his breast, and he used that conventional phrase of revolutionary time, a time when, intoxicated with oratory, he used to run about dealing death to traitors of both sexes and all ages. But his denunciation was received in such profound silence that his own belief in it wavered. His words had sunk into an abysmal stillness, and the next sound was Peyrol speaking to Réal.

"I am afraid you will get very wet, Lieutenant, before long," and, then looking at Réal, he thought with great conviction: "Wet! He wouldn't mind getting drowned." Standing stock-still, he fretted and fumed inwardly, wondering where precisely the English ship was by this time and where the devil that thunder-storm had got to, for the sky had become as mute as the oppressed earth. Réal asked:

"Is it not time to haul out, Gunner?" And Peyrol said:

"There is not a breath of wind anywhere for miles." He was gratified by the fairly loud mutter rolling apparently along the inland hills. Over the pool a little ragged cloud torn from the purple robe of the storm floated, arrested and thin like a bit of dark gauze.

Above at the farm Catherine had heard too the ominous mutter and came to the door of the salle. From there she could see the purple cloud itself, convoluted and solid, and its sinister shadow lying over the hills. The oncoming of the storm added to her sense of uneasiness at finding herself all alone in the house. Michel did not come up. She would have welcomed Michel, to whom she hardly ever spoke, simply as a person belonging to the usual order of things. She was not talkative, but somehow she would have liked somebody to speak to just for a moment.

THIS cessation of all sound, voices or footsteps, around the buildings was not welcome, but, looking at the cloud, she thought that there would be noise enough presently. However, stepping back into the kitchen, she was met by a sound that made her regret the oppressive silence, by its piercing and terrifying character; it was a shriek in the upper part of the house, where, as far as she knew, there was only Arlette alone.

In her attempt to cross the kitchen to the foot of the stairs the weight of her accumulated years fell upon the old woman. She felt suddenly very feeble and hardly able to breathe. And all at once the thought, "Scevola! Was he murdering her up there?" paralyzed the last remnant of her physical powers. What else could it be? She fell as if shot into a chair under the first shock and found herself unable to move. Only her brain remained active, and she raised her hands to her eyes as if to shut out the image of the horrors up-stairs. She heard nothing more from above.

Arlette was dead. She thought that now it was her turn. While her body quailed before the brutal violence her weary spirit longed ardently for the end. Let him come! Let all this be over at last, with a blow on the head or a stab in the breast. She had not the courage to uncover her eyes. She waited. But after about a minute—it seemed to her interminable—she heard rapid footsteps overhead. Arlette was running here and there.

Catherine uncovered her eyes and was about to rise when she heard at the top of the stairs the name of Peyrol shouted down with a desperate accent. Then, again, after the shortest of pauses, the cry of "Peyrol, Peyrol!" and then the sound of feet running down-stairs. There was another shriek: "Peyrol!" just outside the door before it flew open. Who was chasing her? Catherine managed to stand up. Steadying herself with one hand on the table, she presented an undaunted front to her niece, who ran into the kitchen with loose hair flying and every appearance of distraction in her eyes.

The staircase door had slammed to behind her. Nobody was pursuing her; and Catherine, putting forth her lean brown arm, arrested Arlette's flight with such a jerk that the two women swung against each other. She seized her niece by the shoulders.

"What is this, in Heaven's name? Where are you rushing to?" she cried, and the other as if suddenly exhausted whispered:

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"'OF COURSE YOU ARE JOKING, WADE,' SHE SAID. 'YOU HAVE NO MÉNAGE. PEOPLE, WADE IS JOKING' HER TONE IMPLIED THAT IF IT WASN'T A JOKE IT BETTER BE TURNED INTO ONE AT ONCE"

Covers for Twenty, Alphonse!

A Christmas Story of a Man Who Was in Love for Ten Years but Found It Out Only a Few Hours Before It Was Too Late

By Rebecca Hooper Eastman

Illustrations by O. F. Howard

THE Carlisle family, twenty strong, rose from the Christmas dinner and trailed through the drawing-room into the library. Gloria, Hunter Carlisle's wife, was hostess, and her cheeks were pink with triumph. For it was the custom for the girls who had married Carlisle men to try and outdo each other on Thanksgivings and Christmases.

"Well, Dorothy," sighed Gloria as coffee came in, "you'll have us all wished on you next Thanksgiving."

Dorothy Carlisle, her Boston sister-in-law, gave a quick smile and turned to Joe, her husband. She knew exactly what he would say.

"Yes, Gloria, it does you New-Yorkers good to get over to Boston occasionally and see how the other half live."

Joe Carlisle preferred the beautiful old home on Beacon Hill, which his wife had inherited from her grandfather, to the entire island of Manhattan. Joe Carlisle would not take Manhattan Island as a gift, and said so, at least once a day, when in New York. Most Bostonians feel the same way, and say so.

"And then, and then, you will all come to us on Christmas," piped up Penelope Carlisle of Larchmont. She was the newest Carlisle wife, and longed for and dreaded the family when her turn came to have them.

The only person who didn't join in this friendly family rivalry was Wade Carlisle, who sat by the fire somewhat apart from the rest, like a looker-on. He was a tall, spare man, this unsuccessful elder bachelor brother of the married, plutocratic, younger Carlisles. Fifty, sandy-complexioned, he had a lot of fine lines round his eyes as if he considered things from every possible point of view without getting too excited about them in the process. With his ruddy, weathered face, sideboards, and twinkling, clear blue eyes, he looked like an old picture of a country squire. If he lacked a country squire's assurance he had something better. Wade Carlisle, the family failure, was an aristocrat in appearance and thought; his younger brothers never rose, mentally or physically, above their smug plutocracy.

"For years and years and years," said Wade Carlisle, quietly addressing the family from his corner, "I have accepted your kind invitations. I have dined on Beacon Hill, I have dined in New York, and more latterly I have dined in Larchmont. It is my turn to entertain. Next Christmas, then, I expect you all; I *invite* you all to dine with me." There, it was out!

He had known that they would gasp, and gasp they did—all but Gloria. Gloria smiled upon Wade with quaint superiority.

"Of course you are joking, Wade," she said. "You have no ménage. People, Wade is joking."

Her tone implied that if it wasn't a joke it better be turned into one at once.

"My invitation, Gloria, is no joke." Wade still spoke quietly, but the blue veins at his temples became suddenly prominent.

The others leaned back and surveyed the greatest and the least of their number with alarmed interest. Gloria, with her millions, was crossing swords with poverty-stricken Wade!

"Even if you had a house, Wade, I should never think of dining in Brooklyn," said Gloria, who had decided to be mean. "I never have, and I never shall."

"I think therein lies the joke," replied Wade. Nobody ever talked back to Gloria, and Hunter Carlisle, her husband, watched with fearful fascination. "Do you think dining in Brooklyn would compromise your social position? If so, it must be painful for you to consider that Park Avenue is largely inhabited by ex-Brooklynites, and that when every one in Brooklyn who intends to move over here does so, there will be little room left in New York for real New-Yorkers, like yourself. It is a serious immigration problem, of course, Gloria, but I had supposed you were secure enough to dine where you please."

What had got into Wade? Whence this smooth irony? Why this sudden turning of the worm?

The butler took the coffee, and two footmen (in new liveries) arranged bridge-tables with a grandeur that ought to have crushed the aspirations of the impecunious Wade.

"People," dictated Gloria, "we'll play auction until twelve, and then I have asked a few friends in to dance."

She sank down by Dorothy. This Boston sister-in-law, with her sewing-circles and Vincent clubs, was the member of the family whom Gloria best liked.

"My dear, do please say all you can to discourage Wade," she whispered, as they cut for partners. "He means to take us to some horrid restaurant, or else have a caterer in the sordid place where he lives."

"*I* think it would be nice to dine with Wade," replied Dorothy independently. "I have always felt sorry for him. He shows up dutifully at family gatherings, listens animatedly to stories of people and society he knows nothing of, and lets us patronize him. Meanwhile he looks as much out of place as one of my Puritan ancestors come down out of his frame on the wall. I admire Wade for asking us. It shows spirit. It's sweet of him, and I know Joe thinks so. We shall accept."

"My dear Dot, if you lived in New York you would soon learn that life is too short to take people like Wade seriously. *I* sha'n't go, that's all!"

"GOOD night," said Wade, after bridge, to the Larchmont Carlisles. Wade never stayed for the dancing "You and Ed will come to my Christmas party, won't you, Penelope?"

"Why, Wade, of course," she answered heartily. Then, feeling Gloria's gimlet eye, and noting that her husband looked worried, she added, "That is, we'll come if the rest do."

"You can count on *us!*" said Dorothy warmly, as Wade turned to her. "We love the idea."

Wade turned to Hunter.

"Gloria isn't serious about refusing to come, is she?" he asked.

"Good Heavens, no!" replied Hunter largely.

Less than ten days later, however, Hunter called up Wade and asked him to lunch at the most exclusive club on his list.

Prompt and interested, Wade appeared. He had never before entered this sacred club, and had always wanted to. He could have gratified this desire at any time by inquiring at the desk for his brother, and after announcing that he would wait for Hunter, he could have roamed about at his leisure. But Wade wasn't that sort of person. Wade

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

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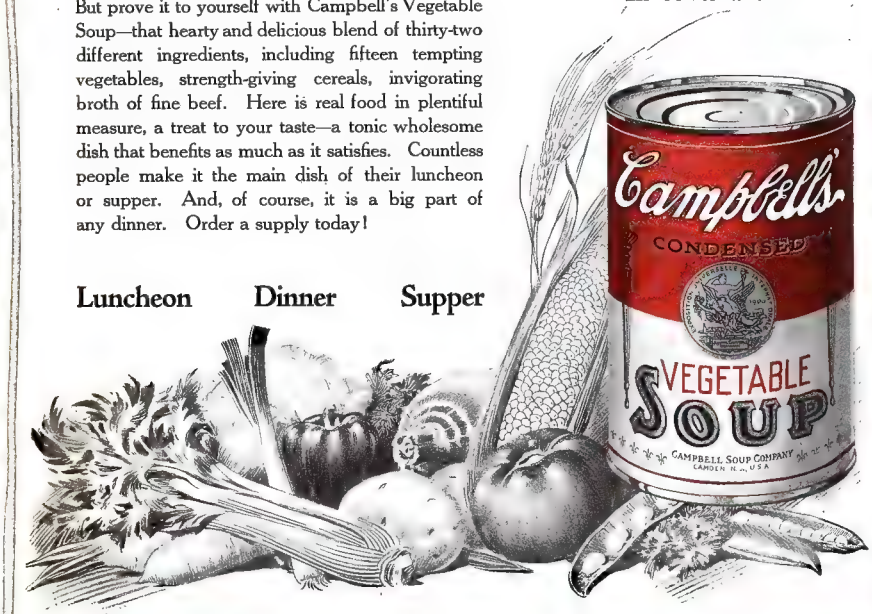

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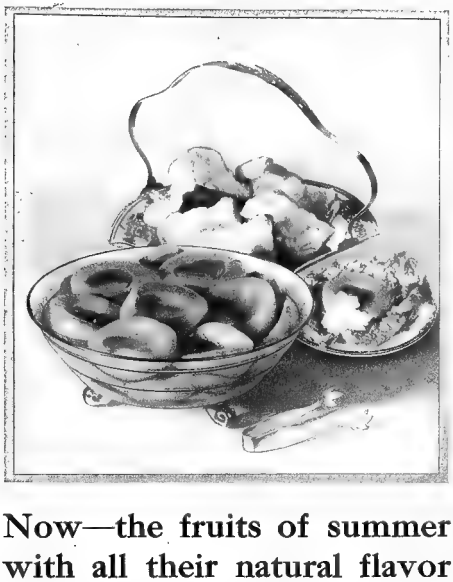

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The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

"I woke up from an awful dream."

The kitchen grew dark under the cloud that hung over the house now. There was a feeble flicker of lightning and a faint crash far away.

The old woman gave her niece a little shake. "Dreams are nothing," she said. "You are awake now." And indeed Catherine thought that no dream could be so bad as the realities which kept hold of one through the long waking hours.

"They were killing him," moaned Arlette, beginning to tremble and struggle in her aunt's arms. "I tell you they were killing him."

"Be quiet. Were you dreaming of Peyrol?"

She became still in a moment and then whispered, "No, Eugène."

She had seen Réal set upon by a mob of men and women, all dripping with blood, in a lurid, cold light, in front of a stretch of mere shells of houses with cracked walls and broken windows, and going down in the midst of a forest of raised arms brandishing sabers, clubs, knives, axes. There was also a man flourishing a red rag on a stick, while another was beating a drum which boomed above the sickening sound of broken glass falling like rain on the pavement. And away around the corner of an empty street came Peyrol, whom she recognized by his white head, walking without haste, swinging his cudgel regularly.

The terrible thing was that Peyrol looked straight at her, not noticing anything, composed, without a frown or a smile, unseeing and deaf, while she waved her arms and shrieked desperately to him for help. She woke up with the piercing sound of his name in her ears and with the impression of the dream so powerful that even now, looking distractedly into her aunt's face, she could see the bare arms of that murderous crowd raised above Réal's sinking head. Yet the name that had sprung to her lips on waking was that of Peyrol. She pushed her aunt away with such force that the old woman staggered backward and to save herself had to catch hold of the overmantel above her head. Arlette ran to the door of the salle, looked in, came back to her aunt, and shouted: "Where is he?"

Catherine really did not know which path the lieutenant had taken. She understood very well that "he" meant Réal.

She said: "He went away a long time ago," grasped her niece's arm, and added with an effort to steady her voice: "He is coming back, Arlette—for nothing will keep him away from you."

Arlette, as if mechanically, was whispering to herself the magic name "Peyrol, Peyrol!" then cried: "I want Eugène now. This moment!"

Catherine's face wore a look of unflinching patience. "He has departed on service," she said. Her niece looked at her with enormous, coal-black, profound, and immovable, while in a forcible and distracted tone she said: "You and Peyrol have been plotting to rob me of my reason. But I will know how to make that old man give him up. He is mine!" She spun round wildly like a person looking for a way of escape from a deadly peril, and rushed out blindly.

ABOUT Escampobar the air was murky but calm, and the silence was so profound that it was possible to hear the first heavy drops of rain striking the ground. In the intimidating shadow of the storm-cloud Arlette stood irresolute for a moment: but it was to Peyrol, the man of mystery and power, that her thoughts turned. She was ready to embrace his knees, to entreat and to scold. "Peyrol, Peyrol!" she cried twice, and lent her ear as if expecting an answer. Then she shouted: "I want him back."

Catherine, alone in the kitchen, moving with dignity, sat down in the arm-chair with the tall back, like a senator in his curule chair awaiting the blow of a barbarous fate.

Arlette flew down the slope. The first sign of her coming was a faint, thin scream which really the rover alone heard and understood. He pressed his lips in a particular way, showing his appreciation of the coming difficulty. The next moment he saw, poised on a detached boulder and thinly veiled by the first perpendicular shower, Arlette, who, catching sight of the tartan, with the men on board of her, let out a prolonged shriek of mingled triumph and despair. "Peyrol! Help! Pey—rol!"

Réal jumped to his feet with an extremely scared face, but Peyrol extended an arresting arm. "She is calling to me," he said, gazing at the figure poised on the rock. "Well leaped! *Sacré nom!* Well leaped!" And he muttered to himself soberly: "She will break her legs or her neck."

"I see you, Peyrol," screamed Arlette, who seemed to be flying through the air. "Don't you dare!"

"Yes, here I am," shouted the rover, striking his breast with his fist.

Lieutenant Réal put both his hands over his face. Michel looked on open-mouthed, very much as if watching a performance in a circus; but Scevola cast his eyes down. Arlette came on board with such an impetus that Peyrol had to step forward and save her from a fall which would have stunned her. She struggled in his arms with extreme violence. The heiress of Escampobar with her loose black hair seemed the incarnation of pale fury. "*Misérable!* Don't you dare!"

A roll of thunder covered her voice, but when it had passed away it was heard again in suppliant tones. "Peyrol, my friend, my dear old friend, give him back to me," and all the time her body writhed in the arms of the old seaman. "You used to love me, Peyrol," she cried, without ceasing to struggle, and suddenly struck the rover twice in the face with her clenched fist. Peyrol's head received the two blows as if it had been made of marble, but he felt with fear her body become still, grow rigid in his arms. A heavy squall enveloped the group of people on board the tartan.

PEYROL laid Arlette gently on the deck.

Her eyes were closed, her hands remained clenched; every sign of life had left her white face. Peyrol stood up and looked at the tall rocks streaming with water. The rain swept over the tartan with an angry, swishing roar, to which was added the sound of water rushing violently down the folds and seams of the precipitous shore vanishing gradually from his sight, as if this had been the beginning of a destroying and universal deluge—the end of all things.

Lieutenant Réal, kneeling on one knee, contemplated the pale face of Arlette. Distinct yet mingling with the faint growl of distant thunder Peyrol's voice was heard speaking.

"We can't put her ashore and leave her lying in the rain. She must be taken up to the house." Arlette's soaked clothes clung to her limbs, while the lieutenant, his bare head dripping with rain-water, looked as if he had just saved her from drowning. Peyrol gazed down inscrutably at the woman stretched on the deck and at the kneeling man. "She has fainted from rage at her old Peyrol," he went on rather dreamily. "Strange things do happen. However, Lieutenant, you had better take her under the arms and step ashore first. I will help you. Ready? Lift."

The movements of the two men had to be careful, and their progress was slow on the lower, steep part of the slope. After going up more than two-thirds of the way, they rested their insensible burden on a flat stone. Réal continued to sustain the shoulders, but Peyrol lowered the feet gently.

"Ha!" he said. "You will be able to carry her yourself the rest of the way and give her up to old Catherine. Get a firm footing and I will lift her and place her in your arms. You can walk the distance quite easily. There. Hold her a little higher or her feet will be catching on the stones."

Arlette's hair was hanging far below the lieutenant's arm in an inert and heavy mass. The thunder-storm was passing away, leaving a cloudy sky. And Peyrol thought with a profound sigh: "I am tired."

"She is light," said Réal.

"*Parbleu*, she is light. If she were dead you would find her heavy enough. *Allons, mon lieutenant.* No! I am not coming. What's the good? I'll stay down here. I have no mind to listen to Catherine's scolding."

The lieutenant, looking absorbed into the face in the hollow of his arm, never averted his gaze—not even when Peyrol, stooping over Arlette, kissed the white forehead near the roots of the hair, black as a raven's wing.

"What am I to do?" muttered Réal.

"Do? Why, give her up to old Catherine. And you may just as well tell her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

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Edwin Bower Hesser

Mae Murray says: "My screen experience has taught me to give my skin a perfect cleansing at night and careful protection every day. Pond's Two Creams keep it smooth for me."

IS YOUR SKIN YOUNGER OR OLDER THAN YOU ARE?

Edwin Bower Hesser

Mildred Harris, delightfully young and fresh, says: "In spite of the constant exposure of my skin to trying lights, Pond's Two Creams have kept my complexion young and smooth."

Read what you should do for these troubles that age

ACTRESSES tax their skin to the utmost. Yet they are noted for their beautiful complexions because they have learned to give their skin regularly the two things it needs to keep it in the fresh supple condition that wards off age. First the kind of cleansing that also restores the skin's suppleness. Then the protection that never fails and gives instant beauty of smooth skin that holds the powder evenly and for hours.

COARSENED—BEFORE YOU NOTICED IT!

THE air—hot or cold, moist or dry, carrying country dust, or city soot—is working slowly on the texture of every woman's skin. One day you may realize suddenly that something horrible has happened to your skin. It has grown thicker, duller—old and coarsened long before it should. Why didn't you give your face the two things it needed to keep it fresh and young?

Try this famous method of two entirely different creams based on these two essentials a skin *must* have to remain fine and beautiful.

Every night. With the finger tips apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. Let it stay on a minute—now wipe it off with a soft cloth. *Do this twice.* The black on the cloth shows you how carefully this cream cleanses. And it not only cleans your skin exquisitely but restores each time its natural suppleness. *Then in the morning,* smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream very evenly—just enough for your skin to absorb. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand. Now the insidious everyday exposure to dirt and weather cannot dry out your soft supple skin nor alter its fineness.

IF YOUR SKIN IS SO DRY IT FLAKES

DOES your skin dry and crack in the wind? Are there fine lines around your eyes, your nose, the corners of your mouth? Long before they have any *right* to come!

How will you prevent these tiny lines that would be certain to wear deep into your skin? How smooth out the ugly roughnesses your powder catches on, and prevent your skin's dry tight shine that is so embarrassing?

You must learn how to give your skin the *suppleness* it needs. You must keep it so beautifully soft it cannot help but be smooth and unlined, for these premature lines and this roughness are only the troubles of a skin allowed to be too dry. Follow the women who must keep their faces young—Actresses have had to learn the right way to care for their skin in order to go on taxing it and yet keep their complexions lovely.

Every night cleanse your face thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream. Apply this cream softly with a piece of moistened cotton. Wipe it off with a soft cloth. Do this twice—already your skin feels less tight and drawn. Now apply more cream and *let it stay on.* Pat it in especially around your eyes, nose and mouth where wrinkles form first. Feel how your face gradually softens and relaxes as it absorbs the fine light oil of this cream. There is no shine because your skin is no longer stretched tight. *Then in the morning* apply Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly over your whole face. This wonderful daytime softening cream will prevent your skin from drying out during the day. Now the wind cannot whip out its new suppleness. You will love its smoothness and the way the powder "powders" evenly. And you need not worry about early lines because they will not form in your skin kept beautifully soft and supple with these Two Creams.

WHEN OIL INSISTS ON COMING THROUGH THE POWDER

YOU powder with such infinite care and yet a few minutes after you *know* your nose is shining! Perhaps your whole face looks dull and moist, actually muddy.

When your skin is so extravagantly oily it means that your cleansing is not properly removing the excess oil from the glands. You *can* give your face the kind of cleansing that leaves the pores free from oil as well as dirt, restoring every night the natural freshness of your skin. And you can protect your skin by day with an oil-less cream that will keep it marvelously fresh under your powder from morning till night.

Try this famous method that women use who *must* keep their skin fresh.

Tonight, with a piece of moistened cotton or with the finger tips apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. Its very fine oil softens the skin so that it can penetrate every pore and brings out dirt and powder and the excess oil that has partly hardened into fat. It is so light it wipes entirely off, leaving your skin fresh and dry—never heavy with cream. Do this twice. Now your pores are clean and free and their natural discharge will be more normal. *Then in the morning,* smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream very evenly—just enough for your skin to absorb. It has no oil. Your face will stay exquisitely fresh under the powder. With the regular use of these two creams your skin will grow naturally fresher, more transparent.

Start today. Begin now to avoid the troubles that coarsen and age. Buy both these creams in jars or tubes at any drug store or department store. They cannot clog the pores or grow hair. The Pond's Extract Company.

Ruth Roland, who does so much outdoor work, says: "Pond's Cold Cream leaves my face very soft and supple. Then I use Pond's Vanishing Cream to prevent roughness through the day."

Edwin Bower Hesser

Every skin needs these Two Creams . . . Pond's Two Creams used by the women who tax their skin most and keep it loveliest

Peggy Wood says: "I have always had the best results from using Pond's Two Creams. The Cold Cream cleanses easily and the Vanishing Cream really protects and is a lovely powder base."

Edward Thayer Monroe

SEND THIS COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.
123 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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Mary Garden—Extract, toilet water, powders, compacts—this gracious scent suggests a vivid, glowing personality.

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The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

that I will be coming along directly. That will cheer her up. I used to count for something in that house. *Allez.* For your time is very near."

With these words he turned away and walked slowly down to the tartan. A breeze had sprung up. He felt it on his wet neck and was grateful for the cool touch which recalled him to himself, to his old wandering self which had known no softness and no hesitation in the face of any risk offered by life.

As he stepped on board, the shower passed away. Michel, wet to the skin, was still in the very same attitude, gazing up the slope. Citizen Scevola had drawn his knees up and was holding his head in his hands; whether because of cold or for some other reason, his teeth were chattering audibly with a continuous and distressing rattle. Peyrol flung off his jacket, heavy with water, with a strange air as if it were of no more use to his mortal envelop, squared his broad shoulders, and directed Michel in a deep, quiet voice to let go the lines holding the tartan to the shore. The faithful henchman was taken aback and required one of Peyrol's authoritative *"Allez"* to put him in motion.

MEANTIME the rover cast off the tiller-lines and laid his hand with an air of mastery on the stout piece of wood projecting horizontally from the rudder-head about the level of his hip. The voices and the movements of his companions caused Citizen Scevola to master the desperate trembling of his jaw. He wriggled a little in his bonds, and the question that had been on his lips for a good many hours was uttered again.

"What are you going to do with me?"

"What do you think of a little promenade at sea?" Peyrol said in a tone that was not unkindly.

Citizen Scevola, who had seemed totally and completely cast down and subdued, let out a most unexpected screech.

"Unbind me! Put me ashore!"

Michel, busy forward, was moved to smile as tho he had possessed a cultivated sense of incongruity. Peyrol remained grave.

"You shall be untied presently," he assured the blood-drinking patriot, who had been for so many years the reputed possessor not only of the Escampobar, but of the Escampobar heiress, that, living on appearances, he had almost come to believe in that ownership himself. No wonder he had screeched at this rude awakening. Peyrol raised his voice: "Haul on the bowline, Michel."

As, directly the ropes had been let go, the tartan had swung clear of the shore, the movement given her by Michel carried her toward the entrance by which the basin communicated with the cove. Peyrol attended to the helm, and in a moment, gliding through the narrow gap, the tartan carrying her way, shot out almost into the middle of the cove.

A little wind could be felt, running light wrinkles over the water, but outside the overshadowed sea was already speckled with whitecaps. Peyrol helped Michel to haul aft the sheets and then went back to the tiller. The pretty spick-and-span craft that had been lying idle for so long began to glide into the wide world. Michel gazed at the shore as if lost in admiration. Citizen Scevola's head had fallen on his knees, while his nerveless hands clasped his legs loosely. He was the very image of dejection.

"*Hé*, Michel! Come here and cast loose the citizen. It is only fair that he should be untied for a little excursion at sea."

When his order had been executed Peyrol addressed himself to the desolate figure on the deck.

"Like this, should the tartan get capsized in a squall you will have an equal chance with us to swim for your life."

Scevola disdained to answer. He was engaged in biting his knee with rage in a stealthy fashion.

"You came on board for some murderous purpose. Who you were after unless it was myself, God only knows. I feel quite justified in giving you a little outing at sea. I won't conceal from you, Citizen, that it may not be without risk to life or limb. But you have only yourself to thank for being here."

As the tartan drew clear of the cove she felt more the weight of the breeze and darted forward with a lively motion. A vaguely contented smile lighted up Michel's hairy countenance.

"She feels the sea," said Peyrol, who enjoyed the swift movement of his vessel. "This is different from your lagoon, Michel."

"For sure," said Michel with becoming gravity.

"Doesn't it seem funny to you, as you look back at the shore, to think that you have left nothing and nobody behind?"

Michel assumed the aspect of a man confronted by an intellectual problem. Since he had become Peyrol's henchman he had lost the habit of thinking altogether. Directions and orders were easy things to apprehend; but a conversation with him whom he called *"notre Maître"* was a serious matter demanding great and concentrated attention.

"Possibly," he murmured, looking strangely self-conscious.

"Well, you are lucky, take my word for it," said the rover, watching the course of his little vessel along the head of the peninsula. "You have not even a dog to miss you."

"I have only you, Maître Peyrol."

"That's what I was thinking," said Peyrol half to himself, while Michel, who had good sea-legs, kept his balance to the movements of the craft without taking his eyes from the rover's face.

"No," Peyrol exclaimed suddenly, after a moment of meditation. "I could not leave you behind." He extended his open palm toward Michel.

"Put your hand in there," he said.

Michel hesitated for a moment before this extraordinary proposal. At last he did so, and Peyrol, holding the bereaved fisherman's hand in a powerful grip, said:

"If I had gone away by myself, I would have left you marooned on this earth like a man thrown out to die on a desert island." Some dim perception of the solemnity of the occasion seemed to enter Michel's primitive brain. He connected Peyrol's words with the sense of his own insignificant position at the tail of all mankind; and, timidly, he murmured, with his clear, innocent glance unclouded, the fundamental axiom of his philosophy:

"Somebody must be last in this world."

"Well, then, you will have to forgive me all that may happen between this and the hour of sunset."

The tartan, obeying the helm, fell off before the wind, with her head to the eastward.

Peyrol murmured: "She has not forgotten how to walk the seas." His unsubdued heart, heavy for so many days, had a moment of buoyancy—the illusion of immense freedom.

AT THAT moment Réal, amazed at finding no tartan in the basin, was running madly toward the cove, where he was sure Peyrol must be waiting to give her up to him. He ran out on to the very rock on which Peyrol's late prisoner had sat after his escape, too tired to care, yet cheered by the hope of liberty. But Réal was in a worse plight. He could see no shadowy form through the thin veil of rain which pitted the sheltered piece of water framed in the rocks. The little craft had been spirited away. Impossible! There must be something wrong with his eyes! Once more the barren hillsides echoed the name of "Peyrol," shouted with all the force of Réal's lungs. He shouted it only once, and about five minutes afterward appeared at the kitchen door, panting, streaming with water as if he had fought his way up from the bottom of the sea.

In the tall-backed armchair Arlette lay with her limbs relaxed, her head on Catherine's arm, her face white as death. He saw her open her black eyes, enormous and as if not of this world; he saw old Catherine turn her head, heard a cry of surprize, and saw a sort of struggle beginning between the two women. He screamed at them like a madman: "Peyrol has betrayed me!" and in an instant, with a bang of the door, he was gone.

The rain had ceased. Above his head the unbroken mass of clouds moved to the eastward, and he moved in the same direction as if he too were driven by the wind up the hillside, toward the lookout. When he reached the spot and, gasping, flung one arm round the trunk of the leaning tree, the only thing he was aware of in the somber pause in the unrest of the elements was the distracting tempest of his thoughts.

After a moment he perceived the English ship with her topsails lowered on the caps, forging ahead slowly across the

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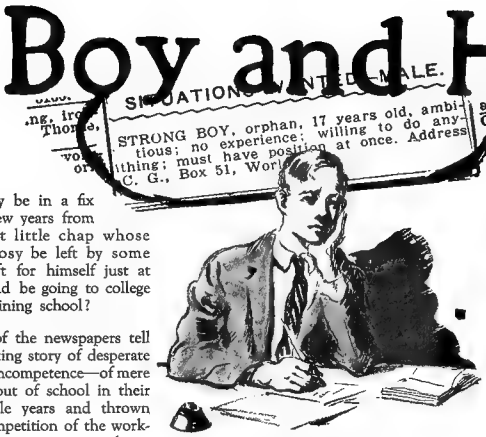
A Boy and His "Ad"


SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE.
STRONG BOY, orphan, 17 years old, ambitious; no experience; willing to do anything; must have position at once. Address C. G., Box 51, Wor

WILL your boy be in a fix like this a few years from now? Will that little chap whose future seems so rosy be left by some misfortune to shift for himself just at the time he should be going to college or a vocational training school?

The "Want Ads" of the newspapers tell many a heart-breaking story of desperate need and pathetic incompetence—of mere children dropped out of school in their most impressionable years and thrown into the terrific competition of the working world, without training, without equipment.

All that this boy has to offer a business world that needs trained intelligence are pounds of bone and muscle, and an untrained, undeveloped brain.

* * * *

Look through the "Help Wanted" columns in the newspapers and read advertisement after advertisement beginning "Expert", "Competent", "Educated", and then ending up with either "big pay" or "high salary for the right man"—The big jobs and big money are offered to the man with training.

You do not want your child to take a back seat in life. You do want him to be a leader in his chosen line. Other fathers and mothers want exactly the same thing, and yet how few—oh, how few!—realize their high hopes. Why?

When you look at that dwindling line of school boys pictured below, you will probably guess—and guess correctly—that just about *one* family in *three* can afford to enter their boy in high school and only *one* family in *fifty* can see him clear through college.

Most of the other boys dropped out because their families just hadn't the money. They couldn't afford to keep their children at school because they trusted to luck that when the time came, somehow, some way, the money would be found. But it wasn't.

* * * *

Now what are you doing to make it possible for your boys *and girls* to get a good education? How are you going to have the money ready when you must have it—in 15 or 10 years, or sooner?

It's all right to be hopeful and optimistic, but it is far better to prepare for the day that is on the way.

High schools—Normal schools—Technical schools—Business colleges—Universities—Seminaries—Art and Music schools—Training schools of all kinds—cost money—real money.

* * * *

Then why not do these essential things and do them now?

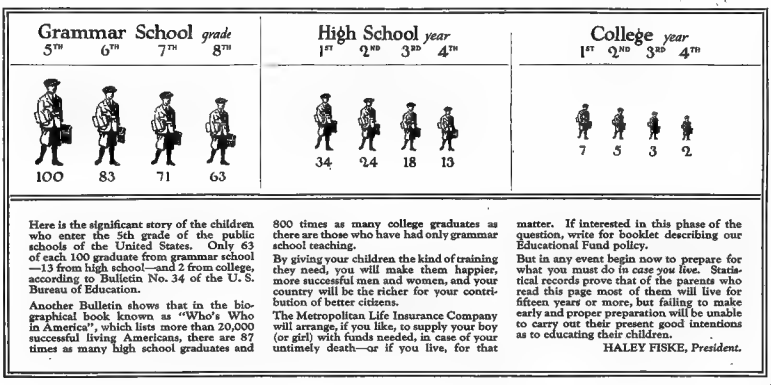
1st—Find how much it will cost to give your children the kind of higher education you want them to have.

2nd—If you have the money now, put it aside and use only the interest upon it for yourself.

3rd—If you haven't the money, figure out a way of saving so that your Education Fund will be ready when needed.

4th—Begin now—this week, not next week—to lay aside the first small payment on the necessary sum. Let nothing interfere with the regular putting aside of that amount.

The mere fact that his father and mother are making a sacrifice for him, is likely to inspire any red-blooded boy to *make good* and get ready for his big opportunity. The pride of knowing that your children are to have their chance will more than pay you for what you do. Plan now—and carry out your plan.



Here is the significant story of the children who enter the 5th grade of the public schools of the United States. Only 63 of each 100 graduate from grammar school—13 from high school—and 2 from college, according to Bulletin No. 34 of the U. S. Bureau of Education.

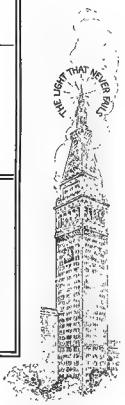
Another Bulletin shows that in the biographical book known as "Who's Who in America", which lists more than 20,000 successful living Americans, there are 87 times as many high school graduates and 800 times as many college graduates as there are those who have had only grammar school teaching.

By giving your children the kind of training they need, you will make them happier, more successful men and women, and your country will be the richer for your contribution of better citizens.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will arrange, if you like, to supply your boy (or girl) with funds needed, in case of your untimely death—or if you live, for that matter. If interested in this phase of the question, write for booklet describing our Educational Fund policy.

But in any event begin now to prepare for what you must do in case you *live*. Statistical records prove that of the parents who read this page most of them will live for fifteen years or more, but failing to make early and proper preparation will be unable to carry out their present good intentions as to educating their children.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*



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with a Grand Prize

Eureka Vacuum Cleaner

For wife, mother or daughter, no gift can be more appropriate. Beyond the affectionate regard it expresses, its helpful service will be a constant, daily reminder of your thoughtfulness

There are no more discouraging tasks than those which must daily be performed by countless wives, mothers and daughters, in their endless routine of home-keeping Yet nothing is more needless—when it is so easy to own a Eureka Vacuum Cleaner.

Her Drudgery Is Ended

Only a fraction of the time and effort is required when the Eureka is used. By means of its powerful suction, and ingeniously designed sweep-action brush, rugs and carpets are cleaned through and through without taking them up from the floors.

With its complete attachments, which require only seconds to apply, mattresses are renovated right on the beds; portieres and hangings are made immaculate, upholstered furniture is kept bright and new; dust and dirt are easily removed from cushions, clothing, baseboards, radiators, etc. There's almost no end to the Eureka's helpfulness.

Eureka's High Quality Is Internationally Accepted

Time after time, the Eureka has been awarded the Grand Prize in international competition. In fact, its consistent leadership has caused it to be universally known as "The Grand Prize Cleaner". Thousands of Eurekas have given year after year of service with no more attention than a semi-annual oiling. Nearly a million housewives testify to their simplicity and reliable operation.

The Cost Is Moderate—Payments Easy

The cost of the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner is so moderate that no wife or mother should be without it. And if you like, it can be paid for on savings of only a few cents a day.

Call at the store of the nearest Eureka dealer. We will gladly furnish his name, if you do not know it. Permit him to show you how highly efficient and useful the Grand Prize Eureka is. Ten minutes will satisfy you.

No Gift Duplicates Eureka Advantages

Think what the Eureka would mean to your wife, mother or daughter—not only at the moment—but for years to come.

It is a gift that endures, and causes appreciation to grow keener with every task it lightens and every hour it saves. The buoyant health and happy hours it makes possible, are beyond estimating. Give her a Eureka—and enjoy the constant thanks your thoughtfulness will deserve.

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The Grand Prize

EUREKA

VACUUM CLEANER

"IT GETS THE DIRT"

The Rover

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northern entrance of the Petite Passe. His distress fastened insanely on the notion of there being a connection between that enemy ship and Peyrol's inexplicable conduct. That old man had always meant to go himself! And when a moment after, looking to the southward, he made out the shadow of the tartan coming round the land in the midst of another squall, he muttered to himself a bitter: "Of course!" She had both her sails set.

Peyrol was indeed pressing her to the utmost in his shameful haste to traffic with the enemy. The truth was that from the position in which Réal first saw him, Peyrol could not yet see the English ship and held confidently on his course up the middle of the strait. The man-of-war and the little tartan saw each other quite unexpectedly at a distance that was very little over a mile. Peyrol's heart flew into his mouth at finding himself so close to the enemy. On board the *Amelia* at first no notice was taken. It was simply a tartan making for shelter on the north side of Porquerolles. But when Peyrol suddenly altered his course the master of the man-of-war, noticing the maneuver, took up the long glass for a look.

CAPTAIN VINCENT was on deck and agreed with the master's remark that "there was a craft acting suspiciously." Before the *Amelia* could come round in the heavy squall Peyrol was already under the battery of Porquerolles and, so far, safe from capture. Captain Vincent had no intention to bring his ship within reach of the battery and risk damage in his rigging or hull for the sake of a small coaster.

However, the tale brought on board by Symons of his discovery of a hidden craft, of his capture, and his wonderful escape, had made any tartan an object of interest to the whole ship's company. The *Amelia* remained hove to in the strait while her officers watched the lateen sails gliding to and fro under the protecting muzzles of the guns. Captain Vincent himself had been impressed by Peyrol's maneuver. Coasting craft as a rule were not afraid of the *Amelia*. After taking a few turns on the quarterdeck, he ordered Symons to be called aft.

The hero of a unique and mysterious adventure, which had been the only subject of talk on board the corvette for the last twenty-four hours, came along rolling, hat in hand, and enjoying a secret sense of his importance.

"Take the glass," said the captain, "and have a look at that vessel under the land. Is she anything like the tartan that you say you have been aboard of?"

Symons was very positive. "I think I can swear to those painted mastheads, your Honor. It is the last thing I remember before that murderous ruffian knocked me senseless. The moon shone on them. I can make them out now with the glass." As to the fellow boasting to him that the tartan was a dispatch-boat and had already made some trips, well, Symons begged his Honor to believe that the beggar was not sober at the time.

He did not care what he let out. The best proof was that he went away to fetch the soldiers and forgot to come back. The murderous old ruffian!

"You see, your Honor," continued Symons, "he thought I was not likely to escape after getting a blow that would have killed nine out of ten men. So he went away to boast of what he had done before the people ashore; because one of his chums, worse than himself, came down thinking he would kill me with a damn big manure-fork, saving your Honor's presence. A regular savage he was."

Symons paused, staring, as if astonished at the marvels of his own tale. The old master, standing at his captain's elbow, observed in a dispassionate tone that, anyway, that peninsula was not a bad jumping-off place for a craft intending to slip through the blockade. Symons, not being dismissed, waited hat in hand while Captain Vincent directed the master to fill on the ship and stand a little nearer to the battery. It was done; and presently there was a flash of a gun low down on the water's edge and a shot came skipping in the direction of the *Amelia*. It fell very short, but Captain Vincent judged the ship was close enough and ordered her to be hove to again. Then Symons was told to take a look through the glass once more. After a long interval he lowered it and spoke impressively to his captain.

"I can make out three heads aboard, your Honor, and one is white. I would swear to that white head anywhere."

Captain Vincent made no answer. All this seemed very doubtful to him, but after all it was possible. The craft had certainly acted suspiciously. He spoke to the first lieutenant in a half-vexed tone.

"He has done a rather smart thing. He will dodge here till dark and then get away. It is perfectly absurd. I don't want to send the boats too close to the battery; and if I do he may simply sail away from them and be round the land and away long before we are ready to give him chase. Darkness will be his best friend. However, we will keep a watch on him in case he is tempted to slip away late in the afternoon. In that case we will have a good try to catch him. If he has anything aboard I should like to get hold of it. It may be of some importance after all."

On board the tartan Peyrol put his own interpretations on the ship's movements. His object had been attained. The corvette had marked him for her prey. Satisfied as to that, Peyrol watched his opportunity and, taking advantage of a long squall, with rain thick enough to blur the form of the English ship, he left the shelter of the battery to lead the Englishman a dance and keep up his character of a man anxious to avoid a capture.

Réal from his position on the lookout saw in the thinning downpour the pointed lateen sails glide round the north point of Porquerolles and vanish behind the land. Some time afterward the *Amelia* made sail in a manner that put it beyond doubt that she meant to chase. Her lofty canvas was shut off too presently by the land of Porquerolles. When she had disappeared Réal turned to Arlette.

"Let us go," he said.

Arlette, stimulated by the short glimpse of Réal at the kitchen door, whom she had taken for a vision of a lost man calling her to follow him to the end of the world, had torn herself out of the old woman's thin, bony arms, which could not cope with the struggles of her body and the fierceness of her spirit. She had run straight to the lookout, the there was nothing to guide her there except a blind impulse to seek Réal wherever he might be. He was not aware of her having found him until she seized hold of his arm with a suddenness, energy, and determination of which no one with a clouded mind could have been capable.

He felt himself being taken possession of in a way that tore all his scruples out of his breast. Holding on to the trunk of the tree, he threw his other arm round her waist; and when she confessed to him that she did not know why she had run up there, but that if she had not found him she would have thrown herself over the cliff, he tightened his clasp with a sudden exultation, as tho she had been a gift prayed for instead of a stumbling-block for his pedantic conscience. Together they walked back. In the failing light the buildings awaited them, lifeless, the walls darkened by rain and the big slopes of the roofs glistening and sinister under the flying desolation of the clouds.

IN THE kitchen Catherine heard their mingled footsteps, and, rigid in the tall armchair, awaited their coming. Arlette threw her arms round the old woman's neck, while Réal stood on one side, looking on. Thought after thought flew through his mind and vanished in the strong feeling of the irrevocable nature of the event handing him to the woman whom, in the revulsion of his feelings, he was inclined to think as the more sane of the two. Arlette, with one arm over the old woman's shoulders, kissed the wrinkled forehead under the white band of linen that, on the erect head, had the effect of a rustic diadem.

"To-morrow you and I will have to walk down to the church."

The austere dignity of Catherine's pose seemed to be shaken by this proposal to lead before the God, with Whom she had made her peace long ago, that unhappy girl chosen to share in the guilt of impious and unspeakable horrors, which had darkened her mind.

Arlette, still stooping over her aunt's face, extended a hand backward toward

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Réal, who, making a step forward, took it silently into his grasp.

"Oh, yes, you will, Aunt," insisted Arlette. "You will have to come with me to pray for Peyrol, whom you and I shall never see any more."

Catherine's head dropped, whether in assent or grief; and Réal felt an unexpected and profound emotion, for he, too, was certain that none of the three persons in the farm would ever see Peyrol again. It was as tho the rover of the wide seas had left them together on a sudden impulse of scorn, of magnanimity, of a passion weary of itself. However come by, he was ready to hug forever to his breast that woman touched by the red hand of the Revolution; for she, whose little feet had run lightly through the terrors of death, had brought to him the sense of triumphant life.

ASTERN of the tartan, the sun about to set kindled a streak of dull-crimson glow between the darkening sea and the overcast sky. The peninsula of Giens and the islands of Hyères were mingled into one mass of land detaching itself very black against the fiery girdle of the horizon; but to the north the long stretch of the Alpine coast continued beyond sight in endless sinuosities under the stooping clouds.

The tartan seemed to be rushing together with the run of the waves into the arms of the oncoming night. A little more than a mile on her lee quarter, the *Amelia*, under all plain sail, pressed to the end of the chase. It had lasted now for a good many hours, for Peyrol when slipping away had managed to get the advantage of the *Amelia* from the very start. While still within the large sheet of smooth water which is called the Hyères roadstead, the tartan, which was really a craft of extraordinary speed, managed to gain positively on the sloop.

Afterward, by suddenly darting down the eastern passage between the two last islands of the group, Peyrol actually got out of sight of the chasing ship, being hidden by the Ile du Levant for a time. The *Amelia*, having to tack twice in order to follow, lost ground once more. Emerging into the open sea, she had to tack again, and then the position became that of a stern chase, which proverbially is known as a long chase.

Peyrol's skilful seamanship had twice extracted from Captain Vincent a low murmur accompanied by a significant compression of lips. At one time the *Amelia* had been near enough the tartan to send a shot ahead of her. That one was followed by another which whizzed extraordinarily close to the mastheads; but then Captain Vincent ordered the gun to be secured again. He said to his first lieutenant, who, his speaking-trumpet in hand, kept at his elbow: "We must not sink that craft on any account. If we could get only an hour's calm we would carry her with the boats."

The lieutenant remarked that there was no "hope of a calm for the next twenty-four hours at least."

"No," said Captain Vincent, "and in about an hour it will be dark, and then he may very well give us the slip. The coast is not very far off, and there are batteries on both sides of Fréjus, under any of which he will be as safe from capture as tho he were hove up on the beach. And look," he exclaimed, after a moment's pause, "this is what the fellow means to do."

"Yes, sir," said the lieutenant, gazing earnestly at the white speck ahead, dancing lightly on the short Mediterranean waves, "he is off the wind."

"We will have him in less than an hour," said Captain Vincent, and made as if he meant to rub his hands, but suddenly leaned with his elbow on the rail. "After all," he went on, "properly speaking, it is a race between the *Amelia* and the night."

"And it will be dark early to-day," said the first lieutenant, swinging the speaking-trumpet by its lanyard. "Shall we take the yards off the backstays, sir?"

"No," said Captain Vincent. "There is a clever seaman aboard that tartan. He is running off now, but at any time he may haul up again. We must not follow him too closely or we shall lose the advantage which we have now. That man is determined on making his escape."

If those words by some miracle could have been carried to the ears of Peyrol they would have brought to his lips a smile of malicious and triumphant exultation. Ever since he had laid his hand on the tiller of the tartan every faculty of his resourcefulness and seamanship had been bent on deceiving the English captain, that enemy whom he had never seen, the man whose mind he had constructed for himself from the evolutions of his ship. Leaning against the heavy tiller, he addressed Michel, breaking the silence of the strenuous afternoon.

"This is the moment," his deep voice uttered quietly. "Ease off the main-sheet, Michel. A little now, only."

When Michel returned to the place where he had been sitting to windward, the rover noticed his eyes fixed on his face questioningly. Some vague thoughts had been forming themselves slowly, incompletely, in Michel's brain. Peyrol met the utter innocence of the unspoken inquiry with a smile that, beginning sardonically on his manly and sensitive mouth, ended in something resembling tenderness.

"That's so, Camarade," he said with particular stress and intonation, as if those words contained a full and sufficient answer. Most unexpectedly Michel's round and generally staring eyes blinked as if dazzled. He too produced from somewhere in the depths of his being a queer, misty smile from which Peyrol averted his gaze.

"Where is the citizen?" he asked, bearing hard against the tiller and staring straight ahead. "He isn't gone overboard, is he? I don't seem to have seen him since we rounded the land near Porquerolles Castle."

Michel, after craning his head forward to look over the edge of the deck, announced that Scevola was sitting on the keelson.

"Go forward," said Peyrol, "and ease off the foresheet now a little. This tartan has wings," he added to himself.

ALONE on the after-deck, Peyrol turned his head to look at the *Amelia*. That ship, in consequence of holding her wind, was now crossing obliquely the wake of the tartan. At the same time she had diminished the distance. Nevertheless Peyrol considered that had he really meant to escape, his chances were as eight to ten—practically an assured success. For a long time he had been contemplating the lofty pyramid of canvas towering against the fading red belt on the sky, when a lamentable groan made him turn his head. It was Scevola. The citizen had adopted the mode of progression on all fours, and while Peyrol looked at him he rolled to leeward, saved himself rather cleverly from going overboard, and, holding on desperately to a cleat, shouted in a hollow voice, pointing with the other hand at the land mass, a tremendous discovery: "*La Terre! La Terre!*"

"Certainly," said Peyrol, steering with extreme nicety. "What of that?"

"I don't like to be drowned!" cried the citizen in his new hollow voice. Peyrol reflected a bit before he spoke in a serious tone.

"If you stay where you are, I assure you that you will—" he glanced rapidly over his shoulder at the *Amelia*—"not die by drowning." He jerked his head sideways. "I know that man's mind."

"What man? Whose mind?" asked Scevola, with intense eagerness and bewilderment. "We are only three on board."

But Peyrol's mind was contemplating maliciously the figure of a man with long teeth, in a wig and with large buckles to his shoes. Such was his ideal conception of what the captain of the *Amelia* ought to look like. That officer, whose naturally good-humored face wore then a look of severe resolution, beckoned his first lieutenant to his side again.

"We are gaining," he said quietly. "I intend to close with him to leeward. We won't risk any of his tricks. It is very difficult to outmaneuver a Frenchman, as you know. Send a few armed marines on the forecastle-head. I am afraid the only way to get hold of this tartan is to kill the men on board of her. I wish to goodness I could think of some other. When we close let the marines fire a well-aimed volley. Get also some marines to stand by aft as well. I hope we may shoot away his halyards; once his sails are down upon his deck he is ours for the trouble of putting a boat over the side."

For more than half an hour Captain Vincent stood silent, elbow on rail, keeping his eye on the tartan, while on board

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the latter Peyrol steered silent and watchful, but intensely conscious of the enemy ship holding on in her relentless pursuit. The narrow red band was dying out of the sky. The French coast, black against the fading light, merged into the shadows gathering in the eastern board.

Citizen Scevola, somewhat soothed by the assurance that he would not die by drowning, had elected to remain quiet where he had fallen, not daring to trust himself to move on the lively deck. Michel, squatting to windward, gazed intently at Peyrol in expectation of some order at any minute. But Peyrol uttered no word and made no sign. From time to time a burst of foam flew over the tartan, or a splash of water would come aboard with a scurrying noise.

It was not till the corvette had got within a very long shot from the tartan that Peyrol opened his mouth.

"No!" he burst out loud in the wind, as if giving vent to long anxious thinking. "No! I could not have left you behind with not even a dog for company. Devil take me if I don't think you would not have thanked me for it either. What do you say to that, Michel?"

A half-puzzled smile dwelt persistently on the guileless countenance of the ex-fisherman. He stated what he had always thought in respect of Peyrol's every remark: "I think you are right, Maître."

"Listen, then, Michel. That ship will be alongside of us in less than half an hour. As she comes up they will open on us with musketry."

"They will open on us," repeated Michel, looking quite interested. "But how do you know they will do that, Maître?"

"Because her captain has got to obey what is in my mind," said Peyrol in a tone of positive and solemn conviction. "He will do it as sure as if I were at his ear telling him what to do. He will do it because he is a first-rate seaman, but I, Michel, I am just a little bit cleverer than he." He glanced over his shoulder at the *Amelia* rushing after the tartan with swelling sails, and raised his voice suddenly. "He will do it because no more than half a mile ahead of us is the spot where Peyrol will die!"

Michel did not start. He only shut his eyes for a time, and the rover continued in a lower tone:

"I may be shot through the heart at once," he said; "and in that case I give you the permission to let go the halyards if you are alive yourself. But if I live I mean to put the helm down. When I do that you will let go the foresheet to help the tartan to fly into the wind's eye. This is my last order to you. Now go forward and fear nothing, Adieu." Michel obeyed without a word.

HALF a dozen of the *Amelia's* marines stood stagged on the forecastle-head ready with their muskets. Captain Vincent walked into the lee waist to watch his chase. When he thought that the jib-boom of the *Amelia* had drawn level with the stern of the tartan he waved his hat, and the marines discharged their muskets. Apparently no gear was cut. Captain Vincent observed the white-headed man, who was steering, turn his head sharply and clap his hand to his left side, while he bore the tiller to leeward and brought the tartan sharply into the wind. The man on the poop fired in their turn, all the reports merging into one. Voices were heard on the decks crying that they "had hit the white-haired chap." Captain Vincent shouted to the master:

"Get the ship round on the other tack."

The elderly seaman who was the master of the *Amelia* took a critical look before he gave the necessary orders; and the *Amelia* closed on her chase with her decks resounding to the pipes of boatswains' mates and the hoarse shout: "Hands shorten sail. About ship."

Peyrol, lying on his back under the swinging tiller, heard the calls shrilling and dying away; he heard the ominous rush of the *Amelia's* bow-wave as the sloop foamed within ten yards of the tartan's stern; he even saw her upper yards coming down, and then everything vanished out of the clouded sky. There was nothing in his ears but the sound of the wind, the wash of the waves buffeting the little craft without guidance, and the continuous thrashing of its foresail, the sheet of which Michel had let go according to orders.

The tartan began to roll heavily, but Peyrol's right arm was sound, and he managed to put it round a bollard to prevent himself from being flung about. A feeling of peace sank into him, not unmingled with pride. Everything he had planned had come to pass. He had meant to play that man a trick, and now the trick had been played. Played by him better than by any other old man on whom age had stolen, unnoticed, till the veil of peace was torn down by the touch of a sentiment unexpected like an intruder and cruel like an enemy.

Peyrol rolled his head to the left. All he could see was the legs of Citizen Scevola sliding nervelessly to and fro to the rolling of the vessel as if his body had been jammed somewhere. Dead, or only scared to death? And Michel? Was he dead or dying, that man without friends whom his pity had refused to leave behind marooned on the earth without even a dog for company? As to that Peyrol felt no compunction; but he thought he would have liked to see Michel once more. He tried to utter a name, but his throat refused him even a whisper.

HE FELT himself removed far away from that world of human sounds in which Arlette had screamed at him: "Peyrol, don't you dare!" He would never hear anybody's voice again! Under that gray sky there was nothing for him but the swish of breaking seas and the ceaseless, furious beating of the tartan's foresail. His plaything was knocking about terribly under him, with her tiller flying madly to and fro just clear of his head, and solid lumps of water coming on board over his prostrate body.

Suddenly, in a desperate lurch which brought the whole Mediterranean with a ferocious snarl level with the slope of the little deck, Peyrol saw the *Amelia* bearing right down upon the tartan. The fear, not of death but of failure, gripped his slowing-down heart. Was this blind Englishman going to run him down and sink the dispatches together with the craft? With a mighty effort of his ebbing strength Peyrol sat up and flung his arms round the shroud of the mainmast.

The *Amelia*, whose way had carried her past the tartan for nearly half a mile before sail could be shortened and her yards swung on the other tack, was coming back to take possession of her chase. In the deepening dusk and amongst the foaming seas it was a matter of difficulty to make out the tartan. At the very moment When the master of the man-of-war, looking out anxiously from the forecastle-head, thought that she might perhaps have filled and gone down, he caught sight of her rolling in the trough of the sea, and so close that he seemed to be at the end of the *Amelia's* jib-boom. His heart flew in his mouth. "Hard astarboard," he yelled, his order being passed along the decks.

Peyrol, sinking back on the deck, in another heavy lurch of his craft, saw for an instant the whole of the English corvette swinging up into the wind as if she meant to fling herself upon his very breast. A blown seatop flicked his face noisily, followed by a smooth interval, a silence of the waters. He beheld in a flash the days of his manhood, of strength and adventure. Suddenly a superhuman voice like the roar of an angry sea-lion seemed to fill the whole of the empty sky in a mighty and enormous shout: "Steady!" And with the sound of that familiar English word ringing in his ears Peyrol smiled to his visions and died.

THE *Amelia*, stripped down to her topsails and hove to, rose and fell easily, while on her quarter about a cable's length away Peyrol's tartan tumbled like a lifeless corpse amongst the seas. Captain Vincent, in his favorite attitude of leaning over the rail, kept his eyes fastened on his prize. Mr. Bolt, who had been sent for, waited patiently till his commander turned round.

"Oh, here you are, Mr. Bolt! I have sent for you to go and take possession. You speak French and there may still be somebody alive in her. If so, of course you will send him on board at once. I am sure there can be nobody unwounded there. It will not be too dark to see much, but just have a good look around and secure everything in the way of papers you can lay your hands on. Haul aft the fore-sheet and sail her up to receive a tow-line. I intend to take her along and ransack her thoroughly in the morning; tear down the cuddy linings

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"I want some more"—OLIVER TWIST

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and so on, should you not find at once what I expect."

Captain Vincent, his white teeth gleaming in the dusk, gave some further orders in a lower tone, and Mr. Bolt departed in a hurry. Half an hour afterward he was back on board, and the *Amelia*, with the tartan in tow, made sail to the eastward in search of the blockading fleet.

Mr. Bolt, introduced into a cabin strongly lighted by a swinging lamp, tendered to his captain across the table a sail-cloth package corded and sealed, and a piece of paper folded in four, which, he explained, seemed to be a certificate of registry, strangely enough mentioning no name. Captain Vincent seized the gray canvas package eagerly.

"This looks like the very thing, Bolt," he said, turning it over in his hands. "What else did you find on board?"

Bolt said that he had found three dead men, two on the after-deck and one lying at the bottom of the open hold, with the bare end of the fore-sheet in his hand—"Shot down, I suppose, just as he had let it go," he commented. He described the appearance of the bodies and reported that he had disposed of them according to orders.

In the tartan's cabin there was half a demijohn of wine and a loaf of bread in a locker; also, on the floor, a leather valise containing an officer's uniform coat and a change of clothing. He had lighted a lamp and saw that the linen was marked "E. Réal." An officer's sword on a broad shoulder-belt was also lying on the floor. These things could not have belonged to the old chap with the white hair, who was a big man. "Looks as if somebody had tumbled overboard," commented Bolt. Two of the bodies looked nondescript, but there was no doubt about that fine old fellow being a seaman.

"By Heavens!" said Captain Vincent, "he was that! Do you know, Bolt, that he nearly managed to escape us? Another twenty minutes would have done it. How many wounds had he?"

"Three, I think, sir. I did not look closely," said Bolt.

"I hated the necessity to shoot brave men like dogs," said Captain Vincent. "Still, it was the only way; and there may be something here," he went on, slapping the package with his open palm, "that will justify me in my own eyes. You may go now."

CAPTAIN VINCENT did not turn in, but only lay down fully dressed on the couch till the officer of the watch appearing at the door told him that a ship of the fleet was in sight away to windward. Captain Vincent ordered the private night-signal to be made. When he came on deck the towering shadow of a line-of-battle ship that seemed to reach to the very clouds was well within hail, and a voice bellowed from her through a speaking-trumpet:

"What ship is that?"

"His Majesty's sloop *Amelia*," hailed back Captain Vincent. "What ship is that, pray?"

Instead of the usual answer there was a short pause, and another voice spoke boisterously through the trumpet:

"Is that you, Vincent? Don't you know the *Superb* when you see her?"

"Not in the dark, Keats. How are you? I am in a hurry to speak to the Admiral."

"The fleet is lying by," came the voice now with painstaking distinctness across the murmurs, whispers, and splashes of the black lane of water dividing the two ships. "The Admiral bears S. S. E. If you stretch on till daylight as you are, you will fetch him on the other tack in time for breakfast on board the *Victory*. Is anything up?"

At every slight roll the sails of the *Amelia*, becalmed by the bulk of the seventy-four, flapped gently against the masts.

"Not much," hailed Captain Vincent. "I made a prize."

"Have you been in action?" came the swift inquiry.

"No, no. Piece of luck."

"Where's your prize?" roared the speaking-trumpet with interest.

"In my desk," roared Captain Vincent in reply. "Enemy dispatches. I say, Keats, fill on your ship. Fill on her, I say, or you will be falling on board of me." He stamped his foot impatiently. "Clap some hands at once on the tow-line and run that tartan close under our stern," he called to the officer of the watch, "or else the old *Superb* will walk over her without ever knowing anything about it."

When Captain Vincent presented himself on board the *Victory* it was too late for him to be invited to share the Admiral's breakfast. He was told that Lord Nelson had not been seen on deck yet that morning; and presently the word came that he wished to see Captain Vincent at once in his cabin. Being introduced, the captain of the *Amelia*, in undress uniform, with a sword by his side and his hat under his arm, was received kindly, made his bow, and with a few words of explanation laid the packet on the big round table, at which sat a silent secretary in black clothes, who had been obviously writing a letter from his Lordship's dictation.

THE Admiral had been walking up and down, and after he had greeted Captain Vincent he resumed his pacing of a nervous man. His empty sleeve had not yet been pinned on his breast and swung slightly every time he turned in his walk. His thin locks fell lankly against the pale cheeks, and the whole face in repose had an expression of suffering, with which the fire of his one eye presented a startling contrast. He stopped short and exclaimed while Captain Vincent towered over him in a respectful attitude:

"A tartan! Captured on board a tartan! How on earth did you pitch upon that one out of the hundreds you must see every month?"

"I must confess that I got hold accidentally of some curious information," said Captain Vincent. "It was all a piece of luck."

While the secretary was ripping open with a penknife the cover of the dispatches Lord Nelson took Captain Vincent out into the stern-gallery. The quiet and sunshiny morning had the added charm of a cool, light breeze; and the *Victory*, under her three topsails and lower staysails, was moving slowly to the eastward in the midst of the scattered fleet carrying for the most part the same sail as the Admiral. Only far away two or three ships could be seen covered with canvas trying to close with the central group. Captain Vincent noted with satisfaction that the first lieutenant of the *Amelia* had been obliged to brace by his after-yards in order not to overrun the Admiral's quarter.

"Why!" exclaimed Lord Nelson suddenly, after looking at the sloop for a moment, "you have that tartan in tow!"

"I thought that your Lordship would perhaps like to see a forty-ton lateen craft which has led such a chase to, I dare say, the fastest sloop in his Majesty's service."

"How did it all begin?" asked the Admiral, continuing to look at the *Amelia*.

"As I have already hinted to your Lordship, certain information came in my way," began Captain Vincent, who did not think it necessary to enlarge upon that part of the story. "This tartan, which is not very different to look at from all the other tartans along the coast between Cette and Genoa, had started from a cove on the Giens Peninsula. An old man with a white head of hair was entrusted with the service, and really they could have found nobody better. He came round Cape Estérel intending to pass through the Hyères roadstead. Apparently he did not expect to find the *Amelia* in his way. And it was there that he made his only mistake. If he had kept on his course I would probably have taken no more notice of him than of two other craft that were in sight then. But he acted suspiciously by hauling up for the battery on Porquerolles.

"This maneuver, in connection with the information of which I spoke, decided me to overhaul him and see what he had on board." Captain Vincent then related concisely the episodes of the chase. "I assure your Lordship that I never gave an order with greater reluctance than to open musketry-fire on that craft; but that old man had given such proofs of his seamanship and determination that there was nothing else for it. Why! at the very moment he had the *Amelia* alongside of him he still made a most clever attempt to prolong the chase. There were only twenty minutes of daylight left, and in the darkness we might very well have lost him. Considering that they all could have saved their lives simply by striking their sails on deck, I can not refuse them my admiration, and especially the white-haired man."

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The Rover

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The Admiral, who had been all the time looking absently at the *Amelia* keeping her station with the tartan in tow, said:

"You have a very smart little ship, Vincent. Very fit for the work I have given you to do. French-built, isn't she?"

"Yes, my Lord. They are great shipbuilders."

"You don't seem to hate the French, Vincent," said the Admiral, smiling faintly.

"Not that kind, my Lord," said Captain Vincent with a low bow. "I detest their political principles and the characters of their public men, but your Lordship will admit that for courage and determination we could not have found worthier adversaries anywhere on this globe."

"I never said that they were to be despised," said Lord Nelson. "Resource, courage, yes. If that Toulon fleet gives me the slip all our squadrons from Gibraltar to Brest will be in jeopardy. Why don't they come out and be done with it? Don't I keep far enough out of their way?" he cried.

Vincent remarked the nervous agitation of the frail figure with a concern augmented by a fit of coughing which came on the Admiral. He was quite alarmed by its violence. He watched the Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean choking and gasping so helplessly that he felt compelled to turn his eyes away from the painful spectacle: but he noticed also how quickly Lord Nelson recovered from the subsequent exhaustion.

"This is anxious work, Vincent," he said. "It is killing me. I aspire to repose somewhere in the country, in the midst of fields, out of reach of the sea and the Admiralty and dispatches and orders, and responsibility too. I have been just finishing a letter to tell them at home I have hardly enough breath in my body to carry me on from day to day. But I am like that white-headed man you admire so much, Vincent," he pursued with a weary smile, "I will stick to my duty till perhaps some shot from the enemy puts an end to everything. Let us see what there may be in those papers you have brought on board."

The secretary in the cabin had arranged them in separate piles.

"What is it all about?" asked the Admiral, beginning again to pace restlessly up and down the cabin.

"At the first glance the most important, my Lord, are the orders for marine authorities in Corsica and Naples to make certain dispositions in view of an expedition to Egypt."

"I always thought so," said the Admiral, his eye gleaming at the attentive countenance of Captain Vincent. "This is a smart piece of work on your part, Vincent. I can do no better than send you back to your old station. Yes—Egypt—the East. Everything points that way," he soliloquized under Vincent's eyes, while the secretary, picking up the papers with care, rose quietly and went out to have them translated and to make an abstract for the Admiral.

"And yet who knows?" exclaimed Lord Nelson, standing still for a moment. "The blame or the glory must be mine alone. I will seek counsel from no man." Captain Vincent felt himself forgotten, invisible, less than a shadow in the presence of a nature capable of such vehement feelings. "How long can he last?" he asked himself with sincere concern.

THE Admiral, however, soon remembered his presence, and at the end of another ten minutes Captain Vincent left the *Victory* feeling, like all officers who approached Lord Nelson, that he had been speaking with a personal friend, and with a renewed devotion for the great sea-officer's soul dwelling in the frail body of the Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's ships in the Mediterranean. While he was being pulled back to his ship a general signal went up in the *Victory* for the fleet to form line, as convenient, ahead and astern of the Admiral; followed by another to the *Amelia* to part company.

Vincent accordingly gave his orders to make sail, and, directing the master to shape a course for Cape Cicié, went down into his cabin. He had been up nearly the whole of the last three nights and he wanted to get a little sleep. His slumbers, however, were short and disturbed. Early in the afternoon he found himself broad awake and reviewing in his mind the events of the day before. The order to shoot three brave men in cold blood, terribly distasteful at the time, was lying heavily on him.

Perhaps he had been impressed by Peyrol's white head, his obstinacy to escape him, the determination shown to the very last minute, by something in the whole episode that suggested a more than common devotion to duty and a sort of daring defiance. With his robust health, simple good nature, and sanguine temperament, touched with a little irony, Captain Vincent was a man of generous feelings and of easily moved sympathies.

"Yes," he reflected, "they have been asking for it. There could be only one end to that affair. But the fact remains that they were defenseless and unarmed and particularly harmless looking, and at the same time as brave as any. That old chap now—" He wondered what and how much of exact truth there was in Symons's tale of adventure. He concluded that the facts must have been true, but that Symons's interpretation of them made it extraordinarily difficult to discover what really there was under all that. That craft certainly was fit for blockade-running. Lord Nelson had been pleased. Captain Vincent went on deck with the kindliest feelings toward all men, alive or dead.

THE afternoon had turned out very fine., The British fleet was just out of sight with the exception of one or two stragglers, under a press of canvas. A light breeze, in which only the *Amelia* could travel at five knots, hardly ruffled the profundity of the blue waters basking in the warm tenderness of the cloudless sky. To south and west the horizon was empty except for two specks very far apart, of which one shone white like a bit of silver and the other appeared black like a drop of ink. Captain Vincent with his purpose firm in his mind felt at peace with himself. As he was easily accessible to his officers his first lieutenant ventured a question, to which Captain Vincent replied:

"He looks very thin and worn out, but I don't think he is as ill as he thinks he is. I am sure you all would like to know that his Lordship is pleased with our yesterday's work—those papers were of some importance, you know—and generally with the *Amelia*. It was a queer chase, wasn't it?" he went on. "She was clearly and unmistakably running away from us. But she never had a chance against the *Amelia*."

During the latter part of that speech the first lieutenant glanced astern as if asking himself how long Captain Vincent proposed to drag that tartan behind the *Amelia*. The two keepers in her wondered also as to when they would be permitted to get back on board their ship. Symons, who was one of them, declared that he was sick and tired of steering the blamed thing. Moreover, the company on board made him uncomfortable; for Symons was aware that, in pursuance of Captain Vincent's orders, Mr. Bolt had had the three dead Frenchmen carried into the cuddy, which he afterward secured with an enormous padlock that, apparently, belonged to it, and had taken the key on board the *Amelia*. As to one of them, Symons's unforgiving verdict was that it would have served him right to have been ashore for crows to pick his eyes out. And, anyhow, he could not understand why he should have been turned into the coxswain of a floating hearse, and be damned to it. He grumbled interminably.

Just about sunset, which is the time of burials at sea, the *Amelia* was hove to and, the rope being manned, the tartan was brought alongside and her two keepers ordered on board their ship. Captain Vincent, leaning over with his elbows on the rail, seemed lost in thought. At last the first lieutenant spoke.

"What are we going to do with that tartan, sir? Our men are on board."

"We are going to sink her by gunfire," suddenly declared Captain Vincent. "His ship makes a very good coffin for a seaman, and those men deserve better than to be thrown overboard to roll on the waves. Let them rest quietly at the bottom of the sea in the craft to which they had stuck so well."

The lieutenant, making no reply, waited for some more positive order. Every eye on the ship was turned on the

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The Rover

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captain. But Captain Vincent said nothing and seemed unable or unwilling to give it vet. He was feeling vaguely that in all his good intentions there was something wanting.

"Ah! Mr. Bolt," he said, catching sight of the master's mate in the wind. "Did they have a flag on board that craft?"

"I think she had a tiny bit of ensign when the chase began, sir, but it must have blown away. It is not at the end of her main-yard now." He looked over the side. "The halyards are rove, tho," he added.

"We must have a French ensign somewhere on board," said Captain Vincent.

"Certainly, sir," struck in the master, who was listening.

"Well, Mr. Bolt," said Captain Vincent, "you have had most to do with all this. Take a few men with you, bend the French ensign on the halyards, and sway his main-yard to the masthead." He smiled at all the faces turned toward him. "After all, they never surrendered, and, by Heavens, gentlemen, we will let them go down with their colors flying."

A profound but not disapproving silence reigned over the decks of the ship while Mr. Bolt with three or four hands was busy executing the order. Then suddenly above the topgallant-rail of the *Amelia* appeared the upper curve of a lateen yard with the tricolor drooping from the point. A subdued murmur from all hands greeted this apparition. At the same time Captain Vincent ordered the line holding the tartan alongside to be cast off, and the main-yard of the *Amelia* to be swung round. The sloop, shooting ahead of her prize, left her stationary on the sea, then, putting the helm up, ran up abreast of her on the other side. The port low-gun was ordered to fire a round, aiming well forward. That shot, however, went just over, taking the foremast out of the tartan. The next was more successful, striking the little hull between wind and water, and going out well under water on the other side. A third was fired, as the men said, just for luck, and that too took effect, a splintered hole appearing at the bow. After that the guns were secured, and the *Amelia*, with no brace being touched, was brought back to her course toward Cape Cleé.

All hands on board of her, with their backs to the sunset sky, clear like a pale topaz above the hard blue gem of the sea, watched the tartan give a sudden dip, followed by a slow, unchecked dive. At last the tricolor flag alone remained visible for a tense and interminable moment, pathetic and lonely, in the center of a brimful horizon. All at once it vanished, like a flame blown upon, bringing to the beholders the sense of having been left face to face with an immense, suddenly created solitude. On the decks of the *Amelia* a low murmur died out.

WHEN Lieutenant Réal sailed away with the Toulon fleet on this great strategical cruise which was to end in the battle of Trafalgar, Madame Réal returned with her aunt to her hereditary house at Escampobar. She had spent only a few weeks in it, where she was not much seen in public. The lieutenant and his wife lived in a little house near the western gate, and the lieutenant's official position, tho he was employed on the staff to the last, was not sufficiently prominent to make her absence from official ceremonies at all remarkable.

But this marriage was an object of mild interest in naval circles. Those—mostly men—who had seen Madame Réal at home told stories of her dazzling complexion, of her magnificent black eyes, of her personal and attractive strangeness, and of the Arlesian costume she insisted on wearing, even after her marriage to an officer of the navy, being herself sprung from farmer stock. It was also said that her father and mother had fallen victims in the massacres of Toulon after the evacuation of the town; but all those stories varied in detail and were on the whole very vague.

Whenever she went abroad Mrs. Réal was attended by her aunt, who aroused almost as much curiosity as herself: a magnificent old woman with upright carriage and an austere, brown, wrinkled face showing signs of past beauty. Catherine was also seen alone in the streets, where, as a matter of fact, people turned round to look after the thin and dignified figure, remarkable among the passers-by, whom she, herself, did not seem to see.

About her escape from the massacres most wonderful tales were told, and she acquired the reputation of a heroine.

Arlette's aunt, in fact, did frequent the churches, of which so many were now opened, carrying even into the house of God her sibylline aspect of a prophetess and her austere manner. It was not at the services that she was seen most. People would see her oftener in an empty church standing straight as an arrow in the shade of a pillar as if calling upon the Creator of all things, with whom she had made her peace generously, and now was petitioning only for pardon and reconciliation with her niece Arlette. For Catherine for a long time remained uncertain of the future. She did not get rid of her involuntary awe of her niece as a selected object of God's wrath until toward the end of her life.

THERE was also another soul for which she was concerned. The pursuit of the tartan by the *Amelia* had been observed from various points of the islands that close the roadstead of Hyères, and the English ship had been seen from the Fort de la Vigie opening fire on her chase. The result, tho the two vessels soon ran out of sight, could not be a matter of doubt. There was also the story of a coaster that got into Fréjus, of a tartan being fired on by a square-rigged man-of-war; but that apparently was the next day. All these rumors pointed one way and were the basis of the report made by Lieutenant Réal to the Toulon Admiralty. That Peyrol went out to sea in his tartan and was never seen again was of course an incontrovertible fact.

The day before the two women were to go back to Escampobar, Catherine approached a priest in the Church of Ste. Marie Majeure, a little, unshaven, fat man with a watery eye, in order to arrange for some masses to be said for the dead.

"But for whose soul are we to pray?" mumbled the priest in a wheezy, low tone.

"Pray for the soul of Jean," said Catherine. "Yes, Jean. There is no other name."

Lieutenant Réal, wounded at Trafalgar, but escaping capture, retired with the rank of *Capitaine de Frégate* and vanished from the eyes of the naval world in Toulon and indeed from the world altogether. Whatever sign brought him back to Escampobar on that momentous night was not meant to call him to his death, but to a quiet and retired life, obscure in a sense, but not devoid of dignity. In the course of years he became the Mayor of the commune in that very little village which had looked on Escampobar as the abode of iniquity, the sojourn of blood-drinkers and of wicked women.

One of the earliest excitements breaking the monotony of the Escampobar life was the discovery at the bottom of the well, one dry year when the water got very low, of some considerable obstruction. After a lot of trouble in getting it up this obstruction turned out to be a garment made of sail-cloth, which had armholes and three horn buttons in front, and looked like a waistcoat, but it was lined, positively quilted, with a surprising quantity of gold pieces of various ages, coinages, and nationalities. Nobody but Peyrol could have put it there. Catherine was able to give the exact date, because she remembered seeing him doing something at the well on the very morning before he went out to sea with Michel and carrying off Scevola.

Captain Réal could guess easily the origin of that treasure, and he decided with his wife's approval to give it up to the Government at the board of a man who had died intestate with no discoverable relations, and whose very name had been a matter of uncertainty, even to himself. After that event the uncertain name of Peyrol found itself oftener and oftener on Mr. and Mrs. Réal's lips, on which before it was but seldom heard; tho the recollection of his white-headed, quiet, irresistible personality haunted every corner of the Escampobar fields. From that time they began to talk of him openly as tho he had come back to live again among them.

Many years afterward one fine evening Monsieur and Madame Réal, sitting on the bench outside the salle (the house had not been altered at all outside except that it was now kept whitewashed), began to talk of that episode and of the man who, coming from the seas, had

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5 Bacon
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7 Shoulder Butt
8 Picnic Shoulder
7, 8, Skinned Shoulder

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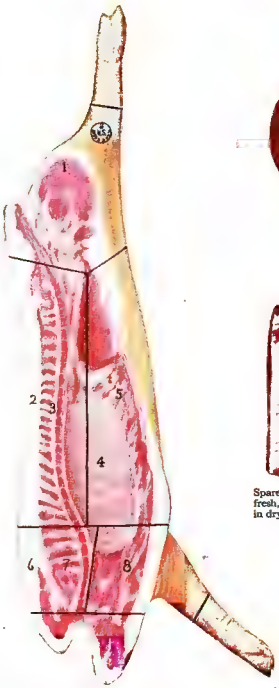

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The Rover

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

crossed their lives to disappear at sea again.

"How did he get all that lot of gold?" wondered Madame Réal innocently. "He could not possibly want it; and, Eugène, why should he have put it down there?"

"That, *ma chère amie*," said Réal, "is not an easy question to answer. Men and women are not so simple as they seem. Even you, Fermière" (he used to give his wife that name jocularly sometimes), "are not so simple as some people would take you to be. I think that if Peyrol were here he could not perhaps answer your question himself."

And they went on, reminding each other in short phrases separated by long silences of his peculiarities of person and behavior, when above the slope leading down to Madrague there appeared first the pointed ears and then the whole body of a very diminutive donkey of a light-gray color with dark points. Two pieces of wood, strangely shaped, projected on each side of his body as far as his head, like very long shafts of a cart. But the donkey dragged no cart after him. He was carrying on his back on a small pack-saddle the torso of a man who did not seem to have any legs. The little animal, beautifully groomed and with an intelligent and even impudent physiognomy, stopped in front of Monsieur and Madame Réal.

The man, balancing himself cleverly on the pack-saddle, with his withered legs crossed in front of him, slipped off, disengaged his crutches from each side of the donkey smartly, propped himself on them, and with his open palm gave the animal a resounding thwack which sent it trotting into the yard.

The cripple of Madrague in his quality of Peyrol's friend (for the rover had often talked of him both to the women and to Lieutenant Réal with great appreciation —"*C'est un homme, ça*") had become a member of the Escampobar community. His employment was to run about the country on errands, most unfit, one would think, for a man without legs. But the donkey did all the walking while the cripple supplied the sharp wits and an unfailing memory. The poor fellow, snatching off his hat and holding it with one hand alongside his right crutch, approached to render his account of the day in the simple words: "Everything has been done as you ordered, Madame"; then lingered, a privileged servant, familiar but respectful, attractive with his soft eyes, long face, and his pained smile.

"We were just talking of Peyrol," remarked Captain Réal.

"Ah, one could talk a long time of him," said the cripple. "He told me once that if I had been complete—with legs like everybody else, I suppose he meant—I would have made a good comrade among them in the distant seas. He had a great heart."

"Yes," murmured Madame Réal thoughtfully; then, turning to her husband, she asked, "What sort of man was he really, Eugène?" Captain Réal remained silent. "Did you ever ask yourself that question?" she insisted.

"Yes," said Réal. "But the only certain thing we may say of him is that he was not a bad Frenchman."

"Everything's in that," murmured the cripple with fervent conviction, in the silence that fell upon Réal's words and Arlette's faint sigh of memory.

The blue level of the Mediterranean, the charmer and the deceiver of audacious men, kept its secret of its fascination; hugged to its calm breast the victims of all the wars, calamities, and tempests of its history, under the marvelous purity of the sunset sky. A few rosy clouds floated high up over the Estrel range. The breath of the evening breeze came to cool the heated rocks of Escampobar; and the mulberry-tree, the only big tree on the head of the peninsula, standing like a sentinel at the gate of the yard, sighed faintly in a shudder of all its leaves, as if regretting the Brother of the Coast, the man of dark deeds but of large heart who often at noonday would lie down to sleep under its shade.

THE END

Turn to page 7 and begin the brilliant new serial "To-morrow's Bread" by Wallace Irwin, author of "Lew Tyler's Wives."

Neither Bond Nor Free

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

hardened. Was he slave, after all? "What did the harpies of the wine-shops want of you? A lad clad in Damascus silks would not touch these sows of Rome's gutters."

The boy answered eagerly: "They said the Emperor would pass in his chariot to-night; and the Empress Poppæa was to go down to the sea in her ivory barge. They meant to strip me, throw me in the water, rescue me, and offer me for sale as her barge passed——"

The old guard laughed so harshly that all his ivory teeth gleamed ugly as a boar's tusks. "And I'll warrant if ever she saw your milk-white mountain skin stripped, they would have made the sale at three times a slave's price. There is more in this—there is more in this. Why did you leave your mountains of Lebanon?"

"I did not," hotly protested the baited boy, becoming frightened at the changed manner of the Idumean.

"When Felix cleared the robbers out of Galilee, I was held for ransom in their caves. They said we mountaineers were robbers. We never were. We are shepherds; but I was caught in my father's caravan. He was the great sheik of the road from Damascus to the east; and Felix gave me to young Agrippa for a toy, a plaything. I was a page to the Princess Bernice when your prisoner-Prophet in there made his plea before Agrippa the Young to come to Rome and prove his case; but when the Princess Bernice was sent to Cilicia to marry that old man there, and still the evil tongues about her and her brother——"

The boy paused in confusion, blushing red as a girl. The Idumean grasped his wrist. "Go on—the truth—or I'll have you torn limb from limb by the tigers in the arena! What of that night-monster Bernice with the snaky Herod blood in her veins?"

The boy cried out with the pain of the vise-like grasp. "The Princess bade me not to fear to come to Rome, where she would come when she had shaved her head and paid a vow in Jerusalem——"

"Where she is now, and all Rome laughing at the pretext," the old Idumean loosening his grasp. "Where she is now, to slip her old husband and throw her net over Titus, our General Vespasian's son. I'll warrant it will be a net of air she'll weave; the spider-maid will throw her wiles on the next poor fly! Did the King Agrippa's sister send you to Rome? Have a care how you answer that!"

"No, my Lord Julius, the King, her brother Agrippa, handed me to a Grecian merchant in Colossæ; but with the gold his sister gave me I ran away and took ship to Rome from Crete."

A curious terrible, crafty change had come over the guard. No wild boar of the desert was he now, but crafty hunter stalking human prey in Rome's underworld. "Young one—I have no love for these seditious Judæans; but I'll befriend you because I have given you a Roman's pledge. Here's my right hand as pledge no Roman ever broke. Had I lost my prisoners it would have cost me my head; but when you go in to the Prophet there, see you do not bleat like one of your long-eared mountain-goats! Blastus, Herod's old chamberlain, is friend of his; so is Manaen, Herod's foster-brother; and Joanna, wife of Chuza, Herod's steward! Keep yourself out of sight in the inner room when strangers call; for some of Cæsar's household also come here, whether to spy or believe, how do I know? But how did the knaves and body-snatchers of the Three Taverns snare you?"

"I was coming out to seek the young scribe Timothy—I saw him once and helped him carry the Prophet in, when he was mobbed and stoned and left for dead in Lystra—I thought he'd help me back to my people!"

The Idumean rose impatiently.

"That spider-maid! The vixen with Herod's snaky blood! Go inside! I'll lock the door! Prepare the Prophet his supper. I'll to the Three Taverns to ferret this. Remember if you try to run

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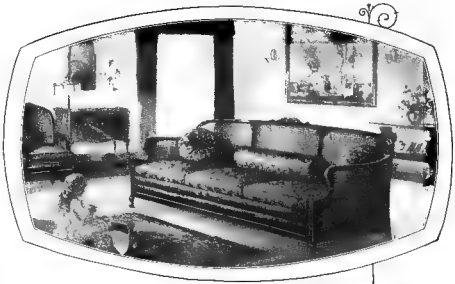

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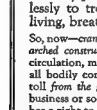

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Neither Bond Nor Free

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away—there is no escape from Roman power in all the known world from Gaul to Ganges; but I see one rich way of escape to fortune for you, and money for me to make me rich, if Bernice ever cast her eyes at you—right save young Titus, son of our General, falling a victim to her wiles! Go in, I say, and keep your tongue from blabbing—or I'll cut it out with my dagger and sell you for a eunuch to the Palace! . . . Princess Bernice! Titus's mistress! By Jupiter, 'tis my lucky day at last and I'll make offerings to Fortune," he muttered, striding off.

The heart of the frightened boy almost stopped. He seemed to have jumped from danger close to death or torture. What had he told, or not told, that made him, a friendless Grecian boy in Imperial Rome, of great money value to the Idumean guard the minute Bernice's name was mentioned? Why had the rough soldier called the young Princess a "night monster," "a spider-maid," "a vixen with snaky blood," "a nymph" aiming a net at Titus, the son of the Roman General in Asia? Why should a girl Princess not flee one old husband, married to silence evil tongues, and seek a younger mate in the General's son?

Wise, wise as seer or prophet is the intuition of youth; but stronger than the breastplate of Imperial Rome the innocence of youth; for the boy had not told all the truth. Something he held back for the love of the royal mistress who had betrended him. He had not told the old Idumean captain that when he had been handed over to the merchant of Colossæ he had been sold by King Agrippa because his young master was jealous of his sister's affections for a page; and when he had taken ship at Crete, dressed as a page, he was a runaway slave, with Princess Bernice's gold in a goatskin wallet round his girdle, obeying her orders "to have no fear to go to Rome, she would meet him there: to wait."

To his youthful heart it seemed no evil thing that she should come to Rome and marry Titus, Vespasian's son, where he again could be her page. He could not know that all Rome was now counting on General Vespasian to save the empire and become Emperor. He could not have had long to wait, as destiny soon rolled the years to Vespasian's triumphal entry into Rome—if the harpy women of the wine-shops on the water-front had not taken note of his beauty and set the bargemen on to kidnap him as bait for higher game in Nero's Palace, where ruled an evil woman ruled only by her own wicked desires.

THE boy heard the door clank as the Pretorian guard drew the chain across outside and stood at the great twin locks with a key as long as a man's forearm He heard the ring of the swift soldier-tread as the Idumean strode over the stones for the three Taverns

Then he turned. The room was dark but for a flickering peat-fire on the hearth and a little guttering olive-oil wick in a stone or breccia lamp on a rough board table. The floor was softened with sand and earth. The window was high and latticed, but let a soft breeze in from the sea. A little, stooped old man with a long beard and snow-white hair and skull-cap such as doctors of the law wore sat on a backless stool at the table, writing on a scroll which he unwound from a roll of parchment, with his eyes so close to the papyrus that he did not see the boy's form against the dark of the door.

Except for the table and the backless stool there was no furniture in the prison-hut but two couches, close together near the door; and the boy noticed that while the prisoner's right hand wrote and wrote on unheeding, his left arm, resting on the table, had a huge handcuff attached to an iron chain which also lay on the table; and this was the Prophet, whom he had helped the scribe, Timothy, carry in stoned for dead at Lystra. This was the man, when the wreck broke up at Malta, who stood in the pelting rain and the dark and bade the Lord Jukus "be of good cheer" and thanked him for strange God "that now at last he could publish the Glad News at Rome."

The boy had not noticed the strange leader of this strange new sect in the Judgment Hall at Cæsarea because he had been too young, the toy and plaything of the youthful King Agrippa and his younger sister, Bernice; and he had noticed him still less at Lystra, some years before, because he had been still younger and much too excited over the mob. There is a discrepancy here in the boy's story as picked out of the old records; and yet the discrepancy proves its truth, for he could not have been more than four or five. Yet he distinctly remembered coming in on one of his father's caravans for Damascus from the south, and seeing the maddened mob, and running with all the camel-drivers toward the gates of the city, where he had picked up the insensible Prophet's cap and helped the young scribe, Timothy, to shuffle the almost lifeless form through the doors into the house of Lois and Eunice, Timothy's people, who were Greek merchants.

ON THE ship wrecked between Crete and Malta he recalled the prisoner of two years ago well enough; but he had kept himself out of sight from both prisoners and sailors all he could on that voyage, staying below deck on plea of seasickness by day and coming up only in the wild nights, when the high-rolling cape of his black cloak had hidden his face; and he could dream his dreams of awakening youth, and the message of hope his Princess's black glance had thrown him when she slipped him the wallet of gold pieces from her litter-chair and bade him "haste to Rome and wait there."

Yet it had been no easy business for him "to haste to Rome"; for the merchant of Colossæ to whom Agrippa in a moment of jealous suspicion had sold him had been an exacting master, and had set the new young slave to keeping accounts in the great warerooms. It had only been his knowledge of the Phrygian patois dialect, half Assyrian, half Greek, that had induced the merchant to send him to the seacoast and the Isles of the Sea to collect exchange on accounts. He had collected the accounts. Then he had taken ship at Crete and run away without a qualm. Why should he have qualms? Had he not been kidnaped by the robbers of Galilee and held for ransom, and, when the robbers were routed out by Felix, given as a slave—he, who came from the mountaineers, who never had been slaves—to young King Agrippa and the sister, Bernice?

After that, life had become a golden dream of awakening youth. The Bernice had been a wife to one Herod, and now was sent north to be wife to another old man, after the custom of the Herods to strengthen their thrones by marrying their daughters to powerful rulers, Bernice had been almost as young as he—she was barely twenty. He had been set at first to seeing that the Nubian slaves kept the royal baths at Cæsarea clean. Then in a fit of suspicion over having any but black eunuchs, who were harmless, attend the royal baths, Agrippa had sent him to keep the tracks of the chariot-races powdered with soft sand to fill the wheel-ruts and save the horses' knees if a racer slipped on the swift course.

There he had gained the first glimpse of the Princess's favor toward himself. She had been driving with her royal young brother in one of the trials for the chariot-races. The snowy steeds of the young King's chariot were given precedence of all others, the Festus's wild Arab horses were changing their bits to pass, and the Roman had great ado to hold them behind Agrippa. A dozen other prancing teams were surging behind. She had worn a silver bangle round her brow to hold back her hair. On her brow hung a jade-stone ornament from Arabia with the swastika cross of luck, beaded in gold. In the wild charge of the chariots the jade pendant had bounced from its setting in the sand. Leaping in front of the other racers, the boy had rescued the emblem of good luck from trampling and all the people in the seats of the great hippodrome had cheered his pluck. Fortune had come to him in the little jewel with the odd cross.

When the charioteers came round the course again, King Agrippa himself had stooped to receive the restored jewel; and the people had cheered again; and when Agrippa and Bernice had gone up to Daphne's Gardens at Antioch, for the wild, lawless pleasures there, there had followed another golden dream of awakening youth. The boy did not know when he had been with the royal lovers in Daphne's Gardens, only a few miles away was the Prophet, with the Christians of Antioch; and here they were

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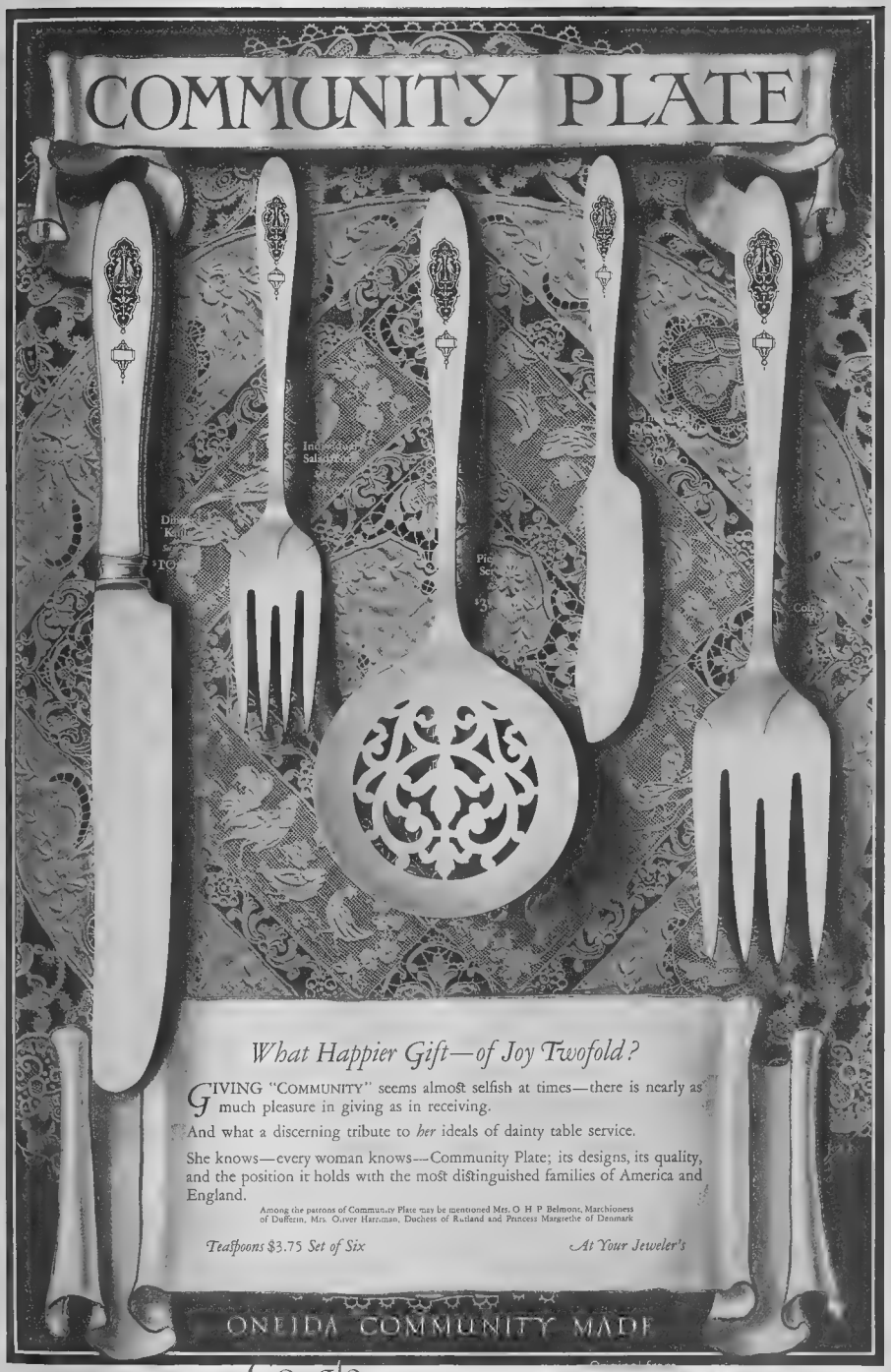
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Neither Bond Nor Free

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

both thrown together in the evil snares of Rome.[1] Amid the roses and the palms and the love-temples and the fountains of the gardens were artificial lakes, where plied boats with silken awnings rowed by Naiads in silver and golden nets to the music of zither and harp under the Moon Goddess.

Here Agrippa and Bernice took their pleasure, and he, now the trusted page, accompanied them as steersman for the nymphs. He was clad in silvered silks, the girl rowers in spangled nets, with naked limbs the color of pink shells. He knew that five hundred bastinados on the soles of his feet would be the punishment if ever he breathed a word of what he saw on these nights; and he saw nothing; but dipped his steersman paddle to the rhythm of the temple music, and watched the limpid water ripple in drops of moonlit gold, and dreamed his dreams of awakening youth, which are wiser than seers in their intuitions and stronger than breastplates of bronze in their innocence. He knew nothing going on around him because he saw nothing but Bernice's eyes; and she was so far beyond his reach, he saw no spider-net in those black, fathomless eyes.

And then one day crashed down his house of dreams in catastrophe about his youth. It had been a wild day of painted barges, of soothsayers, of magicians, of story-tellers, of dwarfs, of buffoons, of libations to Bacchus, and temple nymphs clad in golden gauze. The flesh of grown man did not live that could pass that day unscathed; and the page, who had been a mountain boy, knew naught of a goddess who could turn men to swine. There had been an older man with King Agrippa and his sister that day. The boy remembered afterward that the older man had the face of one of the satyrs, half man, half goat, of whom his own mountain tribes told.

There had been frenzied dancing in the love-temples and more libations to Bacchus; but the mountaineers do not drink; and at the end of that day, to quiet the evil tongues, Princess Bernice had been affianced to the King with the satyr face; and the star of the boy's lamp had gone out in utter blackness, with his heart cold lead, till, passing from the love-temple in her curtained, latticed litter, she had thrust out her hand to him in the dark and given him the purse of gold and bade him "haste to Rome and meet her there, while she went to Jerusalem to pay a vow." He did not know the nature of that vow, tho all the fashion of Rome was laughing over it, and poets made mock of it and actors in the theaters extemporized lines on "Bernice's locks," and do to this day.

He knew with the knowledge of youth she had shaved her head and taken her vow to escape her elderly spouse; and now the rough Idumean guard had said all Rome was laughing at the way the sly maid had gone to Jerusalem but to throw her nymph net over Titus, son of Vespasian, who might become Emperor after Nero.

And now he stood in the prison-hut of Rome, with the wolf harpies of the waterfront wine-shops outside, locked in by the Roman soldier, who knew there was fortune to be grasped by restoring a slave with the threat ringing in his ears—"There is no escape from Roman power in all the known world; keep your tongue from blabbing, or I'll cut it out with this dagger," and the Lebanon boy had seen captives whose tongues had been cut by daggers. He knew this was no idle threat; but he did not know it was his boyish beauty that had cast the fatal net of danger round himself.

THE boy stood with his head hanging behind the locked door of the prison-hut like a fly caught in an evil spider-web. He did not ascribe the net flung round him by dark eyes seen through the lattice of a palanquin to any spider-maid; for he was still thinking with the knowledge of youth rather than age. He only knew the spider-net had become strong chains binding him to the evil forces of the great Imperial City of the world, and that he had been flung into that net by a destiny uncontrolled by him except for the one act—when he had run away from his merchant-master at Colossæ.

He was too deeply sunk in sudden despondency and fear to notice the flickering of the shadows from the lifted breccia-stone lamp held in the Prophet's hand, while the other hand shaded the old man's defective vision peering at the ragged figure against the back of the locked door. All hope had flickered out for him with the turning of the double lock by that great key the Idumean carried.

A VOICE spoke out of the dark, quiet, but clear, and limpid as his own mountain streams in Lebanon: "Child, come here! Why are you troubled?"

The boy raised his long-lashed blue eyes and looked across, to see, not the little, withered wisp of a man he had remembered as the Prophet, but a snow-white face illumined in an ethereal light and framed in an aureole of snow-white hair.

"The Lord Julius bade me prepare your supper."

The Prophet did not press his question. "There are the corn bread and the leben in the alcove," he said, pointing to a dark corner of the stone wall, "and in one jar you will find the drinking-water and in the other the fresh pulse."

The boy laid the meal on the rough table without a word and took his stand behind the Prophet's stool. He was still dust-spattered and torn from his fall.

"Bring the couch to the table," requested the Prophet.

Thinking the Master wished to eat reclining, after the manner of the Judeans, the boy lifted the couch and placed it at the table.

"Join me," gently urged the Prophet. "I remember when I was a lad in Tarsus, before I went down to study law in Jerusalem, we used to say of the mountain men, when they had broken bread and salt with us, they would be our friends forever, and never utter word, or think thought, against host or guest. A good rule, child."

Tears sprang to the lad's eyes; for what the Prophet had said was true, and recalled all the stern tradition of the mountain tribes, who dwelt in tents and roved the desert on camels.

"Let us bless God and give thanks," said the Master, bowing his head; and the boy understood neither the strange Deity to Whom thanks were given nor what there was for thanks in a prison-hut.

It must have been the white hair or the white beard; for tho the wick was guttering lower in the breccia lamp, that luminous look seemed to shine brighter and brighter round the figure of the Prophet. The boy could see his hands like hands of snow in the gathering dusk of the hut; and his brow shone with the radiance of the sun's white flame at dawn.

"Why did you wish to see Timothy?" he asked, as tho reading the lad's thoughts.

Thereat the youth's pent emotions of terror and despondency and fearful unknown danger broke in floods of speech.

"And oh, Master," cried the boy, finishing the narrative to the Idumean had forbidden him to tell and holding back nothing but his love for the Princess, "my Lord Julius says there is no escape from the power of Rome from Gaul to Ganges for a slave. Let me be your slave, oh, Master; Master, buy me and save me! I'll serve you as never Emperor was served in thought and speech and act! I'll serve you forever with no brand on my palms nor shoulders." And the little mountaineer, who never yet had bowed his head to earth as slave, fell at the old man's knees sobbing and would have placed the Prophet's foot on his neck.

"What was your merchant-master's name in Colossæ?"

"The Lord Philemon; and oh, my Master, I'll pay him back my price and all the money I stole to run away to Rome. I'll work my hands to the bone! I'll earn wages for my price by acting as runner between the poles for the great Romans in the villas here. I'll pay him back fourfold as the law demands. Only let me stay—keep me from the wolves of Rome—keep the Lord Julius from selling me to Nero's Palace, or tearing out my tongue for telling you, or flogging me five hundred bastinados on my feet for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

[1] This is the only point in the boy's story where there is any discrepancy between his experiences as told by himself and the sacred and profane writers of the period. It does not appear among the sacred writers whether the cornships carrying the Prophet at the various ports of call delayed long enough for the prisoners to have gone in to Antioch, as they did at all the other ports where Christians dwelt; but in the profane writers of Rome and Greece at the period 61 A. D. to 68 A. D. are abundant proofs of all the youth's adventures in Daphne's Gardens; and Bernice's record became an infamy in Rome.

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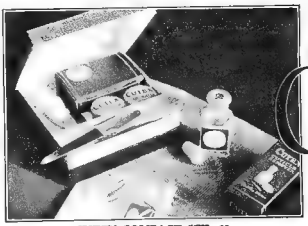

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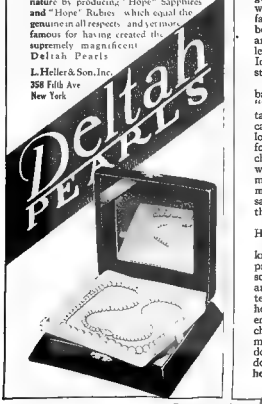

Neither Bond Nor Free

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

running away, or betraying me for telling of Bernice's kindness. I know not what I should or should not tell, nor why—"

"Ah, those crafty foxes of the Herod brood! 'Twas what Christ called them when they slew John for Salome's dance. She was of the same brood of vipers long ago; and the blood of a Herod runs true to color."

The Prophet's hands were over his eyes and he seemed to be thinking back long, long years. The hearth-fire guttered lower. The lamp-wick had burned almost to the edge of the oil, and still the Prophet's face shone with luminous radiance as of an inner white flame; and his hands looked like ethereal hands through which flamed an inner fire of the spirit in kindly deeds.

"Dear Master, let me be your slave——"

"Child, there are nor bond nor free in the Great Kingdom, which I serve; for neither life nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor heights, nor depths, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God."

"Nor bond nor free?" cried the little mountaineer. "Is there a kingdom in all the world where there are neither bond nor free?"

"The Kingdom is here and now," said the Prophet; and his brow shone with the radiance of moonlight on the snowy peaks of Lebanon.

"But, Sir," cried the boy, "they held me slave, and they hold you in bonds; for the King Agrippa told the Lord Julius——"

"Two bodies there are," answered the Prophet gently, "one terrestrial and one celestial—one that waxes old as a garment which one cast aside, and one that grows younger with fuller life as the years draw nearer to God; and neither life nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor any other creature than ourselves can place bonds upon that body. Like the air, which we do not see, but in which we live and move and have our being, that celestial body lives and moves and has its being in the love of God. Child, rejoice, rejoice, again I say rejoice, that the Glad News has come and the Kingdom is here—and now."

WHEN the Idumean returned, his mood seemed again gentler. He bade the boy fasten the wrist-gyves of the chain on the prisoner's left arm to his own right wrist, and to sleep on the floor, so that he as older man would not be troubled in his sleep by the clank of the chain when he tossed restlessly at night, as age is wont to do.

And when the boy wakened in the morning with the day-star shining through the lattice of the high window, he found his new Master had thrown over him, against the dank chill of the marshes at night, his own black gabardine doctor cloak of Damascus velvet. While the Idumean and the prisoner, chained up again at sunrise, took the air in parade before the barracks of the Pretorian guard, the boy went out the back door with a broom of brush and laid the breakfast on the rough board table. Then the bonds were unlocked from the guard's arm and the prisoner down to write letters, or receive visitors, and the old Idumean again posted himself on the stone bench in front of the hut.

When the lad came out the Idumean bade him sit by him and talk.

"The prisoner says he has arranged to take you for—by Jupiter—he wouldn't call you 'slave'—a queer lot these followers of Christus—he said he'd take you for his helper; he'd known your merchant-master as a friend in Colossæ and would take you for a pledge of what that merchant owed him. That's good Roman law. You're safe enough now. He said your new name must be Onesimus—the Helpful One."

"Why, that—is my very own name. How could he know?"

The Pretorian guard smiled. "He knows queer things in queer ways, this prisoner. Rome is full of magicians and sorcerers and soothsayers, mostly Greeks and Jews; but I never knew one could tell what he foretold about the storm, nor hold from mutiny two hundred and seventy prisoners swimming for freedom unchained in the open sea. What puzzles me is, when he has this power, why doesn't he use it to get himself his freedom instead of wasting two full years here babbling of the Glad News—Glad News—Glad News? News, indeed, 'twill be if Nero places all his tribe in the arena to feed the wild beasts! Why doesn't he use his power to build himself a fortune, and buy a kingdom as Herod did, and rule all Jewry? Then I'd follow him myself; for Rome is breaking up."

"What does he say when you ask him that?"

"Oh, folly, about a kingdom not made with hands; a kingdom of the soul. What's a soul to Roman legions? Sometimes, like Festus, I incline to think much learning hath made him mad——"

"I remember the very words—the very words he said at Cæsarea the day I saved the jewel on the chariot-course for Princess Bernice; and King Agrippa said, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.' You know the way the King Agrippa has, pretending to agree, to draw the adversary on——"

"And what said our Prophet to that?"

"He smiled that gentle, fearless way of his and said, 'I would thou wert such as I am,' and all his prison-chains rattled to the floor as he threw up his arm when he said that, and the great ones on the judgment-seat broke out in laughter. King Agrippa laughed the merriest of all; and the Princess whispered, 'The gods forbid.' What does he teach? What does he believe, Lord Julius?"

"How do I know?" answered the Idumean roughly. "He's always Glad News—Glad News—Glad News; Rejoice—Rejoice—Rejoice! One day it's 'Don't be insipid'—'Don't lose your salt'—'Never assume gloomy looks'—'Don't throw pearls to swine'—'Away with fear'—'Lead justice to victory'—and 'Laugh at the sting of death'; or else he tells these Jews of Rome, 'They are fat-heads and dull-wits and grass-hearts,' with which we Romans agree; or else 'The earth is an inn and death the eternal house to which he has the key to another house of many mansions'; or he quotes that old Job legend of the Arabs, about 'flesh renewed as a little child's,' but you should hear him when the young Timothy comes—it's 'Timothy, Son, beware the young widows.' That's what I call sense!

"It would be good advice to you next time a Princess with black eyes casts her net at a simpleton! He calls his Christus a Lamb of sacrifice for sin. That's queer; for I remember nearly forty years ago, when I was your age, I helped to crucify that Christus. Still it's not so different from the Sacred Bull of Egypt by which the priests get revenue, or the Sacred Lion of Chaldea, or Jupiter of our Sun Temples. Our Kings all get revenue by some religious trick hitched up to fear of some god—sun, or star, or love, or war! As I tell you, I'm a plain soldier. I can make nothing of it. I'm for the power of Rome, the power of Rome, the wealth of Rome; there is no power on earth can stand up against it."

The boy sat pondering. He couldn't forget that little blue flame above the desecrated altar of the plundered Temple, like the radiance of the Prophet's brow in the dark. Perhaps all eyes could not see that flame. Perhaps that was what had blinded the Prophet. He'd ask him about that.

AND so the Summer ran to Winter and the Winter to Spring again, when the emptied corn-ships went back to Greece and Egypt, laden with tin from Britain and hides from Gaul and copper from Spain.

The boy saw and pondered much. He was known now among the Jews of Rome as the adopted son of the prisoner. What passed between the boy and the Prophet, only God knows. They were as loving father and more loving son. The Prophet was restless when the boy was out of his sight; and the boy's eyes followed his Master with the mute love of a child for a saint. But fewer and fewer converts came to see the Prophet; for Nero's mood was darkening toward the new sect; and the believers were scattering to the hills and to the Isles of the Sea before the storm broke.

Only the gentle Greek physician, called Luke, kept coming; and one Mark, a deacon, who talked much of a great leader, Peter; and the young scribe, Timothy, grown more ethereal and frail as he added years; and a great one, called Epaphroditus, who was friend of many great ones, but led no sect for fear of his head. Once Epaphroditus came with a learned Jewish scholar called

CONTINUED ON PAGE 41

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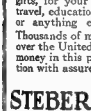

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Neither Bond Nor Free

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

Josephus, whose records may be read to this day. And he and the Prophet talked long and bitterly of the law, of the Roman rulers and armies in Judea. Like Epaphroditus, Josephus openly joined no sect that was cold or indifferent to Rome; but his beliefs may be read between the lines of all he wrote.

And once there came with Epaphroditus a strange, huge man clad all in white from Alexandria, followed by a caravan of camels that Roman rumor said had traversed all the world. His name was Apollos; and he joined the learning of the Persians to the learning of the Greeks; and had prophesied all that the prisoner told; and his writings, too, may be found to this day both among the Egyptians and the Persians. The Prophet and the huge man in white embraced like brothers; and all Rome went mad with the sensations of a day over what they called the Magian. Rome was more mad over his caravan of camels than about his doctrines.

Once the boy turned to his beloved patron: "Master," he said, "when you have power to save me, why do you not use your power to save yourself and flee from the dangers of Rome?"

"Because he that saveth his life shall lose it."

And that night, when he was writing a letter to Timothy, who was in Greece, to come to Rome, the boy heard the Prophet dictate the words, "I have fought a good fight—I have finished my course. . . . I have kept the faith." Why, the boy wondered, does he say he has finished his course?

When Timothy came to Rome the boy went in to his patron.

Again, the frogs were piping in the marshes. It was a fair evening in Spring. Again, the oleander- and the acacia- and the almond- and the apricot-bloom drugged the night with dreams. Again, the sun hung over the far sea in a warrior shield, and the dust from the chariot-wheels filtered the air with powdered gold. Again, the Spring Festival was over and all Rome seemed out-of-doors, afoot, on barge, on horseback, or in chariot, either going home to the hill towns of the poor, or down to the rich villas by the sea. Again, the bonfires burned on the hillsides with flamy eye, and gold-wheeled chariots flashed over the canal road in a smoke of dust. Again, the bargemen and sailors and slave rowers up from the corn-ships of Egypt on Naples Bay made the night ring with knavish revels in the water-front wine-shops; but tho the sun sank as golden on the waters and the stars came out as silver over the hills, the canal was no longer the happy thoroughfare of gay throngs in Spring under colored-silk awnings with Nubian slaves on the rowers' ivory benches; for a mute fear was settling over Rome as to what madness Nero would next pursue; and the great Senators and Generals no longer thronged to Rome. They had moved their families to their hillside estates and villas by the sea. The army and the loafers and the idle freedmen and the slaves openly ruled Rome. Nero could hold the loafers and the idle freedmen and the slaves with gifts of free corn and wild Bacchanalian festivals and gladiatorial combats and the baiting of captives taken in war by wild beasts; but all Rome was asking who was strong enough to rule the vast Imperial Army. Who would Vespasian, busy in the wars of Palestine, do when he came? What would Titus, over whom Bernice was casting her spider-net, do?

A PALL rested over the gaily colored Spring scenes of Rome. It was as if Vesuvius rumbled and darkened long before the lava-flow buried the beautiful villas in lakes of rock and fire.

So when Onesimus, the helper, had asked the prisoner-Prophet why he did not save himself by escaping from Rome, and had pondered the answer about those who save life losing life, and those losing life saving it, he came back in this Spring evening and stood timidly before the Prophet.

"My beloved Master, now that you have Timothy with you to write your letters, and the physician Luke to care for your body, would you miss me if I went back to Colosse?"

"I would miss you as I would a beloved son begotten of mine own flesh," said the prisoner gently. "Have you not cast out fear of all man can do unto you? Why do you wish to go to Colosse instead of carrying the Glad Tidings to your mountain people?"

"Oh, Master," Onesimus had fallen to his knees, with his face in the Prophet's hands, which he bathed in tears, "I fear not what all Rome can do unto me; for I have joined that Kingdom not made with hands; but I fear only the reproach of a good conscience and of my Lord of the Glad Kingdom. I have saved enough of my earnings to pay back the merchant Philemon fourfold the money I stole from him.[1] He bought me from King Agrippa for a price. I would go back, his slave, till your King gives me my freedom."

The Prophet's hands lifted and rested on the boy's hair, in the dark they shone with the luminous light of the stars on snow. His lips were moving—the boy heard him whisper—"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

THAT evening the Idumean of the Pretorian guards remained down at the water-front among the wine-shops, and the Prophet wrote far into the night. Onesimus would have written for him, for the prisoner's eyes had grown dimmer; but the Master said it was better this letter should be written privately; and he wrote it on a wax tablet with an onyx stylus to guide his failing sight. When he had finished he put the tablet in a parchment case sealed with wax and bade the boy give it to the merchant Philemon of Colosse. Then he embraced Onesimus and sent him to board the barges that would go down the canal to the corn-ships setting sail at daybreak for Grecian Asia.

Here briefly is what he wrote. You will find it exactly and fully as he wrote in the oldest record of documentary history in the world—the most widely circulated documents in the modern world and probably the least thoroughly read of all books in the world. Space permits only the briefest outline of the letter, the original of which any reader can compare in any language known in the world. Some few phrases differ according to the language, but the purport is the same in all; and the story is meticulously true in every essential, tho scholars and schools still quarrel over some dates and two or three names.

"——— to Philemon, our beloved and fellow worker, and to Apphia, our gracious lady . . . I had great joy and comfort in your love, because the hearts of God's people have been, and are, refreshed through you, my brother. . . . Therefore, tho I speak very freely, it is for love's sake I rather beg of you . . . I, . . . the aged and prisoner . . . write to entreat you on behalf of a child, whose father I have become in my chains. . . . I mean Onesimus, who was a bad bargain to you, but now, true to his name, has become a helpful one to us both.

"I am sending him back to you in his person, and it is as if I sent my own very heart. . . . I wished to keep him with me that he might minister to me in my old age and chains, but without your consent I would not; for I wanted it of your free will. . . . Receive him back no longer as a slave, but as brother, dear to me, but how much more to you, both as comrade, receive him as myself. . . . If he was ever dishonest, or is in your debt, charge me with the amount. Hold me responsible for the debt on your books. I pledge my signature. I will pay you in full. (I say nothing of the fact you owe me yourself the same amount.)

"Yes, beloved, do me this favor for our Lord's sake. Refresh my joy in Christ. . . . I write you in full confidence. . . . I know you will do more than I say . . . and provide accommodation for me; for I hope through your prayers I shall be free to come. . . . Greetings from my fellow prisoners . . . among whom are Mark . . . and Luke . . . May the graciousness of Christ be in the innermost soul of every one of you. . . ."

And tho they put the signatures to the letters first in these days, which was a better thing than our custom of having to read through a letter to know who wrote it, the name signed to that letter by a half blind little old man, ill, and so near death Nero's blade was already whetted for the sacrifice, with a chain on his arm in a prison-hut, was "Paul."

[1] The value of a slave at this time was about eighteen dollars of modern money, tho much more was paid for beautiful girl captives and young men who gave promise of becoming gladiators.

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A Gift to Yourself at Christmas

Are You Beautiful To-day, or Content to Wait Until To-morrow?

By Kathleen Eddy

IN THIS age of analysis and introspection upon all subjects there is one very important question to ask yourself. And it is necessary that you follow it to a conclusion, for by the conclusion you reach, as a woman of charm, you either rise or fall.

How do you feel about beauty?

That it is something to wear to parties or upon special occasion, like the obsolete (thank Heaven) company manners that were assumed when strangers came and it was necessary to try to create a good impression? Beauty is not that. That is why there is a deficit of it. Too many women let themselves look any old way to-day, but expect to take a fine plunge to-morrow or next week. Beauty is something to strive for every minute in the day, whether you are alone or with your family or expecting the handsomest man to ask you for a dance. It is necessary that you establish the habit of feeling your best all the time, and then you can not help looking your best.

Somewhere I read that health is an indication of will-power and determination. And as beauty can not exist without health and vitality it seemed to me that beauty might be substituted for health.

There are pretty women in great numbers in the world, but the woman of true beauty is not often seen. It is not of the face and figure alone; nor will expensive clothes, valuable allies tho they are in this important cause, make a woman beautiful. But health of mind and body and the resulting capacity to take life pleasantly instead of as something for which you are solely responsible—and which would go to the bad completely if you should leave off worrying about it—combined with careful study of yourself before the mirror, both eyes open for imperfections, will contribute much toward an understanding of the complex and elusive qualities that make up true beauty.

One of the great discoveries of the psychologist has been the amount of unreleased creative ability in practically every human being; but it hardly requires the work of an analyst to discover that great possibilities of beauty exist in all of us.

Some parents are so proud of their children that they praise them constantly and sometimes make them unbearably vain and conceited, while others err in the opposite direction and mention minor physical defects in their presence, or tease them about freckles or red hair, or something else equally natural and ordinary, with far-reaching consequences. Such children may develop into shy, self-conscious persons, and live their lives under the old childish impression that they are not like other persons, when they could be beautiful if they just would assert their independence and be.

Put Your Best Face Forward

A CAREFUL inventory of yourself may reveal hitherto unrecognized qualities and possibilities of charm which may be transformed into a distinctive type of beauty. With frequent shampooing and the use of a good brush five minutes a day your hair may become lovely instead of remaining forever just something to be dressed in the morning with the least possible effort. Creams and lotions will work wonders with face and hands if they are applied every day, and manicuring every few days will do still more for the latter.

A word about dress—there isn't space enough to say more. Style consists in wearing colors and lines that belong to individual types, not in slavishly following fashions without considering whether or not certain ones are becoming to you. It rests solely with you whether you make the best or the least of your natural equipment. But, aside from pleasing yourself, you will doubtless find that your family and friends will be moved to respond gratefully when you put your best face forward. In beauty, as in everything else, skill comes by practise. The holiday season offers an invitation to begin the practise if you happen to belong to the to-morrow group.

In some families there is the sensible custom of giving a Christmas present to oneself. For our friends we frequently select the things we would like for our own pleasure, but a happier thing to do is to discover something that we know is wanted, or something for which a friend would not be likely to spend money. This year why not be extravagant for your own pleasure and select some gifts for yourself?

Buy some of the cold-creams, powders, and perfumes that you have always passed by reluctantly. They come in attractive gift-boxes singly and in sets and are sure to be welcomed whether they remain on your own dressing-table or are tied up in tissue-paper and red seals and sent away to a friend. There are fragrant soaps, imported and domestic powders for every type of skin and variation of coloring, fluffy powder-puffs, perfumes in large bottles, small bottles, and bottles tiny enough for the hand-bag; talcum-powder, toilet-water, and sachet-powder, not forgetting the rouges, lip-sticks, eyebrow-pencils, and compact-powder in large and small cakes. Compact-powder is more convenient for the hand-bag than the puff and dry powder.

The difficulty will be in making your selection, not in finding something attractive to buy. There are cold-creams, vanishing-creams, face-lotions, manicure-sets, hair-nets, silk stockings, silk underwear; any or all of these things will serve as incentive to yourself, or any friend fortunate enough to be remembered, to grasp circumstance by the hand and be beautiful all day, every day.

The intelligent quest of beauty begins at your dressing-table; in the mirror, however, not in a bottle or a jar. It begins with a consideration of the way you think, the zest you have for life, the way you feel, the hours you sleep, the food you eat, the water you drink, the baths you take, and, above all, the air you breathe and the exercise you take. The wise woman will quickly realize the dependence of beauty upon health and build up her health until she has a superabundance of energy. A bright and shining eye will do much more to convince the world that she is beautiful and has personality than the most skilful application of cosmetics. Cosmetics are of value because they emphasize beauty. They can not create it.

A Brisk Walk on a Cold Day

YOU may say that exercise is all very well for mild weather but December is no time to talk about it. However, if you spend the glorious, invigorating days of Winter sitting in the house before the fire, consuming a lot of rich food, and shivering every time you glance out of the window, your account in Beauty's bank is very likely to be overdrawn. And do not imagine if you do your own housework that you are getting enough exercise. As a matter of truth, you may be getting too much. Too much of one kind and not enough of another. Try letting some of it go undone, if necessary, and go out for a long, brisk walk.

A sad thing happened to a friend of mine once upon a time. This woman suddenly discovered that her clothes were too small for her, or she was too large for her clothes; it doesn't really matter which. The scales registered and she grew more and more depressed. But she did all her own work, which she insisted was exercise enough for anybody, and she was an excellent cook, which may account for some of the extra pounds, so when she was through with her work, every day right after lunch she took a nap. No, she went to sleep. A nap of ten or fifteen minutes is one thing and a sleep of two hours is another. One is a friend to beauty and the other is not. An important rule to follow for health and beauty is complete relaxation some time during every day, including a few minutes' sleep; but it can be overdone. Don't be lazy.

Oh, yes, my friend was vain about her feet and simply couldn't abide walking-shoes. Oh, it was very sad. Of course, she couldn't walk in high-heeled, sharp-toed shoes and she had no other kind. I don't know what would have happened if sports clothes had not come into their own, but mercifully they did, and the overweight lady was clever enough to discover all by herself that sports clothes are youthful. So she just had to have shoes that were on speaking terms with her suit and gay scarf and hat. And what do you suppose happened? Before she realized it she could walk two miles and, more surprising still, she enjoyed it. She increased her distance, had less time to sleep, and less capacity for it; observing a few dietary don'ts, she was able once more to fit into her clothes. Fairy-stories always have happy endings, and while this is no fairy-story you see it has a happy ending.

Walking in the snow is one of the jolliest things in the world. Walking in the wind is not unpleasant if one is dressed for it. It is annoying to go out when every hair is in place and one's hat at the most becoming angle and be blown to pieces. That is nearly always fatal to one's disposition. But try a long brisk walk one day when you do not have to worry about your appearance and see if your relations with your mirror are not friendlier when you get home. A word of caution. It is quite serious to stroll leisurely along on such a day. You might freeze. Strike right out as if you had a destination. You really have, you know. Your own pink cheeks, red lips, and sparkling eyes at home in the mirror—when you return an hour later.

Do You Know How to Play?

THEN there are other things to do. When there is ice you can go skating. It is one of the most exhilarating of the Winter sports and is increasing in popularity every Winter. As in dancing, nearly all of the muscles are exercised, and by many it is preferred to dancing because it is done in the open air. You can also go coasting with the children, and a good time for all is hereby guaranteed. Tobogganing is a mild sport, but any exercise taken outdoors is beneficial. The circulation is stimulated by exposure to the cold air and in getting yourself and your toboggan up the hill again. Don't think that you have too much dignity for such childish pleasure. Anything that encourages you to play with enthusiasm will make you feel better and work better afterward.

The seasons have almost no consideration for our complexions. In the Summer we acquire freckles and sunburn. In the Winter the cold and wind will form tiny wrinkles if we go out without a protective application of vanishing-cream under the powder. Skin that is exposed constantly to the sun and wind becomes rough, coarse, and thickened, and altogether unsightly. This should not keep you indoors, however, for with a little regular attention your face can be kept soft and smooth. And the health and energy acquired outdoors in Winter are more than compensation for the extra care you must take to protect your face.

After exposure to the cold and wind a liberal and gentle application of cold-cream applied while the precious minutes of relaxation are taken will prevent any unpleasant roughness or lines. You will not find, however, unless your skin is excessively oily, that this application of cold-cream will be sufficient for the day. At night all the powder and dust should be removed with cream, the face washed with a mild soap and warm water, followed by a cold rinse, and be left perfectly clean while you sleep. All this may sound like a good deal of trouble, but if you want to be beautiful, to-day is the day to begin.

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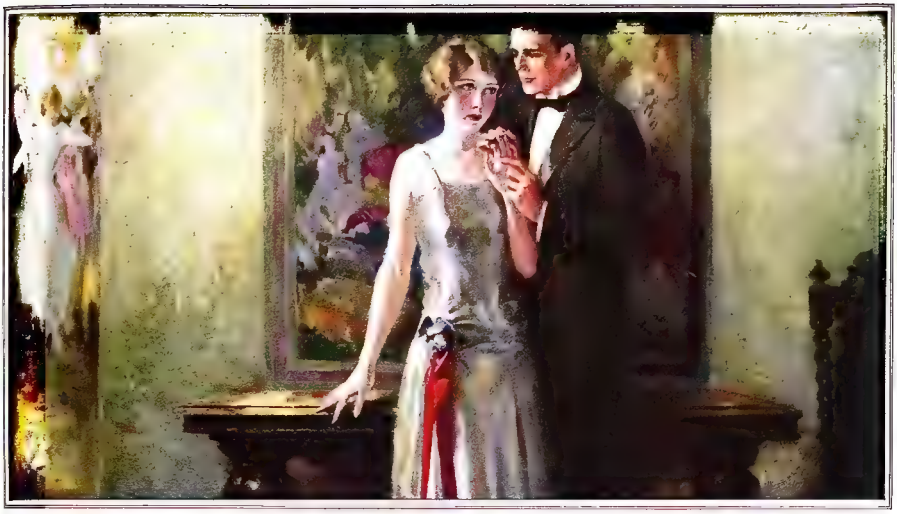

A girl's skin can be a constant humiliation to her—or it can be one of the loveliest things about her, so fresh and sweet that no one can see it and not admire it.

If you want to be attractive to other people—begin with your skin! Overcome its defects—learn to care for it in the way that will keep it flawlessly clear and smooth, with a fresh natural color. The satisfaction you will feel in having a beautiful complexion will more than repay you for the few minutes of regular care that you spend on it every day. . . .

Your skin can be as lovely as any woman's

—*if you give it the right care*

DON'T be a fatalist about your skin!

Don't say to yourself that you have a naturally poor complexion, just as some women have a naturally good complexion.

A poor complexion is never natural to anyone.

If there is something about your skin that keeps it from being attractive—if it is pale and sallow, or excessively oily, or disfigured with blackheads—with blemishes—then you can be sure that you are not giving your skin the right kind of care.

Begin now to overcome this condition! You *can* make your skin what you will, for each day it is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Give this *new skin* the special treatment it should have, and see how smooth and lovely you can keep it—how quickly the defects in it will disappear.

The following treatments have helped thousands of women to overcome two very common skin troubles—blackheads and blemishes—

A special treatment for blemishes

Just before retiring, wash your face with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

To keep your skin free from blackheads

Every night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed substitute a flesh brush for the wash cloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

The first time you use a Woodbury treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight* feeling. This means that your skin is responding in the right way to a more thorough and stimulating form of cleansing. After you have used the treatment once or twice, this drawn feeling will disappear, and you will begin to notice how much clearer and smoother your skin is becoming.

The treatments given on this page are only two of the famous skin treatments contained in the booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch"* which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. In this booklet you will find a special treatment for each different type of skin and its needs.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and begin to-night the right treatment for your skin! Within a week or ten days you will see a marked improvement.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular use, including any of the special treatments. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use. You can also get Woodbury's in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Three Woodbury skin preparations—guest size—for 10 cents

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
312 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 312 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Cut out this coupon and send it to us today

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Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

The Six Minute Breakfast

Two minutes to beat up a creamy batter of Pillsbury's Pancake Flour and water .... three minutes for the hot pan to puff them into delicate golden-brown cakes .... a minute to serve. First put on your pan or griddle. While it heats, add water or milk to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour .... and your batter is done. Grease your hot pan a bit and pour it in.

Let the provoking aroma of good pancakes greet a man in the morning .... let him sit down to a plate of tempting, golden-brown Pillsbury's pancakes, while he hears his next plateful sizzling in the pan, and his day's as good as made.

Not only because they're completely satisfying, but because they're wholesome and substantial .... real food. Pillsbury quality ingredients, including the finest flours, mixed and sifted, make pancakes that really satisfy your pancake hunger.

Just a postcard request will bring "Better Pancakes and How to Make Them," a little book of helpful recipes.

Pillsbury's Buckwheat Pancake Flour makes equally delicious cakes with a real old-fashioned buckwheat flavor

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS, U. S. A.

Make This Test Yourself

Pour a little Pillsbury's Pancake Flour into your hand. Note the creamy-white color, due to Pillsbury's high-grade flours. Rub it with your finger—see how *smooth* it is—its fine velvety texture. Now you know why Pillsbury's makes such perfect pancakes.

One of the family—

Pillsbury's Family of Foods:

Pillsbury's Best Flour · Pancake Flour · Buckwheat Pancake Flour
Health Bran · Wheat Cereal · Rye Flour · Graham Flour · Farina

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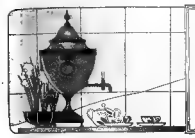
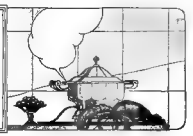


THE HOME BUREAU

Conducted by Marie Sellers



Out-of-the-Kitchen Gifts for Christmas

By Jenoise Brown Short and Gladys Beckett Jones

A BUCKETFUL OF LOLLYPOPS

WHEN planning for Christmas do not forget the possibilities of your own kitchen, for there can be made unique and most acceptable Christmas gifts which carry the personal touch that your friends will appreciate.

"Merry Christmas to the Johnsons from all the Sawyers" was written on the card attached to a basket of home-made delicacies very much like the one pictured here. The senders happened to know a particular favorite of each member of the Johnson household and so the basket catered to a special taste of every one and also held several general favorites. Best of all, it was a true family gift, for the children all did their part in making the good things and packing the basket. There was a fruit-cake and a plum pudding, and a can of especially choice fruit, a jar each of jelly, conserve, and marmalade, a box of home-made candies and Christmas cookies, and one of glacéd fruit and nuts, as well as a jar of several kinds of salted nuts.

The children gave up their customary individual gifts to their neighbors and made their contribution to the basket both in money and in time. They covered with gay paper small boxes for the candy. Other boxes were wrapped in red, white, or green tissue-paper and tied with bright ribbons. The fruit-cake and plum pudding were first covered with wax-paper and then wrapped in the silver paper which comes in large sheets.

If you are thinking of an "out-of-the-kitchen present" for the child who is old enough to have some simple candy, we suggest a pail of lollypops or other easily made candy. When a present like this is given, the child has something left after the candy is gone, and he is delighted. Always wrap the lollypops in wax-paper before sending.

It is not very difficult to make and pack a handsome box of home-made candies, and we find that such a present is always appreciated. You will be amply repaid if you will give some care to the selection of the box, for if your choice is a wise one it can be used for a sewing-box or a decorative candy-box.

The five-pound box of home-made candy, nuts, and fruit shown in the picture cost just $2.85. This amount includes the price of the box. It is packed with salted almonds, caramel nut rolls, Russian Penuchi, mint patties, Turkish Delight, stuffed dates, and fruit paste. The box is packed so that each section offers a contrast in color and shape to the one next. The mint patties were dropped into shallow paper cups when they were made, and the Turkish Delight packed in small fluted paper cases.

Stuffed Dates

2 Pounds Dates
¼ Pound Pecan-meats
Granulated Sugar

WASH and dry the dates. Remove the seeds. Put aside about two-thirds of the dates for stuffing (select the largest and best). Put the remainder through the food-chopper and fill the dates reserved for stuffing with the ground fruit. Embed half of a pecan in the top of each date and roll in granulated sugar.

Fruit Paste

1 Pound Dates
1 Pound Dried Figs
1 Pound Walnut-meats
¼ Pound Candied Cherries
Confectioners' Sugar

WASH and dry the dates and figs. Seed the dates and pick over the figs. Mix the fruit with the nut-meats, and put all through the food-chopper, using the coarse cutter. Then knead the mixture well to blend the fruit and nuts. Sprinkle a molding-board with confectioners' sugar and roll the mixture out in a sheet one-fourth inch thick. Cut in squares, or shape with small round or fancy-shaped cutters. Sprinkle each piece with confectioners' sugar. Shake to remove any surplus sugar.

Orange Turkish Delight

½ Ounce Granulated Gelatin
½ Cupful Cold Water
2 Cupfuls Granulated Sugar
½ Cupful Boiling Water
Grated Rind and Juice of 1 Orange
Juice of 1 Lemon
¾ Cupful Nut-meats, Chopped or Cut in Pieces
Confectioners' Sugar

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water for twenty minutes. Put the sugar and boiling water in a saucepan and bring to the boiling-point. Add the gelatin, which has been soaked, and simmer for twenty minutes. Add the remaining ingredients, and pour into a pan which has been rinsed with cold water. Make the candy about one inch thick. When cold cut in squares and roll in confectioners' sugar.

Agar-agar is often used in place of gelatin in this kind of candy. Instead of the flavoring suggested, oil of peppermint, lime, cinnamon, clove, or lemon may be used and the desired coloring added. The nuts are often omitted.

Brownies

2 Squares Bitter Chocolate
½ Cupful Butter or Margarin
1 Cupful Sugar
2 Eggs
½ Cupful Pastry Flour (Sifted)
¾ Cupful Walnut Meats, Chopped or Cut in Pieces
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla

MELT the chocolate and the butter together over hot water and allow the mixture to cool. Add the sugar and the eggs, which have been well beaten. Then add the flour, nuts, and vanilla. Pour into well-greased shallow pans, having the mixture about one-half inch deep, or bake in shallow paper baking-cups. Bake thirty to forty minutes in a slow oven (260 to 280 degrees F.). If baked in a sheet cut in squares as soon as done.

THIS CANDY ASSORTMENT FROM A HOME KITCHEN HAS A TRUE PROFESSIONAL TOUCH

Fruit-Cake

1 Pound Butter or Margarin
1 Pound Light-brown Sugar
9 Eggs
1 Pound Flour
1 Teaspoonful Mace
2 Teaspoonfuls Cinnamon
1 Teaspoonful Soda
2 Tablespoonfuls Milk
2 Pounds Currants
2 Pounds Raisins, Seeded and Finely Chopped
½ Pound Candied Cherries, Cut in Thin Slices
1 Pound Citron, Thinly Sliced and Cut in Strips
¼ Pound Almonds, Blanched and Shredded

CREAM the butter, and add the sugar gradually. Beat well. Separate the yolks from the whites of the eggs. Beat the yolks until thick and lemon-colored, and the whites until stiff and dry. Add the yolks and whites to the sugar-and-butter mixture. To this add the remaining ingredients, the flour having been mixed and sifted with the cinnamon, mace, and soda. Mix thoroughly. Put in deep pans which have been buttered, or lined with a layer of glazed Manila paper, over which is put a layer of wax-paper. Do not fill the pans more than two-thirds full. If the cakes are to be baked in the oven cover with a buttered paper; if they are to be steamed (this method is considered most desirable) put a layer of wax-paper over the top of each pan, then one of Manila paper, and lastly a piece of cheese-cloth. Tie this down over the top of the pan with a piece of white string. The cheese-cloth absorbs the excess moisture. Bake in a slow oven (275 to 300 degrees F.) or steam for four hours. Do not remove the paper from the sides and bottom of the cake. Dry off any excess moisture from the cakes, which have been steamed, by putting them in a warm oven with the door open. Let the cakes stand overnight on a cake-cooler before doing this.

FILLED FROM THE JAM CLOSET

Russian Penuchi

1 Cupful Condensed Milk
1 Pound Brown Sugar
¼ Cupful Butter
1½ Teaspoonful Vanilla
½ Pound Pignolia or Piñon-nuts

WASH, dry, and crisp the nuts in a warm oven. Put the milk, sugar, and butter in a saucepan, and cook, stirring constantly until a temperature of 236 degrees F. (soft-ball stage) is reached. Remove from the fire, and when lukewarm beat until thick and creamy. Add the vanilla and nut-meats, and after mixing thoroughly pour into pans which have been slightly greased. When cold cut in squares.

Cranberry Conserve

1 Quart Cranberries
1½ Cupful Water
½ Pound Raisins
Juice 1 Orange
1½ Pound Sugar
1 Cupful English Walnut-meats, Chopped or Cut in Pieces

WASH the cranberries. Cook them in the water until the berries burst. Press through a sieve. Add all the other ingredients except the nuts, and cook slowly about twenty-five minutes, or until the mixture is thick. Add the nut-meats five minutes before the conserve is done. Pour into sterilized glasses or jars, and seal.

Plum Pudding

1 Pound Raisins
1 Pound Currants
½ Pound Candied Orange-peel
½ Pound Citron
½ Pound Finely Chopped Suet
½ Pound Dry Bread-crums
8 Eggs
¼ Pound Flour
½ Pound Brown Sugar
½ Tablespoonful Nutmeg
1 Tablespoonful Cinnamon
¼ Teaspoonful Allspice
1 Cupful Liquid: ½ Cupful Cold Coffee, ½ Cupful Fruit Juice

WASH and dry the currants and raisins. Cut the citron and orange-peel into very small pieces. Stone the raisins if necessary and cut up if desired. Add the chopped suet. Mix all the dry ingredients together. Beat the eggs and pour over them. Add the liquid. Pack into greased molds, filling them about two-thirds full; cover, and steam for six hours. When ready to serve steam three hours longer.

CRÊPE PAPER GIVES A FESTIVE AIR TO THIS SIMPLE BASKET

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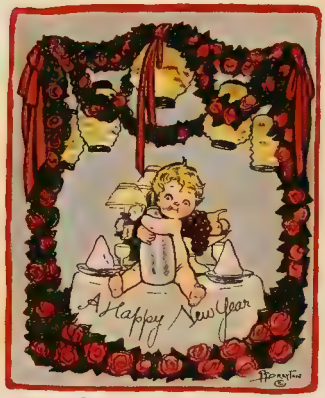
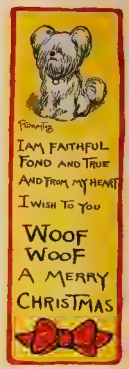
Dolly Dingle's Christmas Cards

Drawings by
GRACE G. DRAYTON





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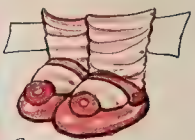
Dolly Dingle's Cousin Peggy Anne

Drawings by
GRACE G. DRAYTON



SLIPPERS FOR PARTY

PEGGY ANNE TAKES XMAS CHEER TO THE POOR CHILDREN.

GG DRAYTON ©

XMAS PARTY DRESS

PEGGY ANNE

THE NEW BABY DOLL

BUNNY PANTIES AND WHAT SANTY CLAUS LEFT PEGGY-ANNE

GIVES PRESENTS OF LOVE ALL YEAR ROUND

Dear Children—
I have a little grand-niece Peggy Anne Huber she is also my Godchild—
We both wish you all a merry Christmas & a joyful New Year
Lovingly
Fran G Drayton

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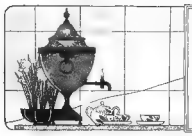
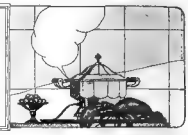


The HOME BUREAU



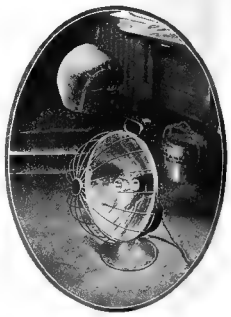
The Electric Present Is Sure of a Warm Welcome on Christmas Morning

A FEW years ago a society was organized for the prevention of useless Christmas gifts. This is the time of year when we spend more money than at any other, and why not express the Christmas spirit in gifts that are good investments? There are so many practical, small electrical devices to be found that it is not difficult to buy wisely.

The first cup of tea is seldom enough. With an electric kettle, such as is shown on the tea-wagon above, for heating water at the table, you may have a fresh supply of tea in the making without a trip to the kitchen.

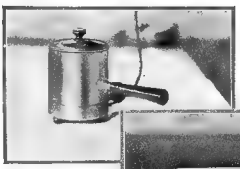
WHILE just at the moment the grill (above) is concerned with making pancakes for breakfast, it has other accomplishments, for on it one can cook vegetables, make toast, fry potatoes, fry or broil a chop, and even make a delicious omelet. This grill is designed for a lamp-socket attachment so that it needs no special connection.

A coffee-percolator of the urn type is especially attractive when one is entertaining.

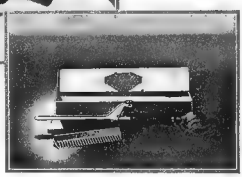


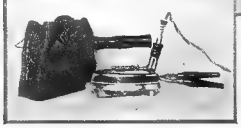
CHRISTMAS shopping is not so difficult when we let our minds take a practical turn to gifts which will figuratively and literally warm the heart. When the first cool days come before the furnace-fires are started, and after they are out in the Spring, some kind of heater is a real necessity. This electric one can easily be carried from one room to another, and changes the temperature very quickly.

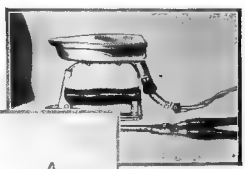
For heating the bathroom during the baby's bath it is ideal. It takes up but little room and is easily disposed of when not in use.



THIS hot-water heater is especially intended as a part of the bathroom equipment. Such a device is useful when really hot water is needed and saves many a trip to the stove. When the hot-water faucet runs cold the man of the house appreciates this way of getting warm water for his morning shave.





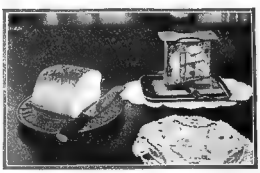


A SMALL iron (like the one shown here) would be a welcome gift for the traveler or for the bachelor girl who has to keep all her personal belongings in one room. It is very light and fits neatly into its special bag. It heats a curling-iron and, when turned upside down, serves as a miniature stove for heating or cooking.

ANY woman who curls her own hair will appreciate an electric curling-iron such as is shown in the photograph at the left. This one has some special advantages. When it wears its shield it is like an ordinary curling-iron; when the shield is removed you have a "waver-rod" to make the round curled wave. The aluminum comb attachment which slips over this rod is used for drying the hair. This is a great convenience for the woman who is traveling, for it will fit nicely into a bag or trunk.

NOT only the invalid but the well person frequently takes comfort in an electrically heated warming-pad such as is shown at the left. This one is very accommodating and has three heats, so that it is easy to adjust to one's feelings.

Once the slices of bread are in place in this electric toaster, shown at the right, they are not touched again until ready to come out nicely browned. The toaster is so constructed that the frames which hold the slices can be turned around, and the flat top will keep several slices hot until ready to serve.



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Science Finds Health in Plain Gelatine

SCIENCE has recently made some very remarkable discoveries about the important health value of plain, edible gelatine in the daily diet.

Tests extending over a period of years clearly prove that it has a most effective colloidal action in softening and emulsifying other foods in the stomach—which means that dishes prepared with Knox Sparkling Gelatine—the purest form of plain, edible gelatine—are a positive aid in the digestion of other foods. This is of great importance to those troubled with indigestion.

To Make Children Sturdy

Sherman, the noted authority on nutrition, in his book, "Chemistry of Food and Nutrition," shows that plain, edible gelatine is rich in Lysine, nature's growth-promoting element. Knox Sparkling Gelatine is therefore highly beneficial in the diet of children, and especially so for children who do not properly respond to nourishment. This is of particular interest to mothers who want their children to grow rosy-cheeked and sturdy.

In the Diet of Invalids and Convalescents

These discoveries about gelatine are of incalculable value, the diet of invalids and convalescents, not only because of the health-giving properties of the gelatine itself but because, as a purveyor of milk, eggs, fruit juices, vegetables, and other wholesome foods, it adds variety and palatability to what would otherwise be a monotonous diet.

When it is remembered that the almost endless dishes easily prepared with

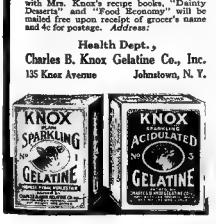
KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

are so good that the mere sight of them tempts the appetite, these scientific discoveries become of the utmost importance to everyone, not only for their value in regulating the ordinary diet, but in infant feeding, indigestion, acid stomach, malnutrition, and a host of other disorders.

FREE—To Every Reader

A digest of the Scientific Investigation on the Health Value of Knox Gelatine together with Mrs. Knox's recipe books, "Dainty Deserts" and "Food Economy" will be mailed free upon receipt of grocer's name and 4c for postage. *Address*

Health Dept.,
Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
135 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.



Christmas Sweets of Fruits and Nuts

By Henrietta Jessup

CANDY-MAKING is as much a part of the Christmas celebration for many of us as the trimming of the Christmas tree. Home-made sweets, especially fruit and nut preparations, are always popular, and furnish a generous reward for the trouble in preparing them. Even tho new ideas are always coming to the front the fruit and nut confections will always hold their own.

The following recipes offer both novelties and old standbys in preparing and combining fruit and nut confections.

Glacéd Pineapple

Pineapple	Water	Pineapple-juice	Sugar

REMOVE the skin and eyes from a pineapple not overripe. Cut the fruit in slices, discarding the core. Put the slices in enough boiling water to cover, and simmer till tender but firm. Make a sirup of the pineapple-juice, water, and sugar, allowing a cupful of liquid to two cupfuls of sugar. Pour over the pineapple. Cover and let stand overnight. Pour off the sirup and cook until it threads. Pour over the pineapple slices. Reheat the sirup and fruit to the boiling-point. Remove from the fire when the sirup threads on the fruit. Put on oiled paper and dry in the sun or on the back of the stove.

Fruit Dulce

1 Cupful Figs	2 Tablespoonfuls Lemon-juice
¾ Cupful Nuts	Powdered Sugar
½ Cupful Crystallized Ginger	Shredded Coconut

COMBINE the figs, nuts, and ginger and put through a food-chopper. Stir in the lemon-juice. Then knead into a paste on a board dredged with powdered sugar. Roll thin and cut into inch squares. Put together in layers of three, sprinkling the coconut between the layers. Put in a cool place till firm.

Fruit Dainties

1 Cupful Figs	2 Tablespoonfuls Lemon-juice
1 Cupful Dates	½ Cupful Candied Orange-peel
1 Cupful Sultana Raisins	
¾ Cupful Nut-meats	

PUT the ingredients through a meat-chopper, adding the lemon-juice. Roll out the mixture to about one-half inch on a board sprinkled with sifted powdered sugar. Cut in squares. Roll in the powdered sugar.

Fig Favorites

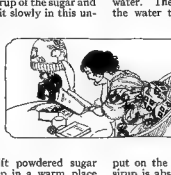
1 Cupful Sugar	¼ Teaspoonful Cream of Tartar
¼ Cupful Water	¾ Cupful Figs

BOIL the sugar and water together without stirring until it is light brown in color. Then stir in the cream of tartar just before removing from the fire. Have the figs washed and cut in pieces. Lay them on a buttered pan and pour candy over them. Cut in squares.

Candied Fruits

Any Fruit Desired	1 Cupful Granulated Sugar
1 Cupful Water	Powdered Sugar

SELECT firm and not overripe fruit—pineapple, peaches, cherries, small pears, etc. Make a sirup of the sugar and water. Cook the fruit slowly in this until it is tender but firm. Then lay the fruit on a strainer to drain, having only one layer of fruit. Dip the strainer quickly into hot water. Then lay it on a platter on back of the stove or in the sun to dry. When thoroughly dried out sift powdered sugar over the fruit. Keep in a warm place until perfectly dry.



Apricot Surprize

2 Cupfuls Apricot Pulp or Juice	2 Tablespoonfuls Gelatin
2 Tablespoonfuls Lemon-juice	¼ Cupful Cold Water
1 Cupful Sugar	½ Cupful Boiling Water

PUT the apricot pulp or jam through a sieve or a vegetable-ricer. Add the sugar and cook about eight minutes or until the sugar is dissolved. Soak the gelatin in the cold water about ten minutes. Then add the boiling water to the apricot mixture. Stir well. While boiling hot stir in the gelatin and lemon-juice. Pour into a shallow pan well dredged with sifted granulated sugar. Chill, and when firm cut into squares or any desired shape. Sprinkle with sugar.

Peanut Paste

1 Cupful Peanut Butter	2 Cupfuls Sultana Raisins
½ Cupful Powdered Sugar	Granulated Sugar
	½ Teaspoonful Vanilla

CHOP the fruit fine or put through a food-grinder. Mix the peanut butter and powdered sugar together. Then stir in the fruit and vanilla. Make into balls the size of a walnut and roll in granulated sugar.

Nut and Fruit Candy

2 Cupfuls Candied Prunes	½ Cupful Candied Cherries
1½ Cupful Walnut-meats	2 Tablespoonfuls Lemon-Juice
1 Cupful Dates	Grated Rind of 1 Lemon

CHOP the fruit and nuts fine. Then work into a smooth paste, stirring in the lemon-juice and grated rind. Roll out thin on a board dredged with powdered sugar. Cut into squares and sprinkle with sugar.

Nut Squares

2 Tablespoonfuls Gelatin	2 Tablespoonfuls Lemon-juice
¼ Cupful Cold Water	4 Tablespoonfuls Nut-meats (Chopped Fine)
1 Cupful Sugar	4 Tablespoonfuls Orange-juice
¾ Cupful Hot Water	Grated Rind of 1 Orange

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water. Chop the nuts fine or put through a meat-chopper. Add the fruit-juices and grated orange-rind. Make a sirup of the sugar and hot water and cook till it threads. Remove from the fire and add the gelatin and nut mixture. Return to the fire and boil about ten minutes, stirring constantly over a moderate heat. Then remove from the fire and add nut-meats and grated rind.

Creamed Cherries and Nuts

1 Egg White (Unbeaten)	1 Cupful Nut-meats
1 Tablespoonful Cold Water	1 Cupful Maraschino Cherries
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla	1¼ Cupful Confectioners' Sugar

ADD the water and vanilla to the unbeaten egg white. Work the confectioners' sugar into this gradually until it is a stiff paste. Have the nut-meats chopped fine and the cherries cut in small pieces. Stir these into the first mixture. Knead and roll out to about one-fourth inch thick and cut in bars. This cream may be used as a filling for dates also.

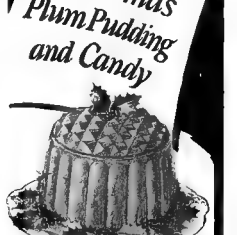
Candied Grapefruit- or Orange-Peel

SELECT thick-skin grapefruit. The half grapefruit-shells can be used to advantage in this recipe. Grate the outer skin lightly—just enough to break the oil-cells. Cut the skin in half-inch strips with a pair of scissors. Put them in a saucepan and cover them with cold water. Then bring to a boil, changing the water three times after they have come to a boil each time. Drain. Cover with a sirup made of equal parts of sugar and water.

Boil for about one and one-half hour. Then remove from the fire and let stand in the sirup overnight. In the morning put on the stove and boil until all the sirup is absorbed. Spread on a platter or dish and leave several hours in the sun or a dry place until the peel is dry on the outside but juicy and soft within.

Roll in powdered sugar (this is better than confectioners' sugar). An attractive confection can be made by cutting the peel in squares in place of strips and treating it in the same way; and place half a pecan-nut on each piece after it has been rolled in the sugar.

A wonderful Christmas Plum Pudding and Candy



THEY are easily and quickly made and a delicious ending to the hearty Christmas dinner. Other SPECIAL recipes for Christmas Desserts and Candies will be sent upon request.

Chocolate Plum Pudding

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine	
1 cup cold water	1 cup seeded raisins
1 pint milk	½ cup dates
1 cup sugar	½ cup nuts
1½ squares chocolate	½ cup currants
½ teaspoon vanilla	3 egg whites
	salt

Soften gelatine in cold water 10 minutes. Melt chocolate with part of the sugar; add a little milk, making a smooth paste. Put milk in double boiler. When hot, add melted chocolate, sugar, salt and soaked gelatine. Remove from fire; when mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla, fruit and nut meats, chopped and lastly fold in beaten egg whites. Turn into wet mold decorated with whole nut meats and raisins. Chill. Remove to serving dish and garnish with holly. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla, or with a currant jelly sauce.

THIS Knox Gelatine Candy, placed in an attractive box, tied with the Christmas colors and decorated with a bit of holly makes a most acceptable gift for your friends.

Christmas Candy Supreme

1 level tablespoon Knox Sparkling Gelatine	
2 squares chocolate	
3 cups sugar	½ cup Sultana raisins
1 cup sour cream	½ cup candied cherries
½ cup chopped English walnut meats	
½ teaspoonful cinnamon	Pinch salt

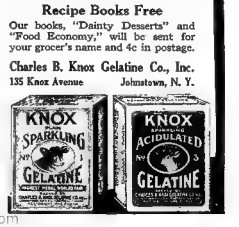
Soak gelatine in 2 tablespoons cold water 10 minutes. Melt chocolate in saucepan placed in larger saucepan containing boiling water. Add sugar and sour cream alternately while stirring constantly. Bring to boiling point and let boil until mixture forms a soft ball when tried in cold water. Remove from fire, add gelatine, and when dissolved, add cinnamon, raisins, cherries (cut small) and nut meats. When partially cool, beat until creamy and turn into buttered tins, having mixture about 1¼ inches deep. Cool, remove from pan; cut in slices for serving.

Note: If sour cream is not available, use 1 cup of milk and ½ tablespoonful butter.

Recipe Books Free

Our books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," will be sent for your grocer's name and 4c in postage.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
135 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.



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PINEAPPLE SAUCE

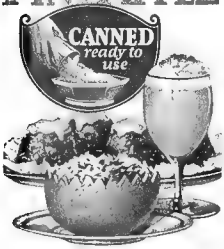
fruit-health for growing bodies

Childhood days. Restless days. Days of active bodies and keen appetites.

Keep them in trim for their play-world. Serve healthful foods, yet foods they like. For instance, Pineapple Sauce (Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple just as it comes from the can).

Hundreds of other ways to serve Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, too. For instance, those below. Ask your grocer for Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple—today!

Crushed HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



(Clip and paste in your recipe book)

PINEAPPLE ORANGE CUP: Cut 3 large oranges in halves and remove pulp. Cut edges in tea-w teeth. Peel and dice 1 large banana. Mix banana, orange pulp cut in pieces and 1 cup Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Heap in orange cups.

PINEAPPLE EGG NOG: Beat the yolk of 1 egg slightly, add ½ teaspoon salt, ½ tablespoon powdered sugar and ½ cup of syrup drained from Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Mix in ½ of the stiffly beaten egg white and heap remainder of white on top.

CALIFORNIA SALAD: Soak 2 tablespoons gelatine in ¼ cup cold water. Add 1 cup syrup drained from Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple to ½ cup hot water. Bring to the boiling point and add gelatine, stirring until dissolved. Add ¼ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt and the juice of 1 lemon and cool. Add 3 oranges cut in pieces and 1 cup drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Pour into mold. When firm serve with mayonnaise.

PINEAPPLE PANCAKES: Mix and sift 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, and 4 teaspoons baking powder. Add 1 beaten egg mixed with 1¼ cups milk, 1 cup Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and 1 tablespoon melted fat. Bake on a hot greased griddle.

PINEAPPLEADE: Mix 1 cup water and ½ cup sugar, boil 10 minutes and chill. Add 1 cup ice water, 2 cups of the syrup drained from Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and ½ cup lemon juice.

Send Coupon for Other Recipes—

Dept. 69, Ass'n of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners
451 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California

Please send me, free of charge, your new book, "Ninety-nine Tempting Pineapple Treats."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Luncheon Before the Game

Individual Trays for Each Card-Table Simplify the Serving Problem

By Edna Sibley Tipton

A BRONZE CANDLESTICK WITH A RED CANDLE MAKES A CHRISTMASSY CENTER DECORATION FOR THE TRAY

I CAN never eat any dinner after a bridge-party or a meeting of the club," said a pretty young thing a few weeks ago as she consumed first a delicious salad, then ice-cream and coffee.

"Nor I!" came the echo from every part of the room. "And it makes my husband furious when he has to eat alone!" added one of the number.

"Girls! I'll tell you! Let's try out the luncheon plan at our club-meetings! Not the kind that becomes a banquet, but the light refreshments we serve at the *end* of a party—salad, rolls, coffee, tea, or chocolate, and a dessert. It would be no more trouble at the beginning of a party than at the end, and it would leave us appetites for our evening meal. Serve it on card-tables, on large wicker, bamboo, or brass trays, just as we do in the late hours, and after the trays are removed we will be ready for the game. And let's fine any one who serves more than the quota allowed."

Thus spoke up an inspired member, and her "move" was carried. It led to the establishment of a custom that is becoming more popular daily among women with servants as well as those without.

At first women object to the idea of giving guests so little to eat at the noon-day meal, but after testing out the plan and finding how much they love these light luncheons, which leave them with a comfortable instead of an overstuffed feeling, they wonder why they never thought of adopting them long ago.

The hostess who has no maid places upon the bridge-tables first the covers to be used during the afternoon's games, and on top of these and completely covering them she puts large trays centered by a vase or basket of flowers, salt and pepper, silver, napkins, cups and saucers, glasses, and individual plates of salad with the accessories accompanying them, nuts, and candy. On the buffet she arranges cake, coffee in an electric percolator, and a dessert, already served into individual dishes, unless it be ice-cream or an ice.

Before seating themselves the guests are asked to take their cups to the buffet and serve themselves with coffee, sugar, and cream.

At the conclusion of the salad course either the hostess or the guests remove the salad-plates to a tea-wagon or a side-table and serve themselves dessert.

The meal over, the hostess takes the trays to the pantry or kitchen, and the afternoon's amusements are begun without fuss or flurry.

If one does not have large trays the same idea of easy service may be carried out by having the various card-tables set with everything except dessert, and the buffet supplied as previously described. The tea-wagon near by, upon which to remove used dishes and on which to carry the dessert to each table, is a convenience that can not be overlooked by the would-be-efficient hostess.

This latter service entails a bit more trouble because the table has to be "clothed" in two different "dresses"—the luncheon-cloth and later the card-table cover.

But whichever you use, you will find the "light-refreshment luncheon" a wonderful substitute for the "dinner-appetite-spoiler" so often served at the end of afternoon affairs!

Suggestions for decorations, prizes, favors, and methods of card-party entertaining for the Winter months are as follows:

December

THEME: CHRISTMAS DAY

CARD-TABLE covers in green, with holly-sprays in corners. Score-pad covers to match. Christmas trees, Santas, or stockings in cardboard for tallies. Center decoration of refreshment-tray may be a bronze candlestick holding a red candle and decorated with holly, as shown in the illustration; vases of mistleton or bowls of it, small poinsettia-plants, miniature Christmas trees. Prizes, stockings, candles, poinsettia-plants, table-bells, book-ends.

January

THEME: NEW-YEAR'S DAY

CARD-TABLE covers of unbleached muslin having sun-dial design in one corner, hour-glass in another. Score-pads, sheets from a calendar. Prizes, diary, "kitchen diary," a recipe calendar or other type of calendar, a budget-book. Tally-cards in shape of hour-glass, engagement-books, or sheets from a desk calendar.

February

THEMES: LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY, ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, OR ALL THREE DATES AT ONE AFFAIR

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY—Card-table and score-pad covers "log-cabin" shade. Tallies in shape of log cabins. Refreshment-tray center decoration a small log cabin or an imitation one made of small books or toasted bread - sticks. Prizes, old - fashioned candle-holders, candle-snuffers, candles, books.

St. Valentine's Day—Dove-gray table and score-pad covers. Tally-cards picturing "love-birds," tulips, lovers. Valentines may be used also. Prizes, "love-birds," real ones or done in silver; tulip-plants, heart-shaped pins, heart-shaped boxes of flowers or candies.

Washington's Birthday—Gingham table and score-pad covers. For Colonial days: Colonial Dame tally-cards. Prizes, Colonial door-stops, "knockers," candles, Colonial lamp, Colonial phone girl, "fire-place fixings," Colonial girl candy- or powder-jar top, candle-snuffers.

RUST CRAFT *Greeting Gifts*

Add Your Card and Send—

That's all. Rust Craft Gifts are complete, and the verse on the cover gives promise of the gift within. There are so many from which to choose that there is one to please everyone on your Christmas List. The few illustrated here will suggest to you the variety that you will find at your regular stationery, book, or department store—also in art and gift shops. Write us for 36-page free booklets, illustrated in eleven colors. (Prices quoted are east of Rockies.) We sell no goods at retail.

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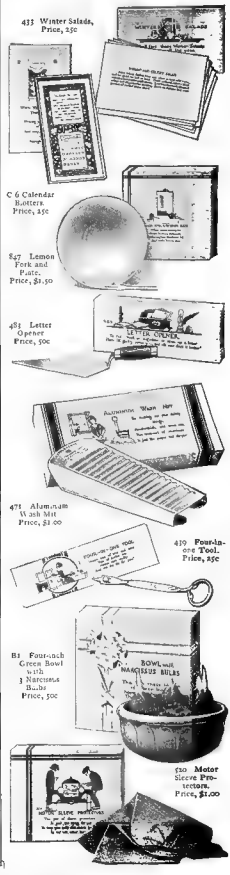
433 Winter Salads, Price, 25c
C 6 Calendar Rotters, Price, 25c
847 Lemon Fork and Paste, Price, $2.50
483 Letter Opener Price, 50c
LETTER OPENER
471 Aluminum Wash Mitt Price, $2.00
470 Four-in-one Tool, Price, 85c
82 Four-inch Green Bowl with 3 Narcissus Bulbs
BOWL OF NARCISSUS BULBS
530 Motor Sleeve Protectors, Price, $1.00

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A kitchen really furnished!

— to save your time and strength and be a pleasant, restful place to work

In the old days, the kitchen was the "drudgery" room. Big, bare, uninteresting, it offered nothing to ease the work or satisfy the eye.

But it is different now. Kitchens have changed their character. There is a new appreciation for the room where you do your hardest work.

Modern household engineering has introduced a new era of kitchen economy; has installed conveniences which have rightly come to be necessities.

With the modern stove and sink has come another convenience which every up-to-date, efficient kitchen must have—*a working center!*

Scientific planning has made the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet an ideal working center. You have combined in this one piece of furniture all the necessary features—your work table, clear and unhampered; compact cupboards to hold staples and utensils without which you never get a meal. Everything you need to use right here where you want to use it!

Then there are so many added conveniences—exclusive Hoosier features—to make your work less tiring. The table height adjusted for your stature; the fittings and appliances which keep things orderly and save time and steps.

The modern housewife knows, too, how much easier the work seems in an attractive kitchen. The efficiently furnished kitchen is a pleasant, restful place, as inviting as any other room. You have only to see the Hoosier, to appreciate what this really fine piece of kitchen furniture adds in appearance.

The Hoosier Breakfast Set of table and chairs charmingly completes your kitchen furniture. Daintily finished in white enamel, the table has a fine porcelain top and the chairs have cane seats and are tastefully decorated in bright color.

Hoosier convenience and Hoosier appearance are not expensive to attain, either. You do not need to put off enjoying them in *your* kitchen. The Hoosier store in your town will be glad to show you the different styles and sizes and will tell you about the special Hoosier payment plan.

For Christmas —A Hoosier!

Every home deserves a Christmas gift of its own—and this year let it be the kitchen's turn! A Hoosier will bring to your kitchen a new convenience and efficiency; make it a more inviting, restful place to work. It is a gift which will mean pleasure and help every day in the year, for many years. Select your Hoosier now and have it delivered for Christmas.

FREE—A BOOK OF MODEL KITCHEN PLANS

We have a new book of interesting model kitchen plans which have been submitted to us in competition by leading architectural draftsmen. A study of these plans will be both interesting and helpful and perhaps may suggest a more efficient arrangement for your own kitchen. We shall be glad to send it to you FREE. Just fill out the coupon below

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"She felt so miserably out of things . . . . ."

She wanted to get off in a corner

SHE knew there must be some reason why people didn't seem to take to her. But what it was, remained an enigma in her mind.

True, no one was ever bluntly rude to her. Yet she was not sought after as she and her mother thought a beautiful girl should be.

At parties she felt so miserably out of things that often she simply wanted to get off in a corner and just cry it out.

This particular night she did steal away. And the more she puzzled over the thing, the more of a mystery it became to her troubled mind.

* * * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle. — *Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

The HOME BUREAU

A Correspondence Course in Babycraft

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

Christmas Sweets and Other Sweets for Little Folks

MY CHILDREN, who are all under ten years of age, are very fond of candy and sweets of every sort. When they have such a natural craving for sweets, does it not mean that they really *need* them? Christmas is coming and I know I shall find it difficult to keep them even within reasonable bounds as to the sweets they eat then. Please give me your opinion about sweets for children.—A GRATEFUL CLUB MEMBER.

You have brought up a very important question and I shall be glad to tell you what I think about this subject. In the first place, just because a child craves sweets is no reason to indulge him to any great extent. Most children crave sweets, want to sit up late, and do many other things that are not good for them, and there is no more sense in allowing one wrong thing than another.

Very often it is the parents and not the children who have brought about this "craving for sweets." Even babies have been allowed "just a taste" of sugar, ice-cream, or candy. If this had never been begun the child would never have known what candy was like. The "little taste" soon grows into a bigger one, until the child is not satisfied without candy, ice-cream cones, or soda-water every day of his life.

Within the last few years the consumption of sugar in America has increased to a very great extent. This growing tendency to consume a large amount of sugar is a serious matter and should be checked. It may cause that dread disease, diabetes, and many other ills, when taken in excess.

Sugar is a very valuable food; it supplies fuel and energy and it is greatly needed throughout life. It is when this fuel food is taken in the *wrong* quantity, at the *wrong* time, and in the *wrong* form that trouble begins.

Dentists agree that too much candy and sweets will cause decayed teeth more frequently than almost anything else. Because sugar is so highly flavored and diffusible it takes away the appetite for important building-material foods, such as bread and butter, cereals, milk, eggs, meat, and green vegetables. It should therefore never be allowed at the beginning of a meal nor between meals. When given, sugar, sweet desserts, and candy should invariably come at the end of a substantial meal, and then only in small quantities and in a very simple form.

Good Christmas sweets for little children are home-made molasses candy, barley-sugar candy, mild peppermints, gum-drops, and maple-sugar. Home-made vanilla ice-cream may be allowed once weekly as the dessert at a noonday meal. Rich chocolates, highly flavored candy with nuts, and other rich sweets should have *no* part in the diet of children.

If each child is given a very small box or bag of the above-named simple candies and told he may have one or two pieces *after* his noonday meal until his box is empty, he will be satisfied; that is, if the mother is a woman of her word and not in the habit of giving in to whining and teasing.

When sweets are allowed between meals they not only take away the appetite for other food, but they seriously upset the digestion. They may cause gas, acid stomach, and so irritate the stomach and intestines that in the end they are not capable of digesting a really nourishing meal. Before long the rosy-cheeked little child becomes pale and flabby, altho often he is fat.

Children receive the sugar they require for a well-balanced diet in the fruit they consume, in some vegetables, in simple desserts like custard, blanc-mange, gingerbread, and the simple sponge-cake and cookies allowed them at the *end* of a meal once or twice daily. A little puré honey, home-made preserves, maple-sirup, or jam may be allowed most children *in moderate quantities after* the main part of the meal has been consumed.

Make Christmas happy with constructive toys, a tree, pretty books, games, and out-of-door toys, letting candy play a *very* small part in the celebration for children. If a child has already formed the candy habit, the only way to break it is to forbid *all* candy for at least several months, until he has been taught reasonable self-control.

While we are on the subject of sugar and sweets it will be well to consider the sugar that babies need and do *not* need. In the mother's milk there is natural milk-sugar, which the baby requires for his best growth and development. This is plenty for him without giving him sugar in the water he drinks or in his fruit-juices. Do not make the unpardonable mistake of adding sugar to things he dislikes, just to make him take these. Fermentation and gas will follow if you do.

When the baby is fed by the bottle, correctly modified milk formulas will contain the right proportion of sugar for the baby in question. Sugar is a food for babies; it is not added to the formulas to make them more palatable. It has to be added to cow's milk because the latter does not contain as much nor the same kind of sugar as found in mother's milk.

The form of sugar used in infants' formulas may differ. Some digest lactose, or milk-sugar; others take malt-sugar, and still others may take a *small* quantity of cane-sugar. It all depends on the digestion of the special baby and the skill with which the milk is modified.

The prescribing of milk formulas for babies is a very delicate task, and should be in the hands of a competent physician, not in those of an inexperienced mother; nor should mothers heed the advice of neighbors who are usually so ready to offer it, and whose own children may be totally different from the one for whom they are so freely giving advice.

ALL FOR A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOP

IF YOU have a baby under six months of age you may join our special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, receiving monthly help until the baby is two years old. Send in the baby's name and age with your self-addressed, stamped envelop, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you.

If you want advice about older children in regard to their food, clothes, or general hygiene the self-addressed, stamped envelop will bring you a Question Form to enter our Good Health Extension Class for any child under twelve years old. State the child's age and ask for what you need.

Address all letters to Dr. E. L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

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If your rheumatism comes on again this year—

How can a medicine that is applied on the outside of the skin reach a pain deep down in the joints and muscles? This treatment acts by stimulating the brain to send new blood to the affected area

DON'T suffer unnecessary pain. Get relief at once. It may be splendidly courageous to just "grin and bear it"—but it is a frightful waste of the very vital resources you need to help you get rid of the cause of pain.

Your doctor will tell you that pain should always be relieved—just as quickly and as completely as possible.

And this relief is easily at hand. However deep-seated, however hard to reach the pain may seem to you, it can be stopped—quickly and permanently

Nearly fifty years ago a remedy for muscular pain was given to the world that has brought relief to so many sufferers that today you will find it in one home out of every three.

This remedy is Sloan's Liniment—probably the foremost household remedy in America, used all over the world and recommended by doctors everywhere.

No matter where the pain is, no matter how deep down in joints and muscles, *it can be reached* if the natural curative powers *inside* the body are only aroused.

When you use Sloan's, it stimulates the nerves on the skin. They arouse the brain, which in turn causes the blood vessels to expand throughout the painful area, *under* the place where the liniment has been applied. Rich new blood rushes in.

This new blood coming, freshly purified, from heart and lungs, with all its marvelous germ-destroying, upbuilding powers brings to sick, pain-ridden tissues just what they need to heal them.

If the pain is rheumatic, it means that disease germs are attacking the joints and muscles. In the tide of pure, new blood that is brought straight to the affected spot when you apply Sloan's, are millions of germ destroyers. So when you send this increased blood supply to the place where the germs are, you also send the very forces that alone have the power to destroy them.*

If the pain is due to over-exertion, to a sprain or a bad bruise—it is because muscle fibres have been stretched to the point of actual injury. The damage must be repaired. The blood supplies the materials out of which the new tissue must be built up—and it washes away the "fatigue poisons" produced by over-exercise.

This is the scientifically correct way to relieve pain. It doesn't just deaden the nerves. It gives your own natural bodily defenses the aid they need to drive out the cause of pain.

Don't wait until you are in actual need. Get a bottle of Sloan's this very day, and have it on hand—35c at all druggists. Just apply it—no rubbing is necessary. It will not stain. Immediately you feel a gentle warmth—then a pleasant tingling of the skin—then, almost magically, relief from pain. There is no burning, no blistering, only quick, lasting relief.

(*) If after one attack has been cured, another comes on, it may be that there is in your body some obscure breeding-place of rheumatism germs—possibly a decayed tooth—which the blood cannot reach in sufficient quantities. In this case, see your doctor.

SLOAN'S Liniment—*Kills pain*

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Film-Coats Are Combated

On a beauty's teeth

One great item in beauty is beautiful teeth. That is, teeth without dingy film.

You see them everywhere today. Millions now use a new teeth cleaning method. They constantly fight the film.

Make this test we offer. Learn how much this new way means to people who are dainty.

That cloud is film

You feel on teeth a viscous film. Under old brushing methods, much of it clings and stays.

Soon that film discolors to form dingy coats. Then teeth lose their luster.

Film also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people escape those troubles without fighting film.

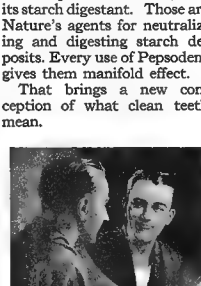
Now you can do it

Dental science has found two ways to effectively fight film. One acts to disintegrate the film at all stages of formation. The other removes it without harmful scouring. Those methods were proved by many careful tests. Then a new-type tooth paste was created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent. Now careful people of some 50 nations employ it, largely by dental advice.

That's why you see whiter teeth now where dainty people gather.

Pepsodent does other things essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, also its starch digestant. Those are Nature's agents for neutralizing and digesting starch deposits. Every use of Pepsodent gives them manifold effect.

That brings a new conception of what clean teeth mean.



For careful men

But Pepsodent is not for women only. Men's teeth also glisten now. No man who knows will go a day without it. And dentists advise that children use it from the time the first tooth appears. Thus it is bringing to countless homes a new dental era.

Send coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will be amazed and delighted. Cut out the coupon now.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

10-Day Tube Free 1270

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 349, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on modern research, now advised by leading dentists the world over.

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Reverie

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS
[Catching his glance and coming to his side.] The stockings! *[He nods.]* Somehow the years slip away while we look at them! Somehow we're back—oh, so far back—more than half a century! You are a boy in New England—and I, I haven't been born yet, down South. *[She pauses.]* You wish the children were here with us to-night. In your heart of hearts, don't you, now? *[He nods silently.]*

[There is a long pause.]

RICHARD
I never expected—never—that this would come to me.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS
[Standing hand to hand with him, looking into the fire.] Richard, it hurts me to ask, but do you know that you've never told me just what you and Junior quarreled about?

RICHARD
[Nervously.] Oh, it doesn't matter.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS
Richard, I think I'd like to know. *[As he does not answer.]* Well, Richard?

RICHARD
[After a pause.] Wouldn't Junior tell you? *[She shakes her head.]* Humph!

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS
Richard, I'm waiting.

RICHARD
[Shamefacedly.] Well, if you must know, we quarreled about the price of coal.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS
[Utterly astonished.] The price of coal? Whatever do you mean?

RICHARD
[With obvious reluctance.] We were talking one evening, Junior and George and I.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS
[Prompting him as he pauses.] Yes?

RICHARD
And I said I was going to lay in a supply of coal because I thought coal was going higher, and Junior said he wasn't going to because he didn't think so. *[He stops suddenly in consternation.]* Or perhaps it was the other way around: perhaps Junior said he was going to lay in a supply, and I said I wasn't——

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS
[Impatiently.] Yes, yes. Go on.

RICHARD
At any rate the discussion became animated—very animated—even—heated. *[Shamefacedly.]* I believe I tried to show Junior that he was wrong——

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS
[Interrupting.] Which means that you probably called him a fool.

RICHARD
Possibly. Possibly. *[Flashing.]* I'm his father. Haven't I got a right to?

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS
[Flatly.] No, you haven't. Now go on.

RICHARD
[With increasing reluctance.] Junior seemed to think that way too. And then George joined in, and George was on Junior's side—and—and I think I became somewhat excited——

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS
You mean you lost your temper.

RICHARD
And I said things which were a little hasty——

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS
Meaning you called him more names.

RICHARD
Then Junior said things, and George—George——

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS
George also said things.

RICHARD
[Lamely.] Yes. I believe he did.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS
You believe he did! How I'd like to take all three of you and lay you across my knee and—and spank you! *[She pauses indignantly.]* And then? What happened then?

RICHARD
Everything would have been all right if Junior hadn't been living with us just then. He would have forgotten about it in a day. As it was, he went down-town the next morning without speaking to me.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS
Humph! *[Now it is her turn. She sounds like a Pekingese with sharp teeth and a hasty temper.]*

RICHARD
So did George.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS
Humph!

RICHARD
Then I decided that I would wait until they came to me and made peace——

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS
And they came to exactly the same decision.

RICHARD
Er—yes.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS
All—all silly, foolish pride! Each one of you ashamed to be the one to make up first! And they say that only women quarrel about nothing! *[She pauses and shakes her head.]* Richard, that was over four years ago!

RICHARD
Yes.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS
[With fire in her eye.] Since then you and your sons haven't been on speaking terms. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? *[She shakes her finger under his nose.]* Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Now I can understand why not one of the three had the courage to tell me what it was all about. Overgrown children, all three of you—only children would know better than that, wouldn't be so stubborn, so obstinate, so—so—pig-headed! There!

RICHARD
[With surprising meekness.] Yes, Mary.

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS
I wrote to Junior and George and told them I wanted all of us together this Christmas eve. I told them it had been years since you had seen their children—your grandchildren——

RICHARD
[Eagerly.] Yes, yes? What did they answer?

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS
They didn't answer.

RICHARD
[As if he could not believe his ears.] They didn't answer?

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS
They wrote that the weather was very cold—and that they were having lots of snow—and that the children were strong and well—but the one question I asked they didn't answer.

RICHARD
Humph! *[In comparison with what it was at first, the "Humph!" has become a weak little sound, feeble, pathetic.]*

[There is a pause. The room is lit now only by the wavering light from the fire. Richard slumps into the big chair at the hearth, suddenly years older. He bows his head in his hands.]

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS
[Suddenly gentle.] Richard, I'm going to leave you alone for a while, and I want you to think—just to think. Look at the fire. Look at those two little stockings. Look at the Christmas tree——

RICHARD
[It is a final flash.] It isn't as nice as those we used to have when I was a boy!

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS
[With a smile.] Then imagine it's that. Imagine it's a tree your father and mother dressed for you—and think—think! *[She disappears into the darkness. The door into the lighted hall opens for a second as she goes out, then closes.]*

[A clock ticks somewhere in the room. Each tick seems to say "Think." "Think."]

[The old man sits at the fire, musing. He is debating with himself, that is clear, for sometimes he shakes his head vigorously. You even hear an occasional "Humph!"]

[He turns suddenly, as if he heard something from the direction of the Christmas tree —listens—is evidently mistaken—turns back——]

[He gazes intently into the fire; is motionless.]

[Gradually from behind the portieres stealing the Christmas tree a light begins to glow—to suffuse out into the room. The portieres themselves move, as if a current of air were blowing against them.]

[Richard turns slowly; starts; rises; moves silently toward the tree; suddenly flings back the portieres.]

[The tree is blazing with lights—but somehow it has ceased to be a twentieth-century model. It needs hardly a glance to assure you of that. It is decorated with no gaily colored electric lamps; instead there are old-fashioned candles. There is no gaudy array of glass balls and acorns; instead there are festooned chains of snow-white pop-corn, strung with needle and thread. Red-cheeked apples and sticks of sugar candy load down the limbs, but there is no modern tinsel. The parcels about its foot have disappeared; instead, as in bygone days, homespun gloves and mufflers and caps and stockings are fastened to the branches. At the very tip of the tree twinkles a golden star.]

[Around the tree, hand in hand, is a circle of smiling children, smiling, but perfectly motionless. Their heads are thrown back, laughing at Richard. They stand stock-still, as if suddenly petrified in the merriment of a dance. The oldest may be ten, the youngest five or six. And their clothes are not the clothes of present-day children; instead they are dressed in the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

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DODGE BROTHERS
BUSINESS SEDAN

A body built of steel—finished in baked-on enamel—upholstered in genuine leather.

A car that is sold at a price approaching open car cost.

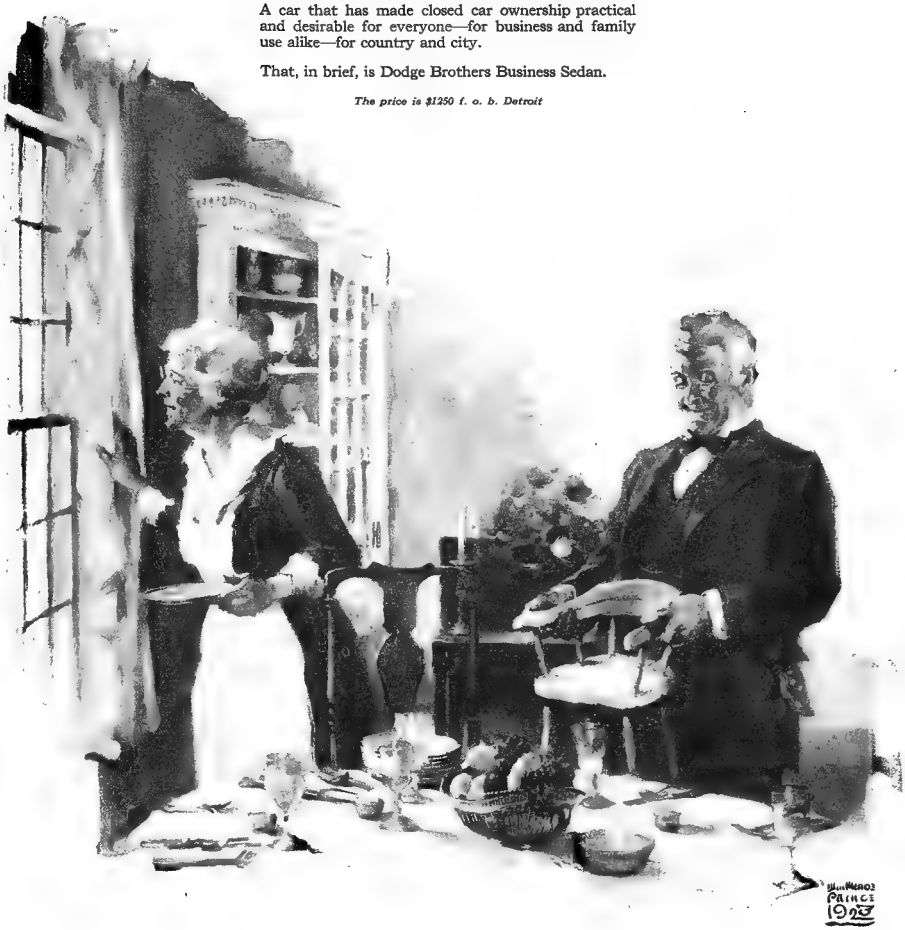
A car that will go anywhere an open car will go—that will stand up under the same hard usage.

A car attractively designed, with new-type springs that notably improve the riding qualities—new conveniences and fittings—new beauty and comfort.

A car that has made closed car ownership practical and desirable for everyone—for business and family use alike—for country and city.

That, in brief, is Dodge Brothers Business Sedan.

The price is $1250 f. o. b. Detroit



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These lowly hands are as full of sensitiveness and meaning as a human face. Today women everywhere are learning the art of having beautiful hands, in spite of giving them hard use.

Housework never yet spoiled the beauty of a woman's hands

It is neglect that does the damage; cared for properly, the most beautiful hands in the world are the hands of women who work

NEGLECT—lack of care may spoil your hands; housework never will if you use the right safeguards.

The most beautiful hands in the world are the courageous, expressive, sensitive hands of women who work—

Hands that sweep, dust, mend, cook, dress children, perform all the thousand intricate tasks of a home.

They have the same disciplined beauty as an artist's hands. Often they express a woman more truly than her face.

Don't let superficial marks of neglect—roughness, redness, coarseness of the skin—spoil the underlying beauty of your hands! Keep the skin smooth and white and youthful looking—and then see what distinction they really have.

For women who give their hands hard use

Thousands of women today have found a way to keep their hands smooth and white as they go about their household tasks without any fear that housework will age them and give them a rough neglected look.

They are doing this by means of Jergens Lotion, a product in which benzoin and almond, two of the most healing skin restoratives known, are combined in such a way as to heal almost immediately any roughness, chapping or irritation.

Benzoin has been known to medicine from time immemorial for the peculiar effect it has in healing the skin and stimulating skin repair. Almond softens and whitens the skin. In Jergens Lotion, benzoin and almond, together with other healing ingredients, form a clouded, silvery liquid—deliciously fragrant—which the skin absorbs instantly, leaving no disagreeable stickiness. This preparation cannot be surpassed for its softening, whitening, and healing qualities.

Use Jergens Lotion *every time you have had your hands in water*—and you will find that you can give them hard use and yet keep them delicate and smooth and youthful—lovely to touch or look at.

You can get Jergens Lotion for 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter. Get two bottles at a time—keep one on your bathroom shelf to use for your face—keep another above the kitchen sink, so that it will be convenient whenever you have been using your hands for housework.

FREE OFFER

Send this coupon today and get a large size trial bottle—free!

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
252 Spring Grove Avenue,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me free a large size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, with the booklet, "Skin Care—your skin can be freed from the dangers of overloading."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 252 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

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Reverie

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

almost forgotten fashions of sixty years ago. Some of them are well dressed; some not so well; indeed, one of them, a boy, is barefoot.]

RICHARD

[*After a pause of fully ten seconds—clapping his hands together:*] There! That's the way it should be!

[*As if his voice ended a spell, quaint, old-fashioned music strikes up somewhere in the distance, the children come suddenly to life, and a stately dance begins. Richard, entranced, stands motionless as the curling dance becomes an ancient minuet; then, with him in the center, becomes a circling dance again.*]

[*The tempo quickens; the dance becomes wilder; the circle is broken. Hand in hand, laughing, the dancers serpentine about the room, weird figures in the uncertain light. The pace becomes furious. Richard turns from side to side as the dancers whirl about, in and out through the furniture, now this way, now that.*]

[*The serpentine winds abruptly toward the blazing fire. The leader leaps into it—is gone. Dancing, the chain follows him into the fire—disappears. Richard, at the hearth, is left gazing after them.*]

[*He shakes his head; begins to seat himself in the huge easy chair. From its depths there is a small "Ouch!" Richard rises abruptly, astonished.*]

A NINE-YEAR-OLD BOY

[*Dressed in the same old-fashioned clothes as the others, suddenly becoming visible in the chair.*] Look out! You nearly sat on me!

RICHARD

[*Unable to believe his eyes.*] What?

THE BOY

You ought to be more careful where you're going. You frightened me!

RICHARD

What on earth are you doing here?

THE BOY

Haven't I got a right to be here? My own home! [*Pensively.*] I was sitting here, looking into the fire—and dreaming. Just dreaming. And then you came along, and nearly squashed me. Gee, that was a narrow squeak! [*He looks at Richard with interest.*] What are *you* doing here?

RICHARD

[*A little taken aback by the question.*] Well, in a manner of speaking, this is my home also.

THE BOY

[*Politely, but incredulously.*] Your home?

RICHARD

That is what I have been led to believe.

THE BOY

[*Tolerantly.*] We won't argue that now. It's Christmas eve. [*He squirms out of the chair.*] Here, sit down.

RICHARD

Thank you. But you needn't get up on my account.

THE BOY

[*Decisively.*] You can't sit on *my* lap, because you'd squash me. P'raps I'd better sit on yours.

RICHARD

Perhaps that will be better. [*He sits.*]

THE BOY

[*Surveying him with interest.*] What funny clothes you're wearing!

RICHARD

Do you find them funny?

THE BOY

They're not like my father's.

RICHARD

No? What are his like?

THE BOY

Like everybody else's, of course. A high collar—big enough to go round my head, and a choker, and a fine shirt with frills down the front, and a waistcoat that's open much lower than yours, and big gold buttons, and a great—great—great big gold watch and chain! [*With sudden contrition.*] Oh, but I oughtn't make fun of you, poor man. You'd have clothes like that too if you could. [*He climbs into Richard's lap contentedly.*] My father's a judge of the Superior Court.

RICHARD

[*Nodding reminiscently.*] So was mine. So was mine.

THE BOY

[*Incredulous, but polite.*] Really?

RICHARD

[*Changing the subject hastily.*] And what are you going to be when you grow up?

THE BOY

That's what I was thinking about when I was looking into the fire. Have you ever looked into the fire?

RICHARD

Yes. Many times.

THE BOY

You look hard enough, and you see such wonderful things; anything you want to see, all there together, dancing in the flames. You see cities and countries and towns, and trees and mountains and brooks, and you hear them speaking: "Crack! Crack!" and you know they want to say something, but they can't.

RICHARD

And you listen?

THE BOY

I listen, and sometimes I think I can understand what they say, and I smile at them, and they try to talk—oh, they try so hard!

RICHARD

[*After a pause.*] Some day—when you're much older—you'll know what they're trying to say.

THE BOY

Will I?

RICHARD

But when you know, you won't be able to tell anybody—not even yourself. You will know those things as if they came to you in a dream. But when you try to lay hold of them you wake up—and they vanish.

THE BOY

[*Thoughtfully.*] Sometimes when I look into the fire I see faces—

RICHARD

Whose faces?

THE BOY

Father—and mother—and then, when I look around, they're standing right behind me, laughing. Then I laugh too.

RICHARD

[*Very gently.*] Do you ever see other faces?

THE BOY

[*Nodding gravely. In a whisper:*] Peter, who used to live down the lane, and who died a year ago—

RICHARD

And others?

THE BOY

Many, many others.

RICHARD

And you're not afraid?

THE BOY

Why should I be afraid?

RICHARD

[*Prompting.*] Then, when you think about what you're going to be when you're a man, and grown up——

THE BOY

[*With animation.*] Then I see wonderful things! Sometimes I see a locomotive— [*Breaking off.*]—you've seen a locomotive, haven't you?

RICHARD

[*Gravely.*] Yes, I've seen a locomotive.

THE BOY

I see it shooting over the country, oh, ever so fast— [*Lowering his voice in awe.*] —over thirty miles in one hour! You didn't know they could go so fast, did you?

RICHARD

No.

THE BOY

Well, they can! My father says so.

RICHARD

And is your father always right?

THE BOY

[*Judiciously.*] Mostly. And when he isn't he gives in. [*Richard winces.*] He says only a fool never gives in. [*Richard winces again.*] So my father's always right—mostly. [*He pauses, and looks into the fire.*] The locomotives shooting across the country—I hear their bells ringing—and do you know where I am?

RICHARD

No.

THE BOY

[*With pride.*] I'm sitting in the cab with my hand on the levers! I'm driving the locomotive!

RICHARD

You don't mean it!

THE BOY

Honest and truly! [*Again he pauses.*] Sometimes, when the flames are highest, I see fire-engines, and I'm a fireman! Away across the town we go, running, pulling our engine behind us. Then we stop at the fire; the men on one side of the engine, six on the other. And then we work the pumps—up and down—clank, clank—up and down, and the people fill the leather buckets and climb up the ladders— [*Interrupting himself.*] —sometimes, sometimes *I* climb up the ladders!

RICHARD

[*After a pause.*] And is that all you see in the fire?

THE BOY

[*Shaking his head.*] Oh, I couldn't begin to tell you all. You look into the fire and think, and your thoughts come right back to you out of the heart of it.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

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The boar, there was, stuffed with chestnuts, and a bright red apple in his mouth. The roasted peacock with its tail spread like a gorgeous fan. The parti-colored pastries, the spiced and honeyed wines —

And then, the best loved delicacy of all —the "raisyns" in full, beautiful clusters, brought from sunny, far-off lands.

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WHAT is Christmas without its plum pudding! The free book, "Recipes with Raisins," tells how to make it at its best

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Keep the Yule-tide bowl of nuts and raisins well filled in your home this Christmas time! And for the easiest and surest ways of preparing many tempting holiday dishes, old and new, send for the free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

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Reverie

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

Real—just as real as can be. [*He points into the fire.*] Look! Do you know what I'm thinking now?

RICHARD

Yes.

THE BOY

That to-morrow is Christmas.

RICHARD

Yes.

THE BOY

What do you see?

RICHARD

I see a warmth: a great, ruddy warmth! I see stockings hanging at a hearth—stockings filled to bursting! I see a Christmas tree——

THE BOY

A wonderful tree!

RICHARD

An old-fashioned tree——

THE BOY

Old-fashioned tree? What do you mean?

RICHARD

A tree like that one there. A tree such as we had when I was a boy.

THE BOY

[*Sliding off his lap and looking into his face.*] That must have been a long time ago.

RICHARD

Many, many years.

THE BOY

To think that you were once a little fellow like me! [*Richard nods.*] And you used to look into the fire?

RICHARD

Yes.

THE BOY

What did you see there?

RICHARD

I saw—I saw—but my life didn't turn out like that.

THE BOY

You wanted to be an engineer too?

RICHARD

Yes. Instead I turned out to be a Governor.

THE BOY

[*Sympathetically.*] That is too bad.

RICHARD

I saw myself sitting here on Christmas eve with my family about me: my sons, and their sons—— [*He breaks off.*]

THE BOY

And that didn't happen either?

RICHARD

No.

THE BOY

Why not?

RICHARD

They came to hate me.

THE BOY

And why did that happen?

RICHARD

[*Bowing his head.*] Because I was always right.

THE BOY

Mostly?

RICHARD

No. Always, always, always!

THE BOY

That *is* too bad. It's very nice to be always right—mostly; but it isn't nice at all to be always right—always.

RICHARD

If I had looked into the fire a little harder I might have seen that too. [*There is a long pause.*]

THE BOY

[*Taking pity on him, and laying his hands on his.*] You know, I haven't any grandfather. How would you like the position?

RICHARD

I'd like it very much—very much indeed.

THE BOY

[*Scrutinizing him.*] You *might* do.

RICHARD

I hope I'll suit. I'll do my best.

THE BOY

All right, then, I'll appoint you.

RICHARD

Thank you, Grandson.

THE BOY

Grandfather, what is your name?

RICHARD

Richard Harkness.

THE BOY

But that's my name!

RICHARD

What?

THE BOY

My name is Richard Harkness.

RICHARD

[*Gasping.*] How old are you?

THE BOY

Nine years. Nine years in November.

RICHARD

[*Grasping his arms.*] Tell me—tell me—when were you born?

THE BOY

That's too easy! Can't you do that in your head?

RICHARD

[*With terrible earnestness.*] Tell me—tell me—Richard!

THE BOY

[*Smiling at him.*] I was born in 1851.

RICHARD

When?

THE BOY

Eighteen fifty-one.

RICHARD

[*Gasping, speechless, Richard stares at him; trembles and stares. Finally, in a whisper:*] You—you are the child I was—sixty years ago!

[*The Boy nods and smiles.*]

[*Abruptly the old-fashioned music strikes up again. Tumbling into the room through the heart of the fire come the dancing children, serpentining as before.*]

[*Presently the last of the chain touches the Boy on the shoulder, and a wild game of tag begins, helter-skelter about the room. At one side, resting his hands on the back of his chair, Richard stands motionless and watches.*]

THE BOY

Stop! [*On the instant they are still. He turns to Richard with odd formality.*] Grandfather, may I introduce my friends? [*He presents them one by one.*] This is Bess, who sits next to me in school. [*Richard bows as each child greets him with a stately curtsy.*] This is Sarah, who lives across the way. Nell— [*With awe.*] —whose father is an engineer! Anna, who has no father or mother at all. [*He presents the boys.*] Tom, the barefoot lad who lives down near the mill. You must have seen him when you went fishing. [*Richard chokes; can not speak. He stretches out his hand with profound emotion, but the barefoot lad only bows, in the formal fashion of the sixties.*] And this, this— [*Now the Boy himself is moved.*] —this is Jack, our dearest friend —our chum! [*Speechless—too full for words—Richard bows; bows deep. Punctiliously Jack returns his bow.*] And now, now let's play something he can play! [*The Boy indicates Richard.*]

A CHORUS

Tag!
Needle's-eye!
Blind man's buff!
Hunt the thimble!
Cat's-cradle!
Post-office!

THE BOY

No, hide-and-coop!

RICHARD

[*Puzzled.*] Hide-and-coop? You mean hide-and-seek.

THE BOY

Hide-and-coop, we call it.

RICHARD

[*With sudden recollection.*] I remember! Oh, I remember!

THE BOY

[*Leading him to the easy chair.*] Sit down. Close your eyes. Don't peek. When we're ready we'll call "Coop!"

[*Richard sits, bends his head in his hands, closes his eyes. Perhaps he is only playing a game, but something very much like a sob shakes his shoulders.*]

[*Slowly, very slowly, the dancers move again toward the old-fashioned Christmas tree. Slowly the boy, smiling gently, moves toward the fire. Slowly the dancers join hands, exactly as we saw them first, encircling the tree, their heads thrown back in a smile. Slowly the Boy enters the fire—stands in the heart of it an instant —vanishes. Slowly the portières join together, concealing the Christmas tree and the children about it. Abruptly the lights which have suffused the room from it go out.*]

[*For the last thirty seconds we have been hearing the sound of approaching sleigh-bells. They come nearer and nearer. They stop.*]

[*The hall door opens, and Grandmother Harkness, radiant, bursts into the room and switches on the lights. At the fire Richard sits motionless, head bent in his hands. Grandmother Harkness crosses to him.*]

RICHARD

[*Stands up slowly without opening his eyes.*] When you're ready, say "Coop!"

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

[*Puzzled, but rising nobly to the occasion.*] Coop!

RICHARD

[*Opens his eyes. He is a little taken aback to see whom he is facing, but he hurries to the portières and draws them back. There is a Christmas tree, but it is the one we saw first, the newfangled, up-to-date, twentieth-century model, with electric lamps and tinsel and balls and pen-*

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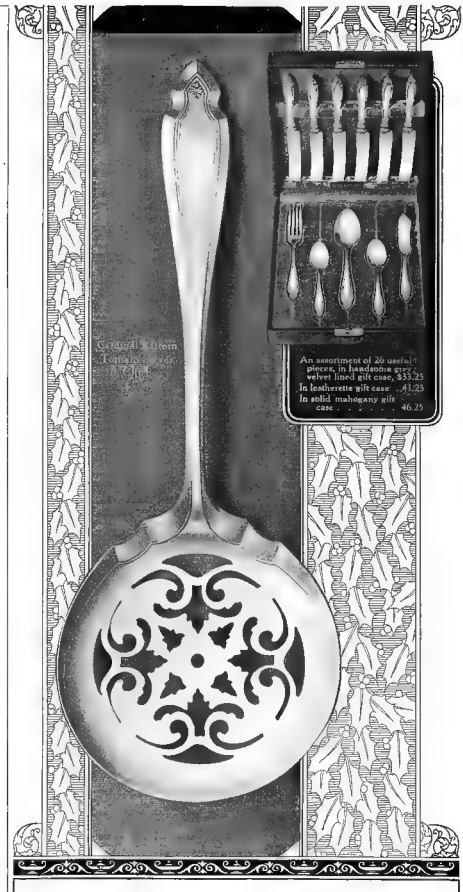
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Reverie

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

dants and streamers, and parcels about its foot. The children have vanished.]

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

[*Not knowing what to make of it, but repeating the dance.*] Coop! Coop! Coop!

RICHARD

[*And Richard is himself again.*] Humph! Humph! Humph!

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

Richard, I have a surprize for you. [*She beckons, and from the hall enters a throng of persons. They are all wearing overcoats, heavily powdered with snow, and the children have not removed their caps and bonnets. But as they come in we can readily identify Junior, who is Richard the Second, and George, and their wives, and a number of small people snugly wrapped up against the cold who can not be other than the little Harknesses. The Butler hovers in the background.*] They've all come for Christmas eve!

[*Richard is a terrible person, so everybody comes in rather timidly; everybody, that is, except one of the children, who declines to be frightened by Richard the First or by any one else.*]

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

[*Leading him to his grandfather.*] This is Richard the Third.

RICHARD

How do you do, Richard? [*Gravely he shakes hands with him. The Boy bears a striking resemblance to our acquaintance at the fireplace, but the Governor is controlled again.*]

RICHARD THE THIRD

How do you do, Grandfather? [*His roving glance discerns something.*] Look! Stockings at the fireplace! And there's something in one of them! [*He runs over and tears down the larger stocking. When you look at it against the light you can see that there is something in the toe.*] Grandma, it's a piece of paper! [*He plunges his arm into the stocking and extracts a yellowed, crumpled, crinkling scrap.*]

GRANDMOTHER HARKNESS

[*Takes it and reads it. She turns to her husband.*] Richard, this has been waiting in the tip of your stocking for more than sixty years! [*She reads it aloud.*] "On earth peace, good-will to men." [*There is a long pause. Everybody is motionless.*] And what have you to say, Richard?

RICHARD

[*Takes the outstretched hand of Richard the Second, unfolds Richard the Third with his free arm, and says just what you have expected him to say—only this time it sounds like a blessing:*] Humph! Arrr—humph! Humph!

CURTAIN

"Reverie" is fully protected by copyright. Schools, churches, and amateur theatrical organizations wishing to produce this play for social purposes during the Christmas season of 1923 will be exempt from a payment of royalty. Arrangements for its production by any other organizations must be made through the author, Percival Wilde. Address care of Pictorial Review, New York.

Stage Directions for Producing "Reverie"

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

IN STAGING Mr. Wilde's charming play—or indeed any play for children—some of the main things to be considered are: lighting, properties, music, and the placing of the players.

Placing of the Players—Leave the stage clear for dancing. Do not clutter it with furniture, except the furniture indicated as absolutely necessary. Place the chair for *Harkness*, in which the *Boy* later sits, *facing* audience by the fire. Between this chair and the fireplace have a fire-screen, panel-sized. Behind this the *Boy* hides, and then steps swiftly to the easy chair.

While he does this *Harkness* should stand a little in front of the chair, watching the children dance into the fireplace. Thus his figure serves to hide the *Boy's* entrance, as do the figures of the children.

The *Boy's* costume is old-fashioned, like those of the dancing children, which also serves as "protective coloring." During this scene the lights are low.

Lighting—Use footlights, proscenium, back and side lights *as size of stage dictates*. The light fades slowly from afternoon to twilight. During the vision-reverie scene a few footlights, plus the light from the tree and fire, will be all that is required to show the unique shadowy dance. The fire dies down somewhat before the children step into the chimney.

When *Mrs. Harkness* enters after the vision scene, she can switch on a lamp, thus flooding the room with light in time for the happy ending.

Music—For the dance about the tree and the serpentine use old-fashioned tunes of the period—"Money Musk," "Pop Goes the Weasel," etc. These can be found in "American Country Dances," by Elizabeth Burchenal, published by G. Schirmer, 3 East Forty-third Street, New York City, and in "Harding's Jigs and Reels," published by the same house. For the minuet use "Mozart's Minuet from Don Juan," published also by Schirmer.

Descriptions of how to dance the minuet can be found in "The Festival Book," by Jeannette E. C. Lincoln, Chapter V. This can be found in most libraries or obtained from the publishers, A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

Use piano and violin, or just piano. Play softly, as befits a reverie.

Properties—Mr. Wilde has cleverly suggested that the Christmas tree can be trimmed ornately on one side, and in an old-fashioned way on the other side. Stand the tree in a small tub of sand, or in a holder, and reverse when the curtains are drawn. Use blue, green, and red lights for the new tree; use electric candles with yellow light for the old tree.

Do not attempt to use lighted candles. In districts where electric candles can not be had use real wax candles with a twist of orange tissue-paper for flame. Have the white-paper stages of the new tree placed on a black tray, so they can be quickly moved. Have a similar tray for the old-fashioned tree, and put some bright-colored old-fashioned toys on it, such as a small hobby-horse, a tin engine, etc. This will help to differentiate the two trees.

The fireplace is a piece of property which requires careful planning. Build a firm wooden frame about four feet high. Paint it to represent brick, with a smoke-smudged brick lining. Have a painted brick screen at the back, made of composboard, with a space at each side, so the children can disappear.

The fire-glow is managed by red electric bulbs placed in a tin trough on the floor at the mouth of the fireplace, so that the children, in the general excitement, will not step on them. Have two low, brown cardboard logs to which strips of flame-shaped red and yellow tissue-paper are fastened. Through a small hole in the side of the fireplace insert a bellows-tip, and the paper flames will leap and dance. The children must carefully rehearse running into the fireplace and stepping over the logs. The lighting could be managed from a main switchboard, or, if this is not available, from several separate batteries. In country towns lacking this equipment excellent use has been made of kerosene-lamp footlights, augmented at the fireplace and tree by auto headlights, covered with yellow and red silk. The lighting must be thoroughly experimented with before the play is given.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

Carlisle could no more go where he wasn't invited than he could rob a bank. Perhaps that was why he had been so unsuccessful in business.

The inhibitions with which Wade struggled had never embarrassed his younger, worldly brothers. The crest of the wave was none too high for them, and that is where they always managed to be. They were not caddish enough to set out deliberately to marry rich girls, but they were canny enough, when they got ready to marry, to go where the richest were and fall in love.

After ordering an epicurean lunch Hunter began.

"Now, my dear Wade, I want to have a little heart-to-heart with you. Nobody realizes better than I the splendid spirit that is behind your wish to entertain the family next Christmas. But, my dear boy—and here is the point—we men haven't the slightest idea what these little holiday parties involve. You must keep this under your hat, but our Christmas party, including favors, new liveries, presents, and the orchestra for dancing, went well up into the thousands."

"Did it?" said Wade. He seemed both stubborn and unimpressed. It was a peculiar and tiresome trait of Wade's that you couldn't impress him. He was absorbingly interested in everything you said or did, but he refused to be awed.

"Yes, *it did*," said Hunter helplessly. He noted that Wade, without appearing to, was taking in every detail of the club dining-room. "You don't want to clutter yourself all up with the confusion and expense of a Christmas party. I don't know where you live, altho of course I have always been meaning to run over, don't you know; but altho it seems like nothing when it's far off, one of these family parties is an avalanche when it comes. Even Gloria gets nervous for fear everything won't move off in the best of style."

"It seems a little superfluous to remind you that Gloria and I are two entirely different people," remarked Wade. "I suppose, Hunter, it was Gloria who coached you in what to say this noon." He spoke with stich dry humor that Hunter couldn't be as annoyed as he wanted to be. "Tell Gloria, with my respects, that I have my dinner all planned."

"You'll save trouble and expense if you change your mind and go to Larchmont, as originally planned," persisted Hunter.

But instead of changing his mind Wade changed the subject.

"This is a nice club of yours, Hunter. I have enjoyed coming."

"Nice"! club, indeed! The idea of Wade's referring to the most exclusive club in New York as "nice"! Wade had no sense of values.

"Of course you and Gloria and the boys will come," said Wade as he departed.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," replied Hunter in a hollow voice.

WHEN Wade went home that night, later than usual because he wanted to make up the time lost lunching with Hunter, he let himself into the front hall, and tried to view his home through Gloria's eyes. Wade lived in what the English call lodgings, and what the Americans refer to as a furnished-room house. After carefully surveying the hall with Gloria's eyes, Wade nodded his head with satisfaction.

With a second key he then unlocked the door of what had once been the drawing-room of a large old double house, a room which served him as a sumptuous living-room. Intrinsically it was finer than any room in Gloria's several houses and far more pretentious than any in the Carlisle house on Beacon Hill. For Wade's furnished-room house had been built a hundred years before by a rich merchant, and there was no better house anywhere.

Back of the drawing-room, which measured a princely sixty feet by forty, was the music-room, almost as large and equally beautiful. Here Wade slept. Leading out of the bedroom was a boudoir, which Wade, at his own expense, had converted into a dressing-room and bath.

Night after night when Wade returned to these quarters from his humdrum job and the crowded, suffocating subways, he felt like a king who, having gone forth in disguise, now reenters his palace. For the house was truly palatial, even to the last room, where the most careless tenant could not wholly mar the beauty.

For the better part of his mature life Wade had saved and scrimped for his furniture. He had never bought the smallest piece without considering it from every point of view. Wade Carlisle knew the museums by heart; he studied everything that went on in shops and auction-rooms. When these were closed he read literature about fine old houses and furniture. To-night, as he entered his drawing-room, beholding it with Gloria's eyes, he knew that even she would be quick to admit its charm. For Gloria, with her infinite resources and energy, was too hasty, too fevered, to achieve the perfect interior which Wade, in his poverty, had assembled. Wade's room might almost have been a woman on whom he lavished costliest gifts and all his time. For years, then, he had been setting his stage for the family party, and the stage at last was ready.

AFTER a long look of esthetic repletion Wade walked across the majestic hall of the great stone house and knocked on a door.

"Come in," said an alert feminine voice. "Oh, Mr. Carlisle, good evening."

Little Miss Edgett, his landlady, pushed forward one rocking-chair and sat down in another, just like it, opposite him.

"Miss Edgett," announced Wade with solemnity, "I have invited the Carlisle family here to dine with me next Christmas."

"Yes," said Miss Edgett after a weighty pause. "Yes, Mr. Carlisle."

He liked the cool way she took his news. For she well knew who the Carlisles were and how much they mattered. Wasn't she always running to him with pictures of the family cut from Sunday supplements?

"The Carlisles are not to eat off hired china, Miss Edgett."

"Dear me, no, Mr. Carlisle."

"Perhaps you see now why I have read so many books on china. In the past few months I have toured every shop, wholesale and retail, and the choice has narrowed down to two patterns. I should be happy if you could accompany me on Saturday afternoon and decide."

"I shall be delighted, Mr. Carlisle."

"Because I could not ask the Carlisles to eat the food of any local caterer, I went to the most fashionable restaurant in New York, saw the chef, and he recommended to me a man who is, he said, considered the best cook in the country. This man, Alphonse, has just retired on his money, but I prevailed on him to come and cook my Christmas dinner. You would not believe, Miss Edgett, what I am to pay Alphonse for cooking just that one dinner. It is not, however, excessive when you consider that this is the first time I have ever entertained the Carlisles."

Miss Edgett's reply was a delicate, deprecatory gesture which asked what mattered any scandalously great sum on such an occasion.

"I have had my flat silver made to order from a beautiful design I found in a rare book."

"That is why you have just bought such a large safe."

"Yes, Miss Edgett. I could find no linen in this country that pleased me. My sisters-in-law have been educating me, you see. My linen is being marked abroad, and specially imported."

"It would have to be."

Wade Carlisle gave little Miss Edgett a glance of approval. What a thoroughbred she was! Ever since she had moved in, ten years since, replacing a raucous-voiced, rum-sodden landlady, Miss Edgett had preserved perfect poise through the trying circumstances that at all times beset the landlady of a rooming-house. And she always looked so well-turned out, too, with dainty little touches that somehow reminded him of the fastidious Gloria herself.

"I wish you would look at my rooms with me and see what you think of my plans," he said.

Together they crossed the marble floor of the hall and went into the drawing-room like a pair of art-lovers entering the Louvre.

"We shall dine in the music-room, with my bed, of course, moved out. I shall place the two console-tables at either end of the Duncan Fyfe table. That is the way the three tables are in-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

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SEE YOUR HOME furnished with *DOUBLE DOLLARS* earned in spare time!

There's a corner in your home where this beautiful wicker desk set will be ideal. We'll send it to you for Auto-Knitting only 15 dozen pairs of socks

You will love the rich, mellow tone of this Console Phonograph. Let us send it to you for Auto-Knitting only 36 dozen pairs of socks.

6 dozen pairs of socks will bring you this charming porch chair. Perhaps you would like to Auto-Knit for the whole suite—three attractive pieces. Send at once for your free copy of the Home Money Reward Book and select the rewards for which you will Auto Knit.

SEE an attractive phonograph in the living room, a new Reed rocker on the porch, a new chest of silverware in the dining room -the lovely, home-making things you have always wanted. All bought with double-value money—the new kind of money now paid to men and women who work at home in their spare time on the Auto Knitter.

See a handsome white enamel Kitchen cabinet, earned by Auto-Knitting only 17 dozen pairs of socks. See a splendid new sewing machine, earned by Auto-Knitting only 11 dozen pairs of socks. See new comforts and luxuries added throughout your home—made possible by turning spare hours into dollars that do double duty in buying the things you want.

Why Every Auto-Knitter Dollar Is Now Worth Two

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company has devised this unique plan for the purpose of giving its workers the greatest possible return for their spare time. By utilizing hours and half-hours during the day that otherwise might have been wasted, you can now earn in a double-quick way the things you have always wanted.

As an Auto-Knitter worker, you will choose the hours that are most convenient, work when you like and precisely as much as you like. For every dozen pairs of standard socks you make at home on your Auto Knitter we will pay you a standard price. The wage-rate now guaranteed Auto-Knitter home workers is greater than ever before in the history of this organization.

And now, every Auto-Knitter dollar you earn will be worth TWO. If you make $60.00 a month in your spare time, as Mrs. Patsy Ferraro, of Pennsylvania, does, that $60.00 will have a $120.00 purchase value. If you earn $500.00 on your Auto Knitter in six months, as has Mrs. Alice Bowen, of Utah, that $500.00 will have a purchase value of $1000.00.

The golden key opens the chest Use it for free information

Turn *your* spare hours into double dollars for the things you want. Find out at once about the big new plan. We will gladly send you full details free. Just send the coupon—it will bring you all information in a day or two. We will include a copy of our big REWARD BOOK which illustrates the many attractive and useful things you can now earn right at home, the new double-quick way.

Don't put it off. Thousands will use this coupon to get the free information. We'll be watching for yours. No cost. No obligation. Just your name and address on the coupon. But send it off today, before you forget. THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., INC., Dept. 212, 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc., Dept. 212
630-638 Genesee Street, Buffalo, N.Y.

I want to turn the key to the treasure chest. You may send me FREE full information regarding Auto Knitting and how it turns wasted hours into dollars. Also all details concerning the new plan that now makes every Auto-Knitter dollar worth two. This does not obligate me in any way whatever.

Name. ....

Address ....

City.... State ....

NOTE The treasure is heavy Please enclose a 2 cent stamp to cover cost of mailing to you.

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Does your disinfectant *really disinfect?*

NO DOUBT you regularly disinfect all those places in your home where germs can breed—those danger spots which soap and water alone can never make healthily clean.

Nowadays every careful housewife knows that this is a vital sanitary safeguard. She knows that she must purify those dark, damp or hidden places—sinks, wash bowls, toilet bowl, closets, refrigerator drain pipe—*all* nooks and crannies where sunlight cannot purify. So in the modern home a disinfectant has become as indispensable as soap.

But—

Does the disinfectant you use *thoroughly and effectually disinfect?*

The effectiveness of "Lysol" Disinfectant in thoroughly destroying harmful germ life is proved by its use in leading hospitals everywhere. Years of demonstrated results and unvarying uniformity have made it the *standard* disinfectant.

One reason for "Lysol" Disinfectant's effectiveness is its complete solubility in water. If you were to examine under the microscope a solution made by pouring "Lysol" into water and stirring well, you would see that every single drop is clear and transparent; there are no undissolved globules.

Each and every drop of "Lysol" Disinfectant solution (in proper proportion as given in the directions) has 100 per cent. germ-killing power.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is neutral as well as completely soluble. It contains no free acid nor free alkali. Diluted in the correct proportions, it is non-caustic.

All drug stores sell "Lysol" Disinfectant.

As an antiseptic for personal hygiene
(One-half teaspoonful to one quart of water)

"Lysol" is the ideal antiseptic for feminine hygiene because it is safe as well as thoroughly effective. In proper solution it does not irritate. In fact, it is soothing as well as cleansing.

The use of "Lysol" for this purpose is due to the realization of women everywhere that antiseptic personal cleanliness is a safeguard of health.

Manufactured only by LYSOL, INC., 635 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK CITY
Sole Distributors: LEHN & FINK, INC., NEW YORK
Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited, 10 McCaul St., Toronto

COMPLETE *directions for use are in every package. The genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant is put up only in brown glass bottles containing 3, 7 and 16 ounces; each bottle is packed in a yellow carton. The 3 ounce bottle also comes in a special non-breakable package for travelers. Insist upon obtaining genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant.*

Lysol Disinfectant
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

For household and personal use

Covers for Twenty, Alphonse!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

tended to be used, and that will make ample room for twenty."

"Twenty!"

"I shall have to ask for the loan of your kitchens for that one day. Alphonse is coming over beforehand to look at everything."

The glassware, table decorations, and favors occupied Miss Edgett and Wade Carlisle every Saturday afternoon for the rest of the Winter and most of the Spring. The Summer and Autumn were given over to the culminating joy of selecting the Christmas gifts. These were chosen, not for their ephemeral prettiness, but for intrinsic beauty. Every gift had permanent value because it was chosen with taste that knew the chaste, stark essence of beauty which can survive centuries of change.

After the shops were closed for the night, and they could hunt no longer for bits of absolute beauty, Miss Edgett and Wade dined together, here, there, and everywhere, in places that they discovered on their pilgrimages. It never seemed odd to Wade that Miss Edgett gave him so much of her time. He wanted her with him, and she wanted to go, and that was all there was to it. It was the most natural arrangement in the world.

Lest she fear that he was spending more than he could afford, he painstakingly explained that he had an endowment policy which would mature when he was sixty, that he had some small funds conservatively invested which he had not touched, and that he could count on a government pension.

"After I retire," he told her, "I shall go right on living in your house indefinitely. It suits me as no other place on earth could."

Rather elaborately Miss Edgett changed the subject.

"Would it not be well to write to all your brothers and their wives and remind them that you expect them on Christmas?"

"I have already done so, Miss Edgett. I shall see them all in Boston on Thanksgiving, of course, and on December first I shall write again."

DURING those last three days before Christmas it seemed to Wade Carlisle that little Miss Edgett was looking singularly perturbed. On Sunday she had been sweet and eager as usual, but on Monday night, when he came home and looked in on her after dinner, he knew that she had been crying. Having found out, however, that she was in her usual good health, or at least having made her say that she was, he dismissed Miss Edgett's worries because he found his own last preparations so engrossing. And anyway, if anything was the matter with Miss Edgett, it did not at all interfere with her absorption in the coming Carlisle party. She met the chef and showed him about with dignity. She studied the menu with which Alphonse finally satisfied Wade until she knew it by heart. She learned at what temperatures the various foods and drinks should be served. When the great day came, gray, with threatening snow, and all somber twilight that would not lift, she exulted.

"The weather will make your rooms lovelier than ever, Mr. Carlisle," she said tremulously. He wondered why she was so much more excited than he. "Those two open fires and many candelabra and all your flowers will be twice as effective as if it were warm and sunshiny outside."

This was her first remark when he came in from breakfast, and it made him want to shout. He had never felt like shouting about anything before. Today, however, he was exceedingly happy. He was almost content.

As dinner was to be at three Alphonse and four men assistants arrived at nine in the morning with a small truckload of utensils and provisions. By noon the table was set and ready.

"I begin to feel as if three o'clock would never, never come," said Miss Edgett, who was to-day wearing a funny little black-silk dress that Wade had never seen before. It had frilly white collars and cuffs, soft, exquisitely neat, and it rustled with its own importance.

"Swish! Swish!" remarked Miss Edgett's frock elegantly, yet unobtrusively, wherever she went. It was probably accidental, but she looked like a housekeeper in a great house; a housekeeper with a corps of servants under her.

"Twenty covers," breathed Wade Carlisle reverently as he surveyed the oval table in the music-room. "It will do—even for Gloria."

At quarter of three Alphonse knocked and gravely announced that the guests would be late.

"People always are late, or at least part of 'em are, especially on Thanksgivings and Christmases. I learned that lesson long ago, Mr. Carlisle, and I brought with me apparatus that will keep your dinner hot indefinitely. I consider it one of my triumphs that this same dinner of yours could be served at ten to-night without perceptibly losing quality. I do not of course refer to some of the sauces, which I mix after the first course has been served."

The atmosphere of the house became more and more funereal and apprehensive as the minute-hand crawled slowly round toward three. Wade was disgusted to find that he trembled every time he heard a motor and that his throat was dry and his eyes smarted. Through a blur he saw the man who was to open the front door come and station himself in the front hall and begin a profound study of his boots.

"I shall go mad if it doesn't get to be three o'clock soon!" said Wade at five minutes of three.

Whereupon he took his last lingering survey of the table. The beautiful made-to-order silver, the shining chromatics of glass, the gold-bordered, colorful china, and imported damask were now merely a background for the food and decorations. When the men lit the tall candles the effect was so charming that Wade choked a little in that dry throat of his.

"Miss Edgett!" he called, being aware of swishes in the dusky mellow distance. "I can't help thinking it is the most wonderful sight I ever saw. It is only a dinner-table, but it is *right*. And I never could have done it without you. You have such taste! Don't you yourself think it is perfect?"

"It is going to strike three!" she cried as Wade's ancestral clock cleared its throat.

When the clock began its cathedral chimes an electric change swept through the house. Wade's nervousness fell from him like a garment. He had never been more at ease or happier. The man at the door perked up noticeably, and from below stairs there was a faint commotion. Miss Edgett's diminishing swishes ceased.

The guests might not have arrived, but with the coming of three the festal atmosphere crossed the threshold. Each candle was a happy little celebration of light; the two open fires tore at the hearts of the old chimneys and blazed and roared and crackled gorgeously. Slowly, smilingly, the roses began to unfold and send forth their brief delicious fragrance. Two velvet-footed men set silver dishes of iced olives and celery on the table. Wade himself lighted some rare incense in his bronze burner and set it near the entrance of the drawing-room. Dominating all, the Christmas tree sent forth its forest fragrance.

AFTER that electric shock of having it three o'clock at last, a hush fell on the place. Then, too quickly, the clock chimed quarter past. Wade pondered. Was it best to have more wood put on the fires, or trust to luck that the Carlisles would arrive while the present blazes were at their height? The candles, of course, were good for twelve hours. Wade had burned one to make sure.

He resisted the temptation to go out on his front door-step and be found provincially watching for them. He refused to peep through his front curtains. The Carlisles must not drive up and find him snooping at them. What dead and gone writer was it who said that no gentleman ever looks out his front windows?

At half past three Alphonse again knocked and came in.

"I said they'd be late, and I was right. Don't I know 'em?"

Wade was exceedingly glad that Alphonse knew "'em." Otherwise he, Wade, might have begun to worry. He did wish they would come, tho.

"Maybe they got lost—coming to Brooklyn," hazarded Miss Edgett, who had swished back into speaking-distance. "Everybody does."

"I sent them typewritten directions for their chauffeurs."

"Oh! There's a motor!" she cried. And she picked up her skirts and ran.

It occurred to Wade that Miss Edgett

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Fascinating PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE says:
"Mineralava is the First Aid to Beauty"

American women the most beautiful in the world

By HECTOR FULLER

IT was a distinguished visitor from Paris who declared: "In no country in the world have they such beautiful women as in America."

And, naturally, the foreigner visiting these shores gets his most vivid impression of American women from those remarkable beauties whose distinguished presence adds so much to the glory of the American stage.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce, star of Earl Carroll's "Vanities of 1923," whose trio of husbands have all been multi-millionaires, who has traveled all over the world and has observed Beauty in its most superlative surroundings in Paris, Vienna, Budapest, Deauville and the Orient, says that after all there is no such radiant and healthy beauty of contour and complexion as is to be found among American women. "And as for beauty preparations," says Miss Joyce, "nothing that the beauty specialists abroad can turn out, equals our own American product, MINERALAVA, to the persistent and faithful use of which, I am glad to say, I attribute the perfect condition of my own complexion." "Pretty Peggy" is the alluring title by which Miss Joyce is hailed in the clever musical show which she now heads, and the sheer delicacy and clearness of her skin, which is as fresh and dainty as that of a little child, is the admiration of all who see her.

For twenty-five years MINERALAVA has been fighting the years away for the women of the world. And men, too, have found in this remedy of nature the one product that insures them a clear and radiant complexion: the one thing that wipes away, as if by magic, that strained look, and restores to tired faces the bloom and virile circulation of youth.

MINERALAVA has the hearty endorsement of surgeons and dermatologists who agree with the famous British Surgeon, Sir Erasmus Wilson, M.D., F.R.S., that all of the ills that affect the complexion such as pimples, blackheads, too-dry or too-oily skin; premature wrinkles; sluggish circulation; sagging muscles which cause loss of contour—all these are caused by Skin Malnutrition, and for all these MINERALAVA is the perfect corrective.

MINERALAVA corrects not only the blemishes you can see; it works with gentle but penetrating force on the delicate underskin, nourishing it to a ripe and lovely texture, so that as the old skin, weather-beaten and time-worn, flakes away, the new skin is ready to take its place, new-born and beautiful.

There never has been an aid to perfect complexion [illegible] those or so effective in its results as MINERALAVA. It is applied to the face and neck with the soft brush that comes with every bottle. It forms a dainty, fragrant mask which soon dries and beneath the mask you can feel the medical properties of this restorer of youth doing their work. You can feel MINERALAVA in its cleansing and restorative work penetrating the pores, re-vitalizing the tissues, building up the tiny muscles, withdrawing all impurities, stimulating the blood circulation.

Those who have tried MINERALAVA swear by it. A look into their mirrors convinces them that Youth has come again.

MANUFACTURER'S NOTE: MINERALAVA is ideal for constant and steady home treatment. It requires no expert manipulation. Sold twenty-five years ago, when its remarkable properties were first discovered, at as high as $15 or $20 a treatment, it may be had today at $2.00 a bottle, each bottle containing enough for eighteen generous treatments. MINERALAVA Face Finish, an ideal tonic and skin food and mild bleach, which should be used after the MINERALAVA treatment, comes at $1.50 a bottle. There is also a trial tube of MINERALAVA at 50c. Always sold under a positive money back guarantee MINERALAVA may be had at one of 30,000 drug stores or at department stores.

This
is not an experiment but a method. Try it!

THREE times a week the woman who cares for the appearance of her face and neck should try this: Wash the face in plenty of warm, not too hot water; dry, then apply the MINERALAVA with the soft brush that comes with every bottle. Apply it with an upward stroke. As it dries you will feel the MINERALAVA penetrating the pores, and thoroughly cleansing them so they have a chance to breathe. At the same time it calls up a fresh supply of blood to the tired tissues and the tiny muscles, bringing them new life and vitality.

Wash off the dainty mask of MINERALAVA in clear warm water, then cold water, and then apply MINERALAVA Face Finish, patting it gently into the face with the tips of fingers. It is a wonderful skin food and tonic, and provides a perfect base for powder.

MINERALAVA facials are given and recommended by the better class beauty and barber shops.

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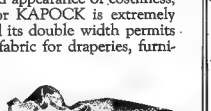
The silky loveliness of KAPOCK dispels thoughts of bleak winter. Its luxuriousness, its exquisite colors make homes more inviting, more snug, more cheerful, more interesting.

And despite its rich quality and appearance of costliness, KAPOCK is economical. For KAPOCK is extremely durable, is sun and tubfast and its double width permits splitting. It is the ideal silky fabric for draperies, furniture and walls.

Send 10c in cash for New Drapery KAPOCK SKETCH BOOK Beautifully illustrated in colors.



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Some hose may approach Holeproof in wearing quality—but at a sacrifice of sheerness, fine texture, beauty.

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At all good stores—in many styles, all approved colors: Silk, Silk-and-Wool, Wool, Silk-faced, and Lusterized Lisle. Styles also for men and children. If not available locally, write for booklet and prices.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario

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Covers for Twenty, Alphonse!

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ran more nimbly than he would have supposed possible at her age. What was her age, pray? Some day, after this dinner, he would find out. Never before had he thought of Miss Edgett's having any definite age.

"Did that motor stop at my door?" he asked the man in the hall.

"No, sir," said the man evenly.

"I knew that Gloria would be late," said Wade, half to himself and half to Miss Edgett, whose white collars and cuffs proclaimed her presence in the depths of the stately old hall. "But Dorothy would surely be on time. Dorothy wanted to come. She said so. I don't quite understand why they are so extremely late. They all accepted. Hunter particularly assured me that Gloria expected to come."

"Why not telephone?" inquired Miss Edgett.

It was a most unfortunate suggestion. Wade's pride stiffened him into something formal and unapproachable.

"I shall not nag my guests," he said. And that was all of that! At the same time such a look of disappointment and resignation settled on him that Miss Edgett fled and banged the door behind her.

"Dear God!" she whispered, for she was down on her knees in front of the rocking-chair where Wade usually sat. "He has been all his life getting ready for this. Please let them come. If they don't come I never can tell him what I *must* tell him—when they have gone."

THEN Miss Edgett rose, washed her face, powdered her nose, and began to hum something or other, just to show any one in the hall how gay she felt.

"Four o'clock," said Wade comfortably when Alphonse knocked on the door just as the clock struck. "Are they often as late as this, Alphonse?"

"They never are, sir," replied Alphonse. He was respectful enough, but it was evident that he was beginning to undergo a chemical change with the continued and uneventful flight of time.

"Their late arrival does not mean that you need stay longer than you otherwise would," said Wade.

"Thank you, Mr. Carlisle. I don't mind finishing up late, but my men will want to go."

"I understand, Alphonse. Don't worry. My family will be here shortly."

It was at five o'clock that Wade first admitted to himself that the Carlisles were not coming. At the same time he began to feel faint and rather dizzy. In his excitement he had scarcely swallowed a mouthful of breakfast in the restaurant where he took his meals. It was at five o'clock that his festive, perfect rooms began to get on his nerves. It was too tremendous, this result of so many years' planning and self-denial. He must get out of the house, away from all that splendor, to the casual things of every day. He couldn't bear the thought of his richly decked table, much less the sight of it. The fires smothered him, and the scent of the flowers and the tree was sickening.

"Something has prevented my family from coming," he said to Alphonse at half past five.

"Something couldn't have happened to *all* of them," replied the chef with veiled skepticism.

From the hall the man who was to open the door openly glowered at Wade. It was easy to see that his opinion of this would-be dinner-giver was falling every instant. Through the crack of the music-room door, back of the flaming candelabra, Wade saw two lynx-eyed men pacing like caged animals. There weren't any reassuring iron bars between them and himself. He wanted those men to go, *now*.

"My family is not coming," he repeated to Alphonse. "There is no point in your staying any longer or keeping the men."

"But your own dinner, Mr. Carlisle?"

"I shall dine elsewhere."

"I could fix up such a nice little dinner for you here, quite savory, by the drawing-room fire. It would be an honor to serve you, Mr. Carlisle."

"I shall dine elsewhere, Alphonse."

"Shall I give orders to clear the table?"

"No." The tone was so stern and sharp that the chef was startled.

"Don't touch anything," commanded Wade. "Leave it all as it is, both here and below stairs."

"You still expect them, then, Mr. Carlisle! Hadn't I better——"

"They are not coming, Alphonse, but I want everything left as it is. Tomorrow, just as planned, you can get your things. I'm grateful, Alphonse, for your pains. There was no better dinner anywhere, I know, than the one you would have served for me. I think you will find this amount correct." Wade handed the man an envelop, and then took from his bill-folder a sizable banknote. "The men may have been expecting to get a bite here before they went on. Have this changed, give them what you think best, and keep the rest. Thank them for me and have them go at once. *At once*, Alphonse."

He walked composedly to the fire and stood warming his hands, which already felt hotter than the fire itself, until he heard the servant's gate close and saw them file out the servant's entrance. After they had gone he opened a window, drew a long breath, and then waited, vainly listening for the swishing of Miss Edgett's skirts.

After some time he was beset with a horrid fear that she might have gone out, that he was all alone in a forsaken mansion with the vain folly of that too-splendid dinner.

"Miss Edgett!" he shouted. His voice echoed bleakly through the house.

When she slowly opened her door and stole toward him he was sick with the relief of her presence.

"Miss Edgett—" Tho he tried to speak naturally his voice was harsh and unreal. No need to explain—he saw that she knew he had given them up. "Miss Edgett, will you dine with me to-day?"

"Why—er—" She hesitated and looked away.

"My invitation is too late." Tho he did his best not to let it, his voice took on a tone like the iron clanging of a tolling bell. "You are sorry, but you have made other plans. People do plan ahead for the holidays. I forgot."

"I had no plans like that."

"Then you will go over to town and dine with me?"

"Go over to town—with all there is in the house?"

"I can't touch that. I never wish to touch or taste any of it, or think of it again. I can't telephone and ask the charity organizations to come and take it, because by now even the charity organizations have seen to it that the last pauper is fed. Perhaps you can do something with it—to-morrow, after I am gone. It would be a great act of friendship. Well—are you coming with me or do you, too, prefer to dine anywhere else on earth than in my poor company?" It was his one bitterness.

"I was wishing that you would dine with me," she said. Her voice was like gentle, healing rain after drought. "I thought I wouldn't begin to eat until your dinner was started, for fear you might need something. I have half a chicken from the rôtisserie, some cranberry sauce, and sweet potatoes. I bought a luscious home-made pumpkin pie at the Woman's Exchange, and I make good coffee. Please, Mr. Carlisle."

Leaving every tall, ecclesiastical candle burning, and without another glance at his own table, Wade Carlisle closed his drawing-room door softly, as on the dead.

INTO her sitting-room they went, and, closing that door too, down they sat together. Her room, which was one of the smallest in the house, looked homelike and cheerful. The light of three small candles in old brass candlesticks that didn't match did not reveal the majestic lines of the room, the height of its ceiling, or its elaborate decoration.

Daintily but quickly, as if Wade were an emergency case, Miss Edgett served the little dinner. Tho she seemed calm and deft, the hand with which she poured him some home-made elderberry wine, brought down from her grandmother's, trembled so that she spilled several drops of the precious liquid.

As he ate her food Wade, by some extraordinary reaction, began to be so happy that he could hardly contain himself. It was like waking from a hideous nightmare to find himself there with Miss Edgett, so humbly and pleasantly. He thought her eyes shone brighter than all his tall candles and that her lips were sweeter than any of his flowers when she quite seriously drank his health. He rose with the grand manner that was natural to him when he returned the compliment and drank hers. When he sat down again opposite her, she seemed so bride-

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Honeymooning in the Alps

THEY stepped out on the little balcony for their first look at the Alps in the moonlight.

"They are wonderful," she sighed.

"Not so wonderful as you—"

"—and so beautiful," she added, leaning against his shoulder.

"Not so beautiful as you," he added fervently. "You are always so complete, dear. Entirely aside from your pretty clothes—you always have such a flower-like skin, and there is a faint perfume about you too, like a flower—"

She glanced up shyly. "I like our honeymoon," she said quaintly.

For "Instant Beauty"

EVERY well-dressed woman today realizes that she must pay as much attention to the appearance of her skin as she does to her costume. These are women who appreciate the Pompeian Instant Beauty Quartet. The Quartet consists of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom (a rouge), and Lip Stick.

Apply according to the following order:

Distribute the Day Cream over the skin, covering every exposed surface. It vanishes as soon as used, leaving a delicate coating as a foundation for powder and a protection against the weather.

Apply the Beauty Powder next, distributing over face and neck with equal thickness. This powder is exceptionally soft and delicate, and adheres with remarkable tenacity.

Next select the right shade of the Bloom and blend on the cheeks in the normal places. The Orange Tint gives a more natural tone when blended with the Naturelle or Rachel shade of Beauty Powder.

The Lip Stick gives the slightly heightened tone to the mouth that is called for by accentuating the color in the cheeks with rouge. It is of a natural tone and of a consistency neither too hard nor "salve-like." Chisel-pointed end for easy, accurate application. Dainty telescoping gilt container.

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By MME. JEANNETTE

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5. And the necessity of intelligently preparing your toilet for the day.

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Think of the appearance of your skin before you think of the effect your clothes will make! And as you think of your skin first, give it first attention before you dress.

Use Pompeian Day Cream before you apply your powder. This is the most delightful foundation possible for your powder. It is a vanishing cream with properties in it that at once protect and freshen the skin. It gives your skin a cool, firm feeling that is distinctly revivifying. It prevents that disagreeable oily appearance noticed so often after powder has been on for a short time. And the powder you apply over the base of Pompeian Day Cream will remain soft and velvety for hours.

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FIRST THING IN THE MORNING SINCE 1879

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Covers for Twenty, Alphonse!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

like and devastatingly sweet that he quite forgot the Carlisles had played him false.

"Men are selfish," he declared as he drank her coffee. "We have never talked about you at all, Miss Edgett. We have just talked of me. Tell me about yourself."

"The story of my life is so short that it wouldn't make even a storiette. I had a good start as a painter and my eyes went back on me. They won't be any better—ever. There are blind musicians and poets, but no blind painters. To keep on painting—would have meant loss of sight. I can see as well as you, or anybody, and always will be able to—as long as I take care of my eyes. Why—I don't even read, you know."

With a slow, painful flush he acknowledged that he hadn't known. It would be brutal now, but later he would suggest casually, as if it had just occurred to him, that he read to her evenings.

"So I went into this—to earn my living, and now—" Was it his imagination, or was there a return of that worried look he had seen the last few days? "Oh—your glass is empty! A little more elderberry wine, Mr. Carlisle?"

IT WAS seven o'clock when she cleared away.

"I was going to pop corn this evening—all by myself," she said as she took out the corn and popper. And she sank down on the floor before her fire with such ease that he accused her.

"You aren't old!" he scolded.

"Thirty-one is Methuselah—for a girl."

But there in the firelight, on the floor, little and slender, with her eager, flushed face, she was too young even for a bride. She was a child. How could there be anything the matter with those starlike, lovely eyes?

"You have been so kind to me," he said, "that I have come to my senses about all that stuff—in there."

He nodded in the direction of his own apartment.

"That dinner was my poor return to the Carlisles for their years of regal hospitality. I couldn't go on receiving forever, never giving anything in return. It was, it is my tribute to the great and successful Carlisle family, in which I am the only failure. I see now that I exaggerated its importance and that I was perhaps foolish to spend so much time and money. I even roped you in and stole your leisure—for the Carlisles."

"But I loved those shopping parties, Mr. Carlisle. They were all the connection I had with my old idol, art. And they were so funny, too, because the clerks so often thought we were rich newly-weds shopping for our home. Wasn't that *absurd*, Mr. Carlisle?"

"It wasn't so absurd, now I think of it, because you always looked like a bride. Well, as long as you don't grudge the time you gave me, I shall never feel sorry that I did my best to make that dinner what it ought to be. I may be all agog in my ideas, but if so, I am comfortable—in being agog. I don't feel injured, but I do like my family, and that is the only part that is going to be difficult. I wish I could bring myself to telephone, because they may be in real trouble. But I can't. The first word, if ever there is a first word, must come from them."

The door-bell rang imperatively, and as was her custom when her one servant was out, Miss Edgett went to answer it. As she swished across the hall Wade heard his distant clock chime and then strike a dignified eight. On the last stroke Miss Edgett opened the front door and many people came in. They were all talking and laughing and their voices were familiar and important. Little feminine exclamations and stalwart masculine replies and laughter! The Carlisle family had come.

As Wade realized what had happened, Miss Edgett swept back into her room, closed the door tight, and stood spread out flat against it like a bas-relief.

"They thought your dinner was at eight. One looked at his watch and said, 'Right on time, too!' Go on in, Mr. Carlisle, and don't tell them. I'll bring in the cocktails in five minutes. *I'll* serve your dinner. I can! I know where everything is and the order it comes in and the dish it belongs in. Go on now, but don't give yourself away. My name isn't Edgett, it's Emergency, and my first name is Crisis. I'm *crazy* over doing it for you!"

Big, spare, and formidably aristocratic as he was, little Miss Edgett fairly propelled him across the hall.

Luckily there was no need for him to talk. His work of years spoke for him. The instant he entered his drawing-room he was the center of a group of enthusiasts. Why, he lived better than any of them! Why hadn't he had them over before? They never dreamed! Gloria herself, ablaze with jewels and like a flame in ruby velvet, turned to him by one arm and led him up in front of his prize piece, saying admiringly:

"Wade Carlisle, where did you ever get *that*?"

In came the cocktails carried on a tray by your demurest of maids, tricked out in your sauciest of small lace aprons.

"Wade, you lawbreaker! Real gin!"

"I'm not a lawbreaker. I bought just enough for this occasion before prohibition. Come, Gloria!" And he gave her his arm because the same demure of maids had pulled back the music-room doors and announced dinner.

Covers for twenty! How wonderful it was and, strangely enough, how natural—just as if they had been there many times!

Such a dinner goes on its own momentum. Wade felt absolutely care-free and, in spite of his party with Miss Edgett, hungry. What was his astonishment, when the national bird appeared, to have it borne in by Alphonse! Miss Edgett again, but how!

"You must have a pull," said Gloria when the well-known chef came in. "Alphonse himself, and on Christmas!"

Wade smiled waveringly. Were there, he wondered, any authentic cases of people going mad with too sudden happiness?

"Where did you get this lovely silver?" Gloria's voice was asking.

"It was made to order—for this occasion."

"But the linen, Wade?"

"Imported for the Carlisles."

"And all the rest—especially for us?"

"And all the rest—especially for you."

"People!" cried Gloria. "Let's drink to Wade. He's the finest Carlisle of all!"

They drank, of course, and toasted him, and they all, including Wade, knew that they were seeing Gloria at her best. When Gloria decided to be decent she led them all.

"To think of your buying and hoarding the champagne all this time makes me afraid I'll cry into mine," said Dorothy.

IT WAS one o'clock of the morning of the Friday after Christmas and the Carlisles were still there. They had played bridge, they had danced old dances and new dances, they had sung every popular song from "Ta-ra-ra—boom-de-ay!" to the latest from the Follies, and still they lingered, and almost expectantly, too.

Wade had had a small session in the hall with Miss Edgett.

"I asked Alphonse his telephone number and he promised to come back, if needed," she explained. "I didn't tell you because I was so desperately afraid he wouldn't be needed."

Without realizing it he had both her hands in his. Which is the way such things happen when they happen genuinely.

"You have been upset all the week," Wade said. "Come now, out with it—what's the matter?"

"After they have gone I will tell you."

"Tell me now! What's your first name? Tell me *now*!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

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Covers for Twenty, Alphonse!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

"It's the thirty-day removal clause, Clarine. On my lease. I didn't tell you because I thought it would make you feel unsettled, and I didn't think they would ever sell the house. But it was sold Monday morning and they're going to tear it down in twenty-six days and put up a horrid modern apartment in its place. There, Mr. Carlisle, I guess it will kill you."

"It won't kill me at all, Clarine. Not now."

"My dear brothers and sisters," said Wade quietly a little later, "is it not fitting that after the Carlisles have dined here that this old house should be sold and pulled down and that no more parties will be held here again, ever? It is like breaking the champagne-glasses in which we all drank Gloria's health as a bride."

"Oh, Wade! What a shame! With all your lovely things bought to fill these places!" Gloria fairly wrung her hands. "Perhaps down round Washington Square or Gramercy Park, Wade, you could find——"

"Thanks, Gloria. But you see I want another sort of an establishment now. Just a minute, and I'll be back and tell you what I mean."

"I'm no opportunist, Clarine, but this is the golden time to tell the Carlisles," said Wade to Miss Edgett in her room. "Come on, and don't open your mouth to contradict me."

Miss Edgett pulled off your sauciest of aprons and flung it toward a chair, which it missed, and fell abandonedly to the floor, as much as to say, "My stars, what next?"

With little Miss Edgett's small hand grasped firmly in his large, bony one, Wade went back to his astonished family. In just as few words as would tell the story, he related how he had expected them at three, how he had suffered, because he had thought they were too proud to come, and how glad he was when they hadn't come, because he was so obtuse that he would never have found out that he loved Clarine, whose inspired act of friendship in pretending to be what she wasn't had made his dinner-party possible.

"I have known her ten years, I have loved her ten years, but I have known that I loved her only since six o'clock."

Clarine carried it off just as well as she had carried off the dinner, and the Carlisles were enchanted with the dénouement.

Whoever and whatever Wade's unpredicted Clarine was, she had acted with the spirit that the Carlisles adored; a spirit which they never failed to recognize and give honor to.

"*Now* we can go home," said Gloria as she got into her chinchilla evening coat.

"Wade, it was just like you to spend years getting up your party and then never mention the hour. You were so dignified about it that we were scared to ask you. We all agreed on eight because, years ago, *I* decided that eight was the proper hour for family parties. You see, people, I was right, and especially so in the case of Wade's party. Clarine, you must come to lunch soon. I'm faddy, but once I like a person I don't forget."

And then they were gone, leaving a tall, spare man looking down on a little, bride-like woman in the midst of a great quiet hallway.

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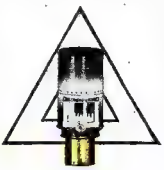

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- ☐ How to Become a Successful Milliner
- ☐ The Art of Successful Cookery

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

"Well," he drawled, "we could keep store."

"What kind of a store?" Ma Holtz did not look up; drop, drop, drop went the candy on the gravestone.

"A candy-store, Ma. Somewhar down by the schools."

"Yep. And we might buy the Jefferson Hotel."

"Jest a little store, Ma. The rent wouldn't be a durn sight more'n we pay now. And we could live up-stairs."

"Mebbe you've see-lected the store?" suggested Ma Holtz with elegant sarcasm.

"Yep. There's one empty right round the corner from Miss Martincastle's school. It's right smart of a price, tho—twenty-five dollars a month."

"How'd you know all that?"

"I seen the sign, 'Peake & Livingstone, Real Estate,' so I went to their office and ast the man."

"Did you see Mister Peake or Mister Livin'stone?" inquired Mrs. Holtz, who could be witty upon occasion.

"Oh, he was jest one o' their clerks, I reckon. But he told me the price and was real polite. I reckon he'd have to make 'bout ten times as much candy as we do now——"

"And what'd yo' be doin' with yer ma all this time?" she asked in a thin, small voice.

"Oh, you could jest stay back o' the counter and keep store."

Ma Holtz silently dropped three rows of peppermints. Suddenly she stood stiffly erect, the spoon held high in her skinny right hand.

"Come here, Ad," she commanded.

Her pose was threatening. She might have intended to "paste" him with the candy-spoon. But a hypnotic control which she never failed to exercise over him drew Admah from his chair to her side. And what she did was more surprizing than any blow could have been. She put her arm around his neck and pressed her dry lips very tenderly against his cheek.

"Honey," she whispered, "you shore do git the quairest notions!"

OVER the Fort a little moon was wearing westward, and stars were scattered wantonly across the cloudless blue arch. Dutch Hill was silent, save for the occasional bumping of a bobtailed car making its weary, mule-drawn way around the base. Admah Holtz, who had yielded to temptation, put on his Sunday necktie and tipped out of the back door, had been sitting beside Mabel Stek for twenty minutes as mortals judge the time. But to him it had been an era of emotions, incalculable by clocks.

Mabel Stek was a rather tall young lady with a gipsy comeliness inherited from some Hungarian ancestor. Ma Holtz referred to her as a "highty-tighty fly-up-the-creek." This aroused no ire in Admah's breast. He loved to associate Mabel with flying up exclusive rivers where she could commune with spirits as perfect as herself. Poor Admah was born to worship, and on Mabel Stek he wasted his first incoherent prayer. Mabel was stylish. Her superior age worried him; she was his senior by four years of existence, by twenty of life. He was most at ease when they were both seated; when she stood up he barely came to her shoulder.

"It's perfectly delicious!" she declared in her pretty, rather affected voice as she reached again into the bag of peppermints which Admah had stolen from the kitchen.

He cleared his throat and struggled to invent some pretty speech to the effect that candy wasn't half so sweet as Miss Mabel Stek. But the fancy sounded daring, so he revised it to the bald statement, "Ma makes candy pretty good."

"Oh, Admah!" she giggled adorably. "What did I say then?" The boy flushed secretly under the stars.

"You won't get mad if I tell you?"

Something in her voice suggested the benevolent aunt instructing her very young nephew, but Admah boldly replied, "I wouldn't git mad at nothin' you say."

"There you go!" Her laughter rang again.

"What doin'?"

"For such a nice boy—and you're mighty sweet, Admah—you do use the most awful grammar."

A long pause.

"And now you *are* mad!" she twitted.

"No, I ain't," he insisted, in spite of that hot pride which he always carried in his heart. But in sudden confidence, and humility too, he turned to her. "Miss Mabel, you go to school and study books. My pa was educated good, too. I want to learn to talk good so I can git in some sort o' business."

"What sort of business, Admah?" indulgently.

"I'm thinkin' of buyin' a candy-store," he explained, swelling like the young male pigeon at courting-time.

"My land!" Miss Stek laughed again. Then, relenting, she said, "Well, there's lots of money in the candy business, I reckon. But, Admah, you ought to do something about your grammar. It's too bad your mother has kept you out of school."

"Ma don't keep me out o' school," he flew to his mother's defense.

EVEN in his delirium he remembered what Ma Holtz had so often said: if she was Mrs. Stek, said she, she wouldn't work her fingers to the bone round no soap-factory jest to pay for a fly-up-the-creek actin' like a sassiety lady round that there high school. However, the resentment was but momentary, and he quickly abandoned himself to being flirted with.

"I didn't intend to be mean, Admah. Only you're too nice a boy—" Her dark eyes rolled languorously under the soft light and her voice was like honey—honey filled with some bland drug.

"Gosh!" sighed Admah. Then, more pertinently, "I wish you would learn me good grammar."

"Oh, Admah!" She didn't even laugh at that. "I can't *learn* you grammar. I can *teach* you."

"Then teach me," he begged.

"Learn me—teach me some more."

"Oh, Admah!" she stirred a little restlessly, looking vaguely into the soft night. She had been absent-minded all evening; Admah wondered what she was waiting for, what had disappointed her. Usually the stoop was crowded with high-school boys, tinkling musical instruments and competing for her attention. To-night Admah had her to himself. And she was bored.

"Well, I reckon I'll be gittin' on," he decided, rising and stretching himself with a show of nonchalance.

"Oh, don't hurry."

Taking her at her word, he sat again on the step below her. He could look up and see her dark eyes—usually snapping with vivacity—gazing abstractedly toward the sinking moon.

"Do I look pretty young to you?" he asked.

"Why, no." Her tone was a little more than indifferent. "You're thirteen, aren't you, Admah?"

"Thirteen!" he snorted. "My fo'teenth birthday was 'way last August. And d'you know what I done?"

"Did," she corrected him.

"What I did—excuse me—I went out and looked over some propity for our new candy-store—Holtz & Sons, General Confectioners. I know right smart about the business already."

Admah was surprizing himself. Shy and diffident by nature, here he sat boasting like a Gascon. In mating season very young birds sometimes show their plumage.

"Aren't you smart!" chimed the young lady.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

Must a Woman Make Sacrifices for a Career? Read

"Seven Times Seven"

An Autobiography

By

Maria Thompson Daviess

Beginning in the January

PICTORIAL REVIEW

Bubble Books

Mother Goose Helps to Solve The Servant Problem

BE sure to engage her services this Christmas as nursemaid to the children through the Bubble Books "that sing" all her familiar nursery rhymes and games.

Christmas morning give the children this happy surprise: Just crank up the phonograph and ask them what it shall be—Simple Simon, Old Mother Hubbard, London Bridge, or one of the other Mother Goose favorites. They're all on the cunning records that come, three to each volume of the

BUBBLE BOOKS "that Sing"

By Ralph Mayhew and Burges Johnson

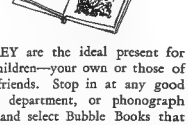
Pictures by Rhoda Chase

AS the records play the children can read the verses that are being sung. They form part of the story that is printed in charming colored pictures and simple words upon the pages. Uncut on two sides, these sturdy pages make pockets to hold the three records.

The Books themselves, with their gay covers, and lovely, colored illustrations, delight the eye of even the wee little tots. Big sister who is just learning to read finds it very easy to pick out the simple new words as they are sung. *All* the children love to sing and dance to the accompaniment of the gay melodies and funny animal sounds.

When the children once get started playing with Bubble Books they will be amused for hours, and mother may go about doing other things with an easy mind.

There are Fourteen of these BUBBLE BOOKS "that sing"



THEY are the ideal present for children—your own or those of your friends. Stop in at any good book, department, or phonograph store and select Bubble Books that sing your favorite tunes. The price of each is $1.00, complete with three records. But the joy they hold for children is priceless.

Ask about Bubble Book Hour where Bubble Books are sold.

HARPER & BROTHERS
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Ideas for Christmas Gifts That Cater to Fastidious Tastes

Artistic Designs That Are Practical

No. 12873—On Dress No. 1765 (Above)

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12873, blue or yellow, 45 cents—2/—, supplies 4 Japanese motifs, with a duplicate and reverses of each, ranging from 3½ to 7½ inches high. Shown at left on Girls' Dress No. 1765, 30 cents—1/6. Sizes 6 to 12 years.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12883, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/6, furnishes four 6¾-inch motifs; six 4-inch; six 4¼-inch; and six 5½-inch motifs to be worked in appliqué or one-stitch embroidery. They may be used on frocks or pillows and scarfs for the living-room, as illustrated. A combination of appliqué and embroidery may be used if desired, and on a black satin foundation a pillow and scarf having the appliqué and embroidery in bright colors is effective.

No. 298—Infants' Crocheted Set

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12876, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/6, supplies a center motif for a bedspread, design for a bolster roll and extra cutting guides for appliqué. The flower clusters may be made of pink chambray, cut in one piece, with the single flowers a deeper shade of rose chambray. Flower centers may be worked in yellow French knots, the stems in green outline stitch.

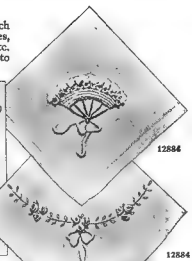
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12875, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, gives 5 nursery motifs with reverses from 3¾ to 5¼ inches high, to be worked in outline stitch in color on children's clothes, crib spreads, curtains, etc. These designs are bound to please the small child.

No. 12880—On Dress No. 1091 (Above)

No. 12883—On Scarf and Pillow (Right)

12879

12879



12884

12884

12884

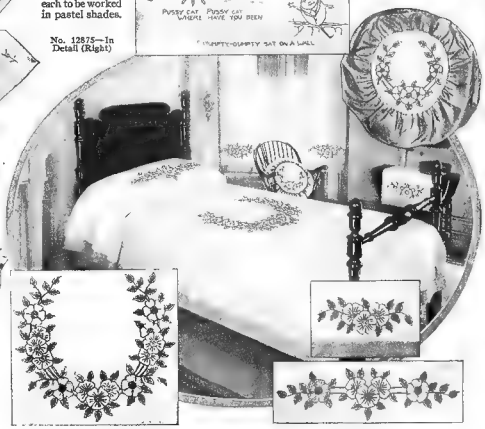
12879

12879

12884

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12884, blue only, 25 cents—1/3, supplies 8 lovely handkerchief motifs, with 3 duplicates of each to be worked in pastel shades.

No. 12875—In Detail (Right)



Nos. 12879 and 12884 on Handkerchiefs

12884

No. 12884—On Handkerchiefs

No. 12880—On Camisole No. 8555

No. 12883—In Detail

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

No. 12876—On Bedspread and Bolster; No. 12877—On Curtains, Scarf, and Pillow

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Wide Flange Pie Plate

dishes

Round Deep Pudding or Meat Pie Dish

for

General purpose Dish "Au Gratin" Design

every-day

Oblong Baking or Pudding Dish

use, and

Biscuit and Cookie Baker or Shallow Utility Dish

for all gift

General Utility Dish

occasions

NO gift has more charm or as much practical, pleasurable use —every meal, every day—than an outfit of beautiful

PYREX

Transparent Ovenware

Your nearest housewares dealer has Pyrex dishes for every possible purpose.

No Home Can Have Too Much Pyrex.

Pyrex Sales Division
CORNING GLASS WORKS, CORNING, N.Y.
World's Largest Makers of Oven Glassware

To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

"I reckon the real-estate man thought I looked pretty young when I walked in and made him an offer. I ain't goin' to be no pedler all my life——"

"Any pedler——"

"Any pedler. Right now we don't amount to noth—anything. And do you know why?"

"Why, Admah?"

"Because we're pore."

"Fiddlesticks!" said she, but without much conviction. "Being a swell counts more than money."

"Shucks!" was his return for her "fiddlesticks." "It's havin' money that *makes* 'em swells."

"Does it? I wonder." She said this softly, and her face, vivacious an instant before, grew wistful and discontented.

"Just have the money and you're a swell," he insisted.

"Then you think that's the difference between them and us? Just have the money, and let it cover up everything?"

"I don't mean steal it," he explained. What was Mabel thinking about?

"Admah, you're the strangest boy!"

This was almost what his mother had said with that quick, tragic kiss less than an hour before. Enchantment was on Admah Holtz that night. He was drugged with romance and moonlight. At the feet of beauty, under a lunar spell, he saw a reflected Admah, radiantly adventurous, taking wild chances to win incomparable stakes. Never before had he dared talk like this, think like this.

"Well," he heard himself boasting, "business is just like the race-track. Got to take a long shot once in a while——"

A harsh, wooden, thumping sound called him suddenly back to the shackly porch. Bump, bump, bump! He knew that warning. Pa Stek, by daylight a foreman in the soap-works, was pounding the floor with his shoe, calling Mabel to bed.

Rising hastily, she drew her mother's knit cape across her shoulders.

"I better be going," said Admah, merely by way of formula.

"Good night, Admah." She held out a hand so white that he scarcely dared touch it with his own chapped paw.

"Will you teach me some grammar tomorra night?" he asked, largely as an excuse to linger a little longer.

"Not to-morrow, Admah. I have an engagement—er—the theater."

"Oh!" This was appalling. He had taken up the entire evening of a lady who had engagements for—the theater.

"What theater?" he inquired brazenly.

"Macmurray's," she answered, as tho she spent all her evening at fashionable places of amusement. "It's Louis James. Mr. Greenfall's going to take me."

"That so?"

Admah Holtz stood rooted to the soil, his thoughts at war. He had seen this Mr. Greenfall among Mabel's porch-sitters; he was clerk in a large stationery-store. So this fellow Greenfall could afford Macmurray's Theater. Despite his rival's worldly success and great age—Mr. Greenfall was nearly twenty—Admah resolved to meet him at his own game.

Pa Stek's boot thumped again.

"Good night, Admah," repeated Mabel, showing dimples as she rolled her sweet eyes.

"Say, Miss Mabel—" he almost choked on the rash suggestion—"what's matter with you and me goin' to the theayter some night?"

"*The*-ater, Admah," she corrected him, but laughed.

"Well—*the*-ater. What's matter with you and me——"

"That would be delightful, Mr. Holtz." She went in, closing the door softly.

ADMAH HOLTZ was at an age when every male woman must cross his own Rubicon in his own awkward boat. To transport his lady from Dutch Hill to Macmurray's involved a financial problem. Since the days of Ulysses heroes have done much to gain a woman's transitory smile; most of them have awakened to disillusionment, and have learned nothing by it. Admah knew so little of the theater that gallery and orchestra were all one to him; but he was already developing shrewdness.

Lowliest on Macmurray's staff was an usher named Elmer. He was a thin boy with prominent brown eyes, a cigaret breath, and the air of an old roué. Admah approached him with a bag of broken peppermints, and by that bribe obtained information. If you were black you could sit in the gallery for four bits; pride of race is a costly thing. Bad balcony seats were six bits, and if you wanted to sit in front where you could really see anything it would cost you a dollar. Elmer plunged into realms of fancy, mentioning seats down-stairs for a dollar and a half, but Admah wasn't listening. The need of two dollars filled every corner of his imagination. To say that he had never seen two dollars all together in his life would be an exaggeration; but Ma Holtz held him to account for every cent, allowing him no more than his daily dime for car-fare.

HOW Admah Holtz set about accumulating two dollars for tickets and one for general expenses constitutes a tale of dogged persistence and devious plans. He tried to save a nickel a day by walking home at night. Better still, he discovered a way of stealing rides on the tail-boards of grease-wagons making late afternoon trips to the soap-works. This proved comfortable and easy until the day he fell asleep on his slippery perch and woke in the gutter, one leg through ma's new basket and a pocketful of small change scattered in the muck. Then he began collecting empty beer-bottles and selling them to a junkman—the same junkman who had purchased old John for twelve dollars. It was slow business.

He was lazy, too—not because he was born so, but because Nature puts laziness into the bones of growing boys. Once or twice he thought of making terms with his mother, who had a small balance in the savings-bank. Tho her life in town had mellowed some of her country prejudices, he knew that ma disapproved of all theatrical entertainment. It wasn't that which deterred him. It was ma's attitude toward the Stek family. Ma Stek, a thin, venomous woman with traces of Mabel's gipsy charm in her scrawny face, had taken umbrage. She had taken umbrage with a loud noise. She had returned Ma Holtz's clothes-wringer by tossing it over the back fence. Ma Holtz, not to be outdone, had returned Ma Stek's pot-stove. The crash was heard a block beyond the car-barns.

Admah became a little more clandestine and apologetic each time he visited the Steks' porch. Mabel was the undisputed belle of Dutch Hill, and she held court every evening in the sheltered space beyond the Holtz fence. Her admirers still included a number of musical high-school boys, but there were several older men whose manners made Admah wilt with a sense of his own inferiority. There was one of them who seemed quite senile—he must have been forty—he came only once, but in that session he beckoned to Admah and asked, "Do you work around here?"

That was the night Pa Stek came home late from the factory and glared at his daughter's followers with solemn, terrible eyes. Hard-faced, overtly muscular, he passed through the group as if he would stamp them out under his big shoes.

"Won't you sit down, Poppa?" Mabel asked nervously.

"Nope," said pa, "an' none of the rest of you need stay around much longer."

Admah, like the parasite which a hopeless lover always is, became one-ideaed. He needed two dollars for tickets. One afternoon he met Elmer in front of Macmurray's theater. It happened casually, as one encounters a god stepping out of his machine.

"Hot stuff, those pep'mints," began Elmer, who had a Yankee accent and knew the latest in American language.

"I ain't got no mo'—any mo' busted ones," said Admah defensively.

"I didn't say busted ones." Elmer's pop-eyes were fixed greedily on the basket. "Look here, kid. You got seven bags left. What'll you take?"

"Thirty-five cents." That was simple.

"I mean trade, see? Howdja like to have a couple seats in the o'chestra?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

ROLLINS
The Knit Woman and Children

A GIFT sure to be welcomed is beautiful hosiery. The long wear in Rollins means lasting appreciation. Skillfully knitted from choicest yarns, Rollins is especially distinctive because its pure dye gives lustrous color without the slightest weakening of the fabric. You can get Rollins in styles and prices to suit the needs of all the family—sold direct from mills to retail stores throughout the country. If you want an unusually elegant stocking, ask for Rollins' Style 2209—full-fashioned sheer chiffon, packed in individual glassine bag. It's pure silk from top to toe—in several colors to go with almost any costume and express style that is ultra smart.

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We'll send you free our beautiful new booklet, "Silk Stockings Without Extravagance," telling you how. Send us your name and address and the name of the store where you buy your hosiery.

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For Men, Women and Children

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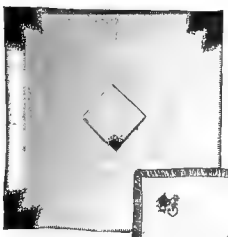
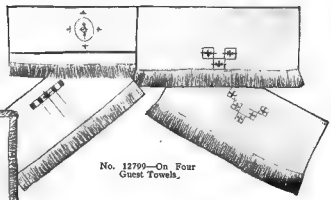
Useful Christmas Gifts One Can Easily Make in Two Days

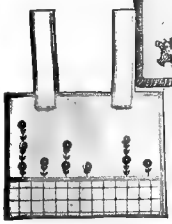


No. 12841—On Luncheon Cloth and Napkin

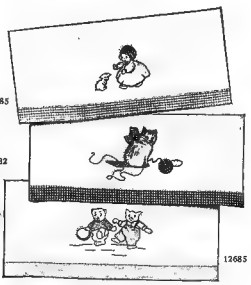


No. 12799—On Four Guest Towels

No. 12581—On Luncheon Cloth and Napkin



No. 12564—On Sewing-bag

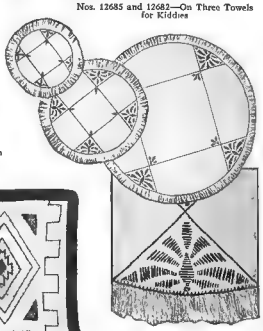


Nos. 12685 and 12682—On Three Towels for Kiddies

No. 12767—On Bag for Balls of Yarn

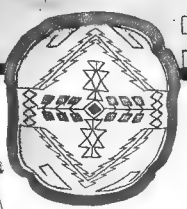
No. 12812—On knitting-bag

No. 12752—On Circular Sewing-bag



No. 12863—In Detail and on Luncheon Set

No. 12738—In Bright Colors on Runner and Pillow

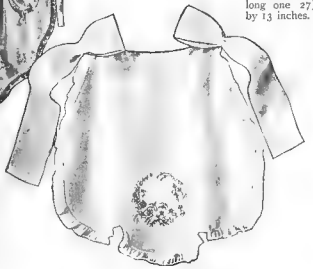


No. 12395—Dainty Sewing-apron

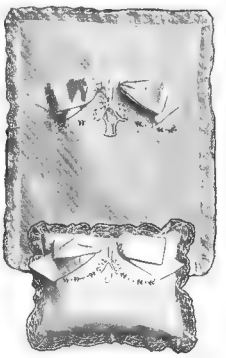
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12738, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/5, supplies two Indian designs for pillows or scarfs, the round design is 20 inches in diameter, the oblong one 27¼ by 13 inches.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12395, blue only, 20 cents—1/–, furnishes the shape and design of a dainty tea apron. French knots and lazy-daisy stitch are used to develop the design. Pastel shades of silk floss are effective.



No. 12675—Appliqué on Apron



No. 12826—On Carriage-robe and Pillow

A Light, Trim Shoe that Corrects Foot Ills

"Ease All" corrective footwear enables the woman suffering with foot ills to wear a fashionable light-weight shoe while healing and correcting the broken-down structure of her foot.

They are built by bootmakers who mould each pair to fit with grace and beauty. The choicest leathers and the most artistic workmanship go into each pair of "Ease Alls"—the smartest corrective shoe you ever tried on.

Note how foot structure is collapsed, the arch fallen, the foot rotating inward
Here is the same foot in an "Ease All"—held in correct, normal position.

How "Ease All" Footwear Corrects

Note the long counter in the picture at the left above. This is a firm bandage which holds the rotating bones of the foot snugly in place, giving tired muscles and ligaments the easement they require in order to build themselves back to a normal, healthy state.

The steel shank, anchored firmly in the sole itself, holds the weakened arch of the foot in accurate and correct position. This bandage brace and arch support combine to produce a shoe of soothing comfort, a shoe that corrects foot ills by holding the foot in a normal position, thus allowing Nature to build up anew the points in the structure of the foot that have been temporarily weakened and strained.

Send for free copy of the unique booklet, "Margaret Haverly Pockets Her Pride"

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35 Canal Street Rochester, N. Y.

EASE ALL ARCH SUPPORTS

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It's white! It's pure! It floats!

Buy Christmas Seals and Save Human Lives

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
Factories in United States and Canada

FAIRY SOAP

To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

"Dollar-'n'-a-half kind?" Admah lost his breath.

"Sure. I can take you in deadhead. 'The Idol's Eye'—it's a frost in this hick town. They're paperin' the house."

Papering the house meant nothing to Admah, save that it offered him a chance to sit among the big ones—for nothing! Elmer was waiting. His manner hinted at intrigue as he jerked his head nervously and hissed: "Is it a go?"

It was a go. The candy boy went home in a cloud of glory; and that night, having had it out with ma and borrowed Jo's new brown shoes, he called on Miss Mabel Stek, and felt very formal, very much trussed up in his high collar. Under his arm he carried a box of caramels which he had bought of a local druggist, disdaining ma's home production.

THEY started on their way at the hour when Dutch Hill is thinking of going to bed. The thought that every window in the neighborhood was goggling with eyes added to his unease as he conducted Miss Mabel toward the bobtailed car. All the way from the Steks' to the corner he had been tormented by a point of etiquette, gadding like an amateur pin. Shouldn't Miss Mabel take his arm? Certainly she should take it. But how to make her? Almost as soon as they left the front door he crooked his left arm and held it like a maimed wing against his side. She didn't notice it, but walked along, amiably unconscious of his intent.

She talked impersonally, somehow increasing the distance between them. Admah, who had dreamed of this moment, had planned its every step, was actually glad when he heard the horse-car's doleful cow-bell clanging toward them. He looked shyly up and realized her height. Her chin was on a level with his hat-brim. She was rather awesomely charming and kept him crying into empty space. The boy was a little hurt to recall how she ogled and flirted with the older men.

They were the first to arrive; in fact, Macmurray's had just opened its doors when Admah passed in with his difficult partner. Elmer, the usher, sprang forward with the greeting, "Well, you folks ain't goin' to miss anythin', are you?"

Possibly there was to be no performance! This thought added nothing to Admah's happiness as they sidled into Seats 9 and 11 on Row Q. When Miss Mabel reached Number 11 she stood calmly, and made it plain that Admah was to help her with her coat.

"Thank you," she said sweetly, and sat down.

"Don't mention it," he replied, and sat down too.

He sat down on his hat and his candy. Immediate knowledge of what he had done affected him with a bitter stoicism. He'd remain seated, just as he was. Miss Mabel Stek must never know. He could feel the soft mass beneath him, sinking deeper and deeper. Then the audience began thronging down the aisle; several people insisted on squeezing past them.

"You'll have to get up," hissed Mabel.

"Oh!" groaned Admah like one condemned. When he arose the caramel-box came out of the way with him.

"Admah!" she had the poor taste to say, "you've been sitting on——"

"Yes, Ma'am." His response was defiant.

"Suppose you wrap them in this?" she suggested, offering her program. "Or they'll be sticking to everything."

He made a bundle of his broken sweets and kicked it under a seat. Twenty-five cents gone—for what?

MACMURRAY'S tinseled walls and flocks of goddesses swimming across the ceiling lost glamour. Something invisible, cold, impassable like a sheet of glass had fallen between him and his lady. Glory faded of everything. Even the orchestra's brilliant version of "Poet and Peasant" failed to stimulate him to anything more than short replies to Miss Mabel's rather stilted observations. She grew vivacious, snapping her black eyes toward a stage-box.

"The Garnett Peakes!" she whispered dramatically.

Yes, there were the Peakes. In that town they needed no introduction; they were like members of a royal family, faces made familiar by their illustrious light. After they arrived Mabel could talk of nothing else; she had a taste for grandeur and loved to pretend an acquaintance with important personages.

Up in the front box sat the once famous Sally Livingstone Peake, a beauty faded to the point where one must look twice for traces of loveliness. Yet her eyes and her shoulders were expressive as she flirted with the rather heavy man on her right. He was not unfamiliar to Admah; when he turned his head there was complete recognition. The man who had come to Mabel's porch and asked Admah if he worked around there.

"Oh, there's Bobby!" cried Mabel, simpering.

Admah wanted to say something sarcastic to the effect that Bobby might come down and introduce them to sassiety. But he held his tongue, thinking of the day when Garnett Peake had been slim and rather swaggering as he followed his baby daughter to her christening. He was growing stout and bald and sullen.

His appearance stirred the Dutch Hill boy to something of the same resentment he had felt when the oldest of the Peake girls, astride a stone lion in Helicon Park, had referred to him as the candy boy. But he had liked her little sister—sitting there just like a doll, her pink hand reaching out for a gift of peppermints. The little one's hand had been so sweet to touch. No, he couldn't feel any resentment toward her.

The play was of no great importance to him. It was full of music and singers like a lively church choir in shocking skirts that showed what shouldn't be seen every time they whirled around. One funny man fell out of a balloon and landed on a glass roof; another one was Scotch and said "Hoot, mon!" every time his kilts dropped off.

Mabel Stek developed a cough. That was about all she gave him for his trouble.

BUT who was the boy Admah to have tried poor Mabel Stek and found her wanting?

Another Spring thaw had rutted into the Fort's soft clay and brought out scattered violets before Dutch Hill began to understand about Mabel. Her mother told Ma Holtz that she was away visiting pa's folks in Cincinnati. Pa Stek took to corn whisky, and some nights Admah could hear his monotonous grumble, either praying or swearing, on the other side of the chimney.

Once Admah met her coming up State Street. She had her hair all hunched up in the new way and a stylish hat on her head. There was something brilliant about her complexion and defiant about her walk. She swept by him, looking straight ahead. Gosh! She must 'a' had on at least a hundred dollars' worth o' clothes! And why didn't her folks say anythin' about her bein' back?

Another time he thought he saw her driving behind two handsome bays out toward the new Casino. It might have been some other lady, but Admah was sure it was Mabel. And the man beside her, smokin' a big cigar and drivin' with yaller gloves! It took some time to remember him. Then Admah knew—the bulky man on the Stek porch who had asked, "Do you work around here?"

Late one night in June Dutch Hill was awakened by a domestic scene. It was one of those passionate family rows where people bare their hearts obscenely, leaving bad memories. Admah, who had drawn his bed up to the open kitchen door because the night was sultry, was aroused by animal roars from beyond the partition. Something broke—some heavy wooden thing—then women's voices mingled in pleading screams. One of the voices he recognized, but it was distorted like a reflection in a crooked mirror.

"Poppa—I didn't mean that. I didn't mean——"

"Git outa here. Out. *Out!* I never tole you to come home. Take your race-track sports and go to the devil."

"But, Poppa——"

"Out! You don't belong in the same house with decent people. You spoil the air——"

"Otto! Otto!" It was Mrs. Stek's voice, mingled with the frightened babble of women.

There was a shuffling of feet, bumping of furniture, banging of doors—then the fall of broken glass on the front porch. Admah had got into his trousers and run around to the street. A hack with a negro driver and a bareboned horse stood under the gas-light. A woman had just banged the door, and her frightened,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

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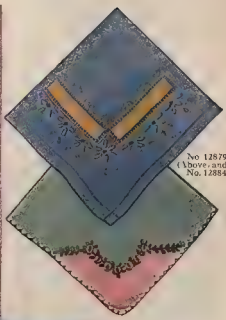
Here the Mark of Genuine Artistry Is Unmistakably Portrayed

No. 12879 (Above) and No. 12884

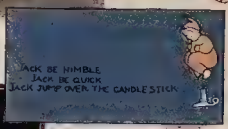
No. 12875 At Left in Detail and on Dress 1803 (Above)

No. 12875 At Right in Detail and on Suit 1764 (Above)



No. 12879 (Above and No. 12884

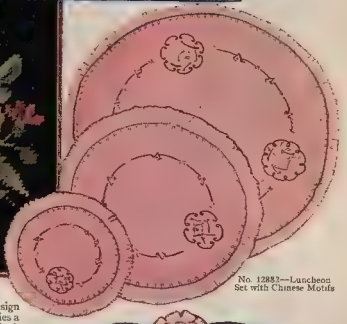
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12879, blue only, 20 cents—1/-, furnishes 2 each of 7 different handkerchief designs.



The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12884, blue only, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes 3 each of 8 different motifs for handkerchiefs.

No. 12880 on Luncheon Set

No. 12886—A Quaint Tapestry Design



No. 12883—Luncheon Set with Chinese Motifs

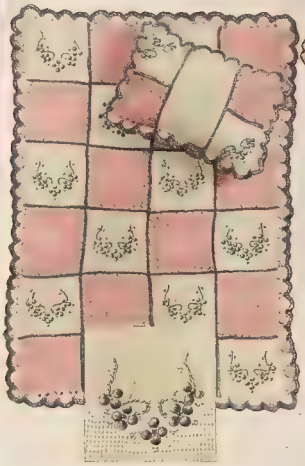
THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12882, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, supplies a luncheon set, with a 22-inch centerpiece, six 10-inch plate doilies, and six 6-inch tumbler doilies, to be embroidered on Japanese crêpe in Chinese colors. The edges may be fringed, as illustrated, or blanket stitched.

No. 12878—Novel Beaded Motifs

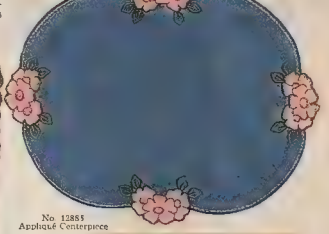
No. 12881—Attractive Dress Panel Designs

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12878, blue or yellow, 50 cents—2/6, furnishes 3 yards of 18½-inch border to be worked in beads or French knots as an all-over trimming for a frock or blouse.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12881, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, furnishes 2 each of 2 panel designs for appliqué. A chic costume may be made by using the larger panels on the front and back with the smaller ones on the sides.

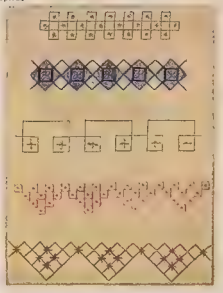


No. 336—Carriage-robe and Pillow Embroidered with Design No. 12351



No. 12885 Appliqué Centerpiece

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12880, blue only, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes 2 yards each of 5 different borders for trimming lingerie, luncheon sets as illustrated, etc., in pretty pastel shades, such as pale blue, pink, lavender, old rose, etc. The borders are in sizes 1¾, 2 and 2½ inches high. Appliqué or embroidery stitches may be used.



No. 12880—Border Designs Shown in Detail

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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A Russian Trend Divides Honors with Sheath and Ripple Effects

ALTHO the lines of the new frocks, suits and coats have changed very little there is much of interest in the new colors of the season. The continuance of brown in various tones is assured, particularly in the lighter shades called cocoa. Black is in smart standing and green in bottle, beetle, myrtle, and mignonette are strongly featured. Shrimp, love apple red, and "Domergue" blue (a bluish green) together with royal and sapphire tones, and of course navy, are favorites of the season.

Dress 1942

Dress 1979

Dress 1967

Dress 1971

Dress 1980

Blouse 1947
Bodice Skirt
1956

Dress 1977

1979—Ladies' and Misses' Coat Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 54-inch navy blue Poiret twill—3¾ yards white silk bias binding—1¼ yard Georgette frilling. Wide bands are applied to the skirt section giving a tiered effect to this smart tailored frock with the fashionable coat closing outlined with narrow silk braid.

1967—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch red figured crêpe—1¼ yard 40-inch black chiffon velvet—2¾ yards fur banding—2 yards 36-inch lining. A Russian effect is given to this costume by the long blouse with a side closing, and fur banding the sleeves and lower edge.

"Teach the Children to Sew"

1942—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch congo (brown) velours—2⅝ yards of each colored ribbon. Very smart looking is this tiered frock of brown velours with its brightening and fashionable touch of colored ribbons. The dress closing is arranged at the left side of the vestee. Turn-back cuffs finish the three-quarter length sleeves.

1977—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch plaid—2¼ yards 36-inch lining. The straight-line beltless frocks have the lead in the fashionable Winter dress parade and this is a smart version of the mode.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

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The Beltless Frock Wins Fashion's Approval in Various Silhouettes

FOR the coat dress and the beltless frock charmeen is one of the smart fabrics of the hour vying with twills, reps and the new cashmeres, kasha, duvetyn, and suède cloth in popularity. The Chinese note that pervades all fashion is intoned in the latest printed silks, cloths, and velvets, which both in figured and plain effects are exceptionally popular. Velora broche is also very new. The materials in themselves are so beautiful that very little trimming is necessary.

Dress 1975

Dress 1963

Dress 1946

Dress 1978
Embroidery 12830

Dress 1977

Dress 1970

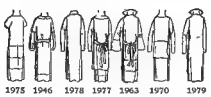
Dress 1979

1946—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch manzanita (henna) wool plaid—½ yard 40-inch manzanita satin for collar and sash. Bands of material are attached to the short kimono sleeves, and are gathered to narrow wrist-bands. The same idea is carried out on the skirt, the bands caught up underneath the hem.

1978—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch Long Beach (tan) kasha cloth — 2½ yards brown braid — 2½ yards grosgrain ribbon. A border of embroidery, design 12830, is applied to the bottom of this coat frock, carried out in darning stitch, using rope silk or metallic threads.

1970—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch sphinx (tan) knitted silk—1 yard 3-inch fur banding. Besides being beltless, this model has the added attraction of applied bands forming tiers. The neck is oval shaped, the sleeves short and banded with fur. Knitted silk, which was chosen for this frock, is very much in vogue this season.

"Teach the Children to Sew"



1975 1946 1978 1977 1963 1970 1979

1977—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch black wool crêpe—½ yard 40-inch white silk for collar and piping—2⅝ yards 36-inch lining. A Russian influence is carried out in the long beltless blouse with a side closing. The sleeves are long, tight, and trimmed with buttons.

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Flares, Drapes, Tiers, and Panels Smartly Treated in Latest Styles

1973 — Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch black taffeta—1¼ yard 6-inch pink ribbon for sleeve puffs—3½ yards 4-inch pink ribbon for trimming-bands. Very quaint is this frock with its snug-fitting waist section, and its tiny puff sleeves attached at a lowered shoulder line. The wide bands of ribbon are finished with appliqué motifs, design 12629, cut from colored silks and couched down in buttonhole stitch.

1968 — Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch ensign (blue) chiffon velvet—1¼ yard 40-inch ensign satin. To the waist section of this composé frock an allover appliqué design, 12840, is applied, cut from contrasting silk.

SKIRT lengths are interestingly varied, and demonstrate that length is determined by the type of garment. Afternoon gowns reach almost to the floor, while other dresses are of ankle length. Tailored types adhere to eight inches from the floor and sports models often escape the ground by ten inches.

1966 — Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch tapestry red flat crêpe—1⅜ yard 40-inch figured silk—1⅛ yard fur banding. Very colorful is the crêpe used for the applied front and for facing the panel at the right side. The sleeves are long and snug-fitting, banded with fur.

1943 — Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch green satin crêpe. The dress drapes up gracefully at the left side, and along the edge a border of embroidery is worked. The design, 12867, may be carried out in single-stitch embroidery and outline stitch in silk floss, or beading may be used.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

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Waist-Lines Are Low or Non-Existent on the New Gowns and Coats

1960—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 1956—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅜ yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—3 yards fur banding—¾ yard 36-inch lining for bodice. The long Russian blouse which forms part of this costume is very new. Fur bands the long plain sleeves, lower edge of blouse, and also conceals the gathering at the sides. The three-piece skirt is gathered to a bodice.

Dress 1948

Dress 1927
Braiding 12668

Dress 1946
Appliqué 12865

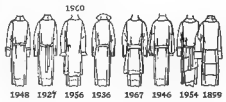
Dress 1967
Appliqué 12866

Blouse 1960 Dress
Bodice Skirt 1956 1936

Dress 1954

Coat 1899
Braiding 12870

FRINGE was one of the prominent trimming notes of the Paris openings and ciréd braids and ribbons were not far behind fringe as frock adornments. Each of these trimmings is especially suitable for simple frocks of either black or navy cloth or satin, while "black and white" combinations are "the thing" for the new season.



1948—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 and 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch charmeuse—6⅛ yards silk braid. For street wear this one-piece frock is incomparable. The sleeves are long, plain, and finished with double cuffs and a long collar finishes the deep V neck. Silk braid forms a neat trimming.

1927—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch tricotine—⅞ yard 18-inch vesting. The very newest thing for street wear is the beltless coat frock closing at the left side. A deep border of braiding, design 12668, is worked on the bottom of the dress carried out in soutache braid, using tiny running stitches for applying the braid. Stitching finishes the collar and sleeves.

1967—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch kasha—2 yards 36-inch lining. A deep border of appliqué, design 12866, is applied to the bottom of the long Russian blouse. The design may be cut from taffeta and couched down in blanket stitching. The crushed girdle is fastened at the left side with a buckle.

1946—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch knitted silk. For the border, design 12865, on the bottom of the skirt, taffeta may be used couched down in blanket, chain, or buttonhole stitch. The trimming-pieces are stitched to form pockets and caught up under the lower edge of dress.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

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For the Full Figure Are These Slenderizing Frocks and Blouses

Pictorial Review's New Department for Stout Women

Table of Measurements for Stouts

Order by the size that corresponds to your bust, waist, and hip measure.

Size	38½	40½	42½	44½	46½	48½	50½	52½	54½	56½
Bust	42	44	46	48	50	52	54	56	58	60
Waist	35	37	39	41	43	45	47	49	51	53
Hip	42	44	46	48	50	52	54	56	58	60

Blouse 1886 Blouse 1887 Blouse 1887 Blouse 1886

Dress 1969

1915—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 42½ requires 4¼ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—3 yards fur banding—2½ yards of each ribbon. The long collar and narrow plaited side panels give a slender appearance to the generously proportioned woman. The sleeves are long and gathered to narrow wristbands, as are most of the season's newest sleeves. Buttons form a smart trimming on the inserted vestee and on the belt.

1976—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 38½ to 54½. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 42½ requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch charmeen —7 yards silk braid. The embroidery, design 12867, may be carried out in single-stitch embroidery and outline stitch in rope silk. Cut on long, slenderizing lines is this attractive street frock with panels extending below the hem-line in points. The black silk braid adds a tailored touch to the frock and buttons trim the long close-fitting sleeves.

Dress 1972

Dress 1976 Embroidery 12867

1886 1887 1887 1886

1969 1972 1976

1915 1901 1866 1868

1901—Ladies' One-piece Coat Dress. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 42½ requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—2 yards silk braid—1¾ yard 36-inch lining. Besides being so well adapted to the mature woman, this coat frock is one of the season's favorite tailored models. The braiding, design 12869, is carried out in soutache braid applied with tiny running stitches. Tie-strings of self-material are attached to the fronts of the dress and tie at back.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

Dress 1915 Dress 1901 Braiding 12869 Dress 1866 Dress 1868 Appliqué 12797

"Teach the Children to Sew"

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Daytime Dress in Tiered Effect and Attractive Overblouses

1942—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch charmeen—⅝ yard 8-inch vesting—2¾ yards edging—5 yards silk braid. The dress has long flowing sleeves finished with turn-back cuffs, deep open V front filled in with a white vestee, and has wide bands applied to the skirt section, giving it a tiered effect so much in demand this season. Two rows of hemstitching and a row of frilling trim the long collar and turn-back cuffs.

Blouse 1746
Embroidery 12864

Blouse 1300

Overblouse 1974
Embroidery 12872

Jacquette Blouse 1830
Embroidery 12560

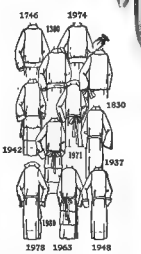
1980—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—1⅝ yard 40-inch satin. This model combines Poiret twill with satin, making a smart frock for street wear. A long shawl collar trimmed with buttons and stitching finishes the neck and a vestee fills in the deep open front. The tiered effect is as popular for the stout woman as it is for the slender.

1971—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch satin—¼ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for vestee—10¾ yards narrow braid. The inserted vestee of crêpe de Chine is elaborately decorated with embroidery. For carrying out the design 12715, darning and satin stitches may be employed, or if desired braiding could be substituted.

Dress 1971
Embroidery 12715

Dress 1942

Dress 1980



1937—Ladies' One-piece Coat Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch twillcord—¼ yard 40-inch Canton crêpe for facing sleeves—1¾ yard narrow fur banding—1¾ yard of each ribbon. The attractive embroidery design 12445, worked along the closing and on the flowing sleeves, may be worked in flat satin and outline stitches in different shades of silk floss. Rows of ribbon and narrow fur banding also contribute toward the decoration.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

Coat Dress 1937
Embroidery 12445

Coat Dress 1978

Dress 1963
Braiding 12870

Dress 1948

"Teach the Children to Sew"

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for teeth and gums?

QUITE RIGHTLY, American women pay close attention to the nutritive values of the food they serve their families. "Delicious," says father; "melts in the mouth." And mother is pleased beyond words.

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1975—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅛ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2⅜ yards 40-inch flat crêpe for tiers—⅛ yard fur banding. An allover effect is given to the waist section of this frock, by the embroidery, design 12872, which may be carried out in darning and raised satin stitches in silk floss in a shade to match the skirt.

Dress 1268

Dress 1979

1943—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch flat crêpe—3¼ yards fur banding to trim.

Dress 1943

Dress 1975
Embroidery 12872

1979—Ladies' and Misses' Coat Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch charmeen

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

Dress 1973

1268 1973 1543

1975 1979 1971

1978 1448 1948

Dress 1971

Dress 1978

Dress 1448

Dress 1948
Braiding 12869

"Teach the Children to Sew"

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The Long Blouse and New Plastron Bodice Are Very New

Dress 1968

1968—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 40-inch plain flat crêpe—1⅛ yard 40-inch figured crêpe for waist section.

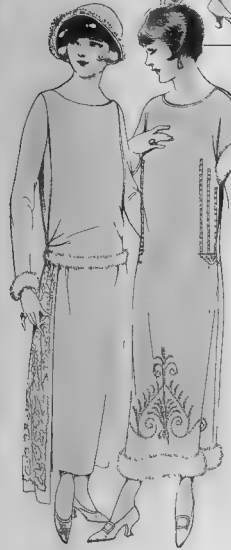
Dress 1955 Dress 1979

1907—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard Size 16 requires 4 yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—2⅞ yards 3-inch fur banding—1⅛ yard 36-inch lining. With the young girls, the Russian cossack frock has made a big "hit" this season. Like most frocks of this type, fur banding is used for the trimming and is applied, in this case, to the short sleeves and lower edge of blouse. The appliqué, design 12866, is cut from silk and couched down in blanket stitch. Large French knots are worked in the center of each flower. The crushed girdle is fastened at the left side with a large buckle.

Dress 1978

1978—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch velours —3⅞ yards soutache braid

Dress 1967
Applique 12866



Dress 1966

Dress 1975
Embroidery 12856

1966—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 40-inch satin crêpe—1 yard 40-inch figured crêpe—1⅜ yard narrow fur banding. One of the new notes of the season is the plastron bodice, applied to the front of the waist. The panel at the right side hangs below the lower edge of the skirt

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

Dress 1970

Dress 1977
Braiding 12869

"Teach the Children to Sew"

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9401—Boys' Suit. Designed for 3 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 36-inch velvet—⅞ yard 36-inch satin for blouse—2¼ yards plaiting. The little suit consists of a white satin blouse, side-closing trousers, and an Eton jacket of velvet.

Dress 1042

Suit 9401

Suit 1007 Applqué 12848

Dress 1138 Applqué 12848

Dress 1031 Appliqué 12672

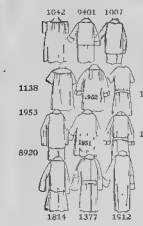
Coat 1952

Coat 1951

Coat 1226

Coat 1814

Blazer Coat and Cap 1953 Trousers 8920



1007—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch twillcord—⅜ yard 32-inch piqué for collar and applied plait. Cunning little appliqué motifs, design 12848, are applied to the blouse cut from chambray and couched down in chain stitch.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

Coat 1377

"Teach the Children to Sew"

Coat 1912

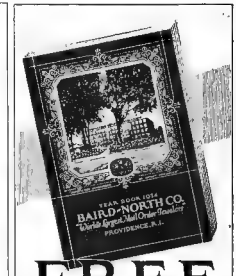
Google

Fashions That Have Won Out in Modes for Small Girls

9898—Girls' Blouse. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1⅓ yard 36-inch linen—1¾ yard braid. No. 7244—Girls' and Juniors' Side-plaited Skirt. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1⅜ yard 44-inch plaid—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underwaist. A novel motif, design 12864, is embroidered on the blouse worked in raised satin stitch in two shades of silk floss. These may match the blouse and skirt in tone.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

"Teach the Children to Sew"



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Look for the **Fruit of the Loom trade-mark woven in colors on ready-made garments, and the words "Fruit of the Loom" on the selvage of piece goods.**

Embroideries

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12880, blue only, 25 cents—1/3, supplies 2 yards each of 5 different borders in sizes 1¾, 2 and 2½ inches high, suitable for trimming lingerie or children's frocks. Illustrated on Child's Dress, No. 1091, 30 cents—1/6, sizes 2 to 6 years, and on Camisole No. 8555, 30 cents—1/6, sizes 36, 40, and 44 bust.

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 298, 15 cents—9d. The infant's crocheted set consisting of cap, sack, and bootees, require for the sack, 3 balls of Bear Brand Ladyfair white wool, 1 ball of Bear Brand Ladyfair pink wool, 1 bone crochet hook No. 4, 1¼ yard 1-inch ribbon; for the cap, 1 ball Bear Brand Ladyfair white wool, 1 ball Bear Brand Ladyfair pink wool; 1 bone crochet hook No. 4, 1¼ yard 2-inch ribbon; for the bootees, 1 ball Bear Brand Ladyfair white wool, 1 ball Bear Brand Ladyfair pink wool, 1 bone crochet hook No. 4, 1 yard ½-inch ribbon.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, No. 12870, blue only; 20 cents —1/—, furnishes 2 each of 7 different handkerchief motifs. The embroidery may be carried out in all-white or delicate colors.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12841, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, supplies 3 yards each of 3 borders and 6 each of 7 sprays, suitable for trimming luncheon sets, etc.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12581, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/6, supplies 7 different cross-stitch motifs, ranging from 1⅜ to 5 inches high, with 6 duplicates of each. Illustrated attractively on a luncheon set.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12709, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes 4 each of 4 different motifs with appliqué patches for use on colored towels, lingerie, luncheon sets, etc.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12564, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, contains 15 different motifs and 6 duplicates of each, suitable for either appliqué or embroidery stitches.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12812, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, furnishes 3 and 3 reverses of 6 different motifs with extra cutting guides.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12767, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, supplies single furnishing clusters and a basket design, which may be used separately or combined. Long-and-short, outline, and raised satin stitches are used.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12752, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/—, contains 3 flower baskets furnished in 3 different sizes.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12685, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, contains 2 each of 8 kiddie motifs for appliqué embroidery on children's clothes, crib covers, towels, etc.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12682, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes 2 of each of ten kiddie motifs for appliqué work. They may also be worked in outline and chain stitches. Illustrated on a towel.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12833, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/—, furnishes a luncheon set consisting of a centerpiece 22 inches in diameter, 6 tumbler doilies 7 inches in diameter, and 6 plate doilies 12 inches.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12675, blue only, 20 cents—1/—, furnishes 6 wreath designs 3¾ by 6¾ inches for appliqué or embroidery.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12826, blue only, 20 cents—1/—, supplies 2 each of 2 designs for a baby carriage-robe and pillow.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12875, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3. Five nursery motifs and 10 reverses, are given. They range in size from 3¾ to 5¼ inches high. Illustrated on Child's Dress No. 1803, 30 cents—1/6, sizes 2 to 6 years; and on Boys' Suit No. 1764, 30 cents—1/6, sizes 1 to 5 years.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12886, black only, 40 cents—2/—, supplies 4 tapestry designs to be worked in old-fashioned tapestry stitch on canvas. Full instructions for working, also a color chart, are furnished.

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 236, 15 cents—9d. The crib cover and pillow require 8 balls of white 4-fold Saxony wool, 10 balls of pink 4-fold Saxony wool, 1 ball of blue 4-fold Saxony wool, and 1 steel crochet hook No. 1. This set is trimmed with Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12351, blue or yellow, 20 cents—1/—, which supplies dainty embroidery sprays. To embroider as illustrated two transfers are necessary.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12885, blue only, 30 cents—1/6, supplies an odd-shaped centerpiece 31 by 39 inches, with extra cutting guides.

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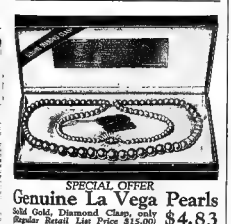

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School of Modern Dress, Inc., Dept. 212
821 Jefferson Street Buffalo, N. Y.

Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

1971—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch sackcara (tan) twilfordd—2½ yards silk braid—⅛ yard 40-inch Georgette for frills.

1986—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch black satin crêpe—2¾ yards bias binding—¾ yard 18-inch lace for vestee.

1947—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 1956—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch green taffeta —7⅛ yards 2¼-inch fur banding, ¾ yard 36-inch lining for bodice.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

1968—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅞ yards 40-inch eucalyptus (green) flat crepe—1⅞ yard narrow fur banding—1⅜ yard of each colored ribbon.

1970—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch blue and black figured crêpe—5½ yards velvet ribbon for trimming—1¾ yard 36-inch lining.

1979—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch perique (dark brown) duvetyn—¼ yard 40-inch tan silk.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

1970—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch Fine tree (green) knitted silk—1¾ yard 36-inch lining.

1954—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch flannel (brown) flat crêpe. Flat satin and darning stitches may be employed for carrying out the embroidery, design 12864.

1978—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch Fine tree (green) knitted silk—1¾ yard 36-inch lining.

1954—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch flannel (brown) flat crêpe. Flat satin and darning stitches may be employed for carrying out the embroidery, design 12864.

1978—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch Fine tree (green) knitted silk—1¾ yard 36-inch lining.

1982—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch black chiffon velvet—2½ yards fur banding. A combination of outline and one-stitch embroidery, design 12872, is applied to the bell-sleeves frock.

1960—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 1608—Ladies' Gathered Frock Skirt. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3 yards 40-inch figured crêpe—2¾ yard 40-inch black velvet for skirt—2½ yards fur banding—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for bodice.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

1936—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch check—⅜ yard 40-inch organdy for collar and vestee—⅝ yards silk braid.

1944—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch charmeen —¾ yard 40-inch organdy for collar and cuffs—3⅜ yards frilling.

1899—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 54-inch green cloth—3¾ yards 36-inch silk for lining. Soutache braid is shown in rich gray running stitches may be employed for carrying out the braiding design, 12870.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

1886—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 38½ to 56½. As illustrated at left of page, size 42½ requires 2¾ yards 40-inch voile—⅜ yard 40-inch white voile for collar—3¾ yards of 4-inch ruffling. As illustrated at right of page, size 42½ requires 2 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—⅓ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine—3¾ yards frilling.

1887—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 38½ to 56½. As illustrated at left, size 42½ requires 2¾ yards 40-inch batiste—2½ yards frilling. As illustrated at right, size 42½ requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe —3⅝ yards banding—3½ yards edging.

1969—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 38½ to 54½. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 42½ requires 4⅞ yards 40-inch satin—⅜ yard 40-inch crêpe for trimming.

1972—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 38½ to 54½. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 42½ requires 3¼ yards 54-inch veldyne.

1806—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 42½ requires 6½ yards 40-inch satin—⅜ yard 8-inch vesting—2¾ yards bias trimming.

1868—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 42½ requires 3¾ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—3⅜ yards silk braid—1½ yard 36-inch lining. The appliqué, design 12797, may be cut from silk and couched down in outline stitch.

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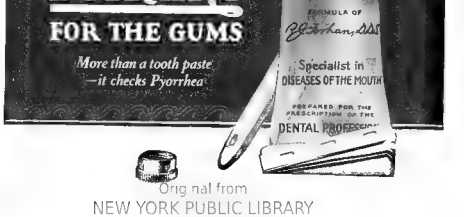

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

1746—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine. The novel motifs, design 12864, embroidered on the front of the blouse, may be carried out in raised satin stitch, using silk floss.

1800—Ladies' Long-waisted Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch satin—3¼ yards ribbon for trimming.

1974—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—1 yard frilling. The combination of outline and one-stitch embroidery, design 12872, forms an allover effect on the blouse. The design may be carried out in harmonizing shades of silk floss and is quickly worked.

1830—Ladies' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch flat crêpe—¾ yard of each ribbon. The embroidery, design 12850, may be worked in darning stitch, using rope silk.

1978—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch Peirot twill—1⅝ yard silk braid. The triangular braiding design, 12870, may be carried out in soutache braid.

1840—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 and 18 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch check—¾ yard 40-inch satin.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

1868—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch taffeta—1¾ yard 36-inch allover lace for collar and trimming-bands—2¼ yards plaiting—⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

1978—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—¾ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for sleeve puffs —2 yards 5-inch fur banding. Very quaint is this frock with its long close-fitting waist section and short puff sleeves.

1971—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch check—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy—½ yard 40-inch voile for frills.

1978—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch duvetyn—3 yards 4-inch novelty banding.

1848—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 40 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—⅝ yard 36-inch crêpe satin for collar—⅛ yard 36-inch lining. Triangular medallions are inserted in the corners of the large collar.

1968—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 and 18 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch velours—¼ yard 18-inch vestings. Soutache braid may be used for carrying out the braiding design 12869. Double cuffs finish the long one-piece sleeves.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

1955—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch knitted silk—¼ yard 40-inch organdy for collar and cuffs—3½ yards frilling. The mode of this dress started from a desire to become very popular with the young girls this season.

1978—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch charmeen—¾ yard 36-inch figured silk.

1975—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—2¾ yards 5-inch fur. The attractive embroidery design, 12850, is carried out in single-stitch embroidery in silk floss in a shade to match the dress or in a contrasting shade.

1970—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch duvet de laine —4¾ yards ribbon for trimming—¾ yard 36-inch lining. For model or stress bear this model is a good choice.

1977—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe for collar—9¾ yards braid—1¾ yard 36-inch lining. Soutache braid, stitched down with tiny running stitches, is employed for carrying out the design, 12869.

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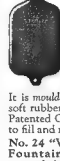

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Fashions

DESCRIBING MODELS OF PAGE 86

1950—Child's Bath-robe. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch blanket cloth.

1961—Child's Pajamas. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch outing flannel, 3 yards bias binding.

8106—Child's Nightdrawers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch Canton flannel.

8432—Infant's Dolls' Set. Designed for 14 to 30 inches high. Size 18 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch cashmere for nightingale—1¼ yard 36-inch batiste for dress—⅝ yard narrow frilling—3¾ yards ruffling. The tiny sprays of embroidery, design 11339, may be worked in raised satin stitch.

8076—Girl Dolls' Dress and Cap in Set. Designed for 14 to 26 inches high. Size 18 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch dotted Swiss—⅛ yard 40-inch organdy for collar—1¼ yard edging—¾ yard ribbon—¼ yard 40-inch organdy for cap.

9201—Girl Dolls' Dress in Set. Designed for 14 to 26 inches high. Size 18 requires ⅛ yard 40-inch voile—2¾ yards narrow frilling. Scallop 12567 is worked in buttonhole stitch.

8454—Infants' and Children's Caps. Designed for ½ to 3 years. Size 2 requires ⅛ yard 27-inch challis for cap at left—¾ yard 36-inch satin—⅛ yards edging for cap at right. The embroidery, in design 11569, is worked in raised satin stitch, while the scallops, design 11567, are buttonhole-stitched.

1388—Girls' and Juniors' Bath-robe. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch terry cloth—2⅝ yards ribbon for trimming.

1962—Girls' Pajamas. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 4⅝ yards 29-inch cotton crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch check voile.

1950—Girls' and Juniors' Slip. Designed for 12 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch nainsook—1¾ yard embroidered banding—2 yards edging.

1618—Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch sateen.

8058—Ladies' One-piece Dressing-Sack. Designed for 34 to 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—⅞ yard lace banding—7⅛ yards edging—3 yards ribbon.

1792—Ladies' Chemise and Drawers. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1⅛ yards 3-inch lace.

1606—Ladies' Step-in Combination. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch radium silk—5 yards edging. The dainty sprays of embroidery, design 12367, may be carried out in raised satin and outline stitches.

1405—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch batiste—1⅜ yard lace insertion. Raised satin and stem stitches are employed in carrying out the embroidery, design 12367.

1789—Ladies' Pajamas. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch lingerie—2¼ yards frilling.

1688—Ladies' Slip. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch sateen.

7021—Child's Leggings and Puttees. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires ½ yard 48-inch broadcloth for long leggings—⅝ yard 8-inch khaki kool for puttees—⅜ yard 36-inch velvet for short leggings.

9750—Men's Bath-robe. Designed for 36 to 48 chest. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch terry cloth—3½ yards cord for trimming—2⅝ yards cord for girdle.

8809—Men's Smoking Jacket. Designed for 36 to 44 chest. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch velours—⅝ yard 54-inch plaid.

1040—Ladies' Two-piece Step-in Drawers. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 87

7337—Children's Hats. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 2 requires ⅜ yard 36-inch velvet—1⅛ yard fur banding for hat at left—⅛ yard 54-inch fur cloth for hat at right—⅛ yard 27-inch lining for either hat.

9204—Girl Dolls' Dress in Set. Designed for 14 to 26 inches high. Size 18 requires ⅝ yard 40-inch voile—1⅜ yard insertion.

1414—Girl Dolls' Set. Designed for 14 to 28 inches high. Size 18 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch sateen for cape and hat—½ yard 27-inch chambray for rompers—½ yard 36-inch lining for cape and hood.

1405—Girl Dolls' Coat and Hat in Set. Designed for 14 to 28 inches high. Size 18 requires ⅝ yard 54-inch plaid for coat—¼ yard 54-inch plain for hat—⅜ yard 54-inch for brim.

1946—Child's Nightgown. Designed for ½ to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch outing flannel.

1957—Child's Bath-robe. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch check blanket cloth—2½ yards ribbon for girdle.

1886—Child's Bath-robe with Hood. Designed for ½ to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 36-inch cisderdown.

9706—Ladies' Chemise and Separate Drawers. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—3⅝ yards lace. Raised satin and stem stitches are employed in carrying out the embroidery, design 11569.

8811—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch outing flannel.

9212—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch nainsook. The monogram, design 558, may be worked in satin stitch.

1706—Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3½ yards 36-inch sateen. Raised satin stitch is used for embroidering the monogram, design 573.

1407—Misses' Pajamas. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch check batiste—¾ yard 36-inch plain.

1958—Boys' and Youths' Bath-robe. Designed for 6 to 18 years. Size 12 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch eiderdown—⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting.

9725—Boys' Bath-robe. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards 54-inch blanket cloth—⅜ yard 54-inch plain cloth—6 yards ribbon.

1287—Ladies' Brassière. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch striped lingette.

1864—Men's Union Suit. Designed for 36 to 48 chest. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch sateen.

9008—Men's Two-piece Pajamas. Designed for 36 to 48 chest. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch madras.

6097—Child's Legging Drawers. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires ⅛ yard 54-inch broadcloth.

1921—Ladies' Kimono. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 5⅜ yards 32-inch cotton crêpe. The appliqué, design 12866, may be cut from organdy and couched down in blanket-stitching.

1864—Ladies' Lounging Robe. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch corduroy—1 yard 40-inch satin.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

1138—Child's Slip-on Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch voile. The appliqué, design 12848, is cut from contrasting organdy.

1959—Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch velours—1⅛ yard 36-inch silk for lining.

1051—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch plaid—⅝ yard 36-inch velvet. The floral motifs, design 6072, are cut from chambray and couched down in buttonhole stitch.

1955—Girls' and Boys' Blazer Coat and Cap. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch striped flannel—⅝ yard 54-inch plain flannel for cap and for binding. No. 8920—Boys' Knickerbocker Trousers. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires ⅝ yard 54-inch serge.

1951—Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch broadcloth—1⅛ yard fur banding—1¾ yard 36-inch satin for lining.

1226—Boys' Single-breasted Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch plaid cloth—⅝ yard 54-inch plain velours—1¾ yard 36-inch lining.

1814—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch duvetyn—⅝ yard 6-inch fur banding—3 yards 36-inch silk for lining.

1377—Boys' and Youths' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool mixture—3 yards 36-inch sateen for lining.

1912—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3 yards 54-inch marvella—⅝ yard 8-inch fur banding for collar—⅝ yard fur banding for cuffs —2⅝ yards 36-inch silk for lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

1675—Child's Double-breasted Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch broadcloth—1¾ yard 5-inch fur banding—2 yards 36-inch lining.

1390—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 36-inch linen—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting—⅝ yard ribbon. The appliqué motifs, design 12629, are cut from contrasting linen.

1804—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch duvet de laine—¾ yard 7½-inch fur banding—2 yards ribbon for tiestrings—2¾ yards 36-inch silk for lining. Soutache braid is used for the design 12852.

1944—Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch chinchilla—1 yard 36-inch satin lining

1956—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2½ yards 54-inch velours—2¾ yards silk braid. Colored silk may be used for the appliqué motifs.

1941—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—1 yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for collar and vestee. The narrow embroidery border, design 12509, may be carried out in raised satin stitch.

1925—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—2¾ yards ribbon for sash. The embroidery, design 12874, is worked in colored silks.

1930—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 19 years. Size 14 requires 1½ yard 54-inch check worsted—1⅝ yard 40-inch Canton crêpe. The fruit motifs, design 12796, are cut from colored silk and couched down in buttonhole stitch.

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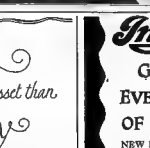

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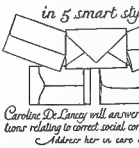

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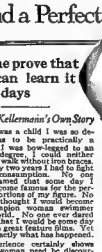

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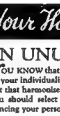

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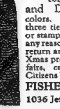

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

tear-stained face was visible in the dark square of window. The colored man on the box, crouching under the violent nature of his errand, cut his horse sharply across its flank. The hack lurched crazily away over crooked stones.

On the little nubby stoop stood Pa Stek, half clad, red-eyed, tousle-haired—a lion gone mad.

"Go and stay! Stay, d'you hear me? You want money and it's all you think about. Go git it the only way you know how, you little——"

"You ought to be ashamed of yerself!"

The rebuke came like a spurt of vinegar from the mouth of Ma Holtz, brought to her door by the noise.

"Ought to be ashamed? I ought to be *dead!*" Pa Stek said it with a hollow groan, and lurched into the house.

"Y' see, Ad," said Ma Holtz half an hour later in the kitchen—her nerves were so disturbed that she had made a cup of coffee—"y' see what comes of book-l'arnin' beyond what the Good Book teaches us. Poor Stek's been slavin' like a nigger to learn her chapters out o' the black Bible. Eddycation! Gosh!"

AFTER she went to bed Admah lay on his scalding pillow and was ashamed of his tears. What he had felt for Mabel was too great-souled to be dignified by the name of love. Yet what was it? It was that pure and touching thing which only young boys can give to women, instinct with their desires.

Half the night Admah raged at the brutality of Stek, bawling his shame for all the world to hear. And he had called Mabel a name—a name so low that even the most at the moment apologetically for it. Then he remembered the eyes of the stricken man as he turned to ma and delivered sentence on himself. He ought to be dead. Admah thought once of stealing to the table drawer and taking out his mother's long carving-knife.

But next morning he went down-town with his usual candy-basket. Practical daylight thoughts were in his head. After all, he reflected, Mabel had lost most of her charm for him that evening at Macmurray's Theater. Above all he was amazed by the princely ease with which this somebody had turned over his yellow-glowed hand and beckoned Mabel away. Money. The man who drove the racers and sat in the box with the Peake must have had piles of it. And yet Mabel herself had once argued that you have to be a swell to do as you like in this world.

Admah had turned fifteen and was getting too old to trundle a candy-basket and run errands like a little boy.

SALLY LIVINGSTONE PEAKE died of typhoid fever in her thirty-third year. It was popularly supposed that she had brought something substantial to the Peake estate. If so, it had been absorbed into the larger body, leaving no trace. Possibly the tobacco failure which caused Cato Livingstone's suicide had swept away his own small fortune. A few reporters who saw the will on the probate file and were instructed to suppress its details, argued the case out of court. Gilbertine Sarsaparilla Clara craned their deaf ears for sounds of scandal. Sally had left practically nothing.

One afternoon the sisters, their pale young skins and fair hair accentuated by little gowns of mourning black, were summoned by old Harris, the houseman, who seemed to carry a weight of mystery under the wool which fitted him like a gray skull-cap.

"Miss Mahgaret an' Miss Flo' Lee," he began ceremoniously, "madam wish to see you-all in huh room."

"What does she want, Harris?" asked Margaret, impressed; for Grandmother Peake, charming old invalid that she was, usually held court in bed-time.

"Ah dunno, Miss Mahgaret," admitted old Harris. "But Ah reckon it's refurrin' to de will."

Flora Lee brightened at once and went bounding up the stairs, but Margaret followed on leaden feet. The matter-of-fact mention of her mother's will summoned a pathetic ghost. She thought she could hear the vapid voice, the torture of good-humor and petulance, satirizing the habits of her black servants, scolding, laughing, making something of life as long as it remained in her tired body. Sally Livingstone Peake had doted on Flora Lee, loved her much, much more than Margaret. Flora Lee was half-way up-stairs. Margaret lingered, tears springing to her eyes as she listened for the voice that seemed forever to be floating from the oval room with its gilded chairs and golden swans.

Slowly she mounted to her grandmother's room.

"THERE isn't much to tell, honey," said the old lady, drawing Flora Lee's bright curls across a skinny forefinger.

"Don't we get some money, Grandma dear?" Flora Lee laid her hands caressingly on the shapeless knees. With a sudden, petulant gesture Grandmother Peake brushed them away.

"You shouldn't lean on me, child," she said in a voice that had grown hard. "I'm not strong. Sit on that stool, Flora Lee, and I'll try to tell you."

But her arm was still around Margaret's slim waist and it tightened as her voice grew sweet again.

"I wanted Roland to be here too," she began, "but his father thought it better for him to go back to school." She looked across to the window where her two men, her husband and her son, mumbled together, then went on: "Margaret, I know you'd like to have the horses, but your mother thought it best to leave the carriage-horses and her riding-mare to Admah. That's all his share, practically. She left you her jewelry——"

"Aw, Grandma!" pleaded Flora Lee in her soft, inflectionless, lazy drawl.

"Hush, child!" said Grandmother Peake. "She had very few jewels. There's the rose diamond brooch and the pendants. Some day I may tell you——" A pause and another sharp glance toward the window. "Then she mentioned her miniatures. And there's one large painting—the one that hung over her bed. I don't know much about it, but it was a gift to your great-grandfather from Louis Philippe. That's all, except—" here she paused and looked very tenderly up into the clear gray eyes—"she wanted you to have her wedding-gown."

Margaret stood stark still, crying softly; and through the haze of emotion she could hear her little sister's clamor, "Oh, Grandma, now what do *I* get?"

Mrs. Peake turned almost savagely to Flora Lee.

"Margaret has things that she can keep and give to her children when she's old—I can't think of her being old. Flora Lee, you'll have something which I hope you'll appreciate. Your mother has willed you the oval chamber and expressed the wish that you should occupy it."

"With everything in it?" Flora Lee's lazy voice was more intense than Margaret had ever supposed it could be. Her soft little fingers wreathed ecstatically.

"Everything," said Grandmother Peake coldly, "with the exception of the picture."

"Grandmothuh!" The little girl expressed her emotion in a slight stiffening of her body. Never before had anything so stirred her out of her indifference.

"To sleep in it—all by myself?" she whispered.

"You'll appreciate it when you're older." Grandmother Peake's look was turned unrelentingly upon the lovely child, but her hand still caressed Margaret's tawny mane. "There's nothing in that room that wouldn't dignify a fine lady. And now, please, run away, children. I'm very tired. Send in Cora Jackson."

Flora Lee had risen, rosily excited. The old lady reached out and put a forefinger under the child's soft chin—the touch of a collector appraising fine porcelain.

"You'll suit that room very well, Flora Lee," she said.

Her men still mumbled by the window.

MARGARET had changed her frock. Before the tall black-walnut mirror that loomed beside her bed she had stood longer than usual, dreaming and patting the big black ribbon in her hair. Do what she could to fight it down, there was jealousy in her heart. She tried to convince herself that she loved this rusty bedroom with its accumulation of school pictures, romantic engravings, and hanging shelves of girlish books. This had been her special domain ever since Linda had moved her out of the nursery. She had enjoyed the idea of keeping this room always. Even after she married. Her mother had lived her life in the oval chamber and died in her Venetian bed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

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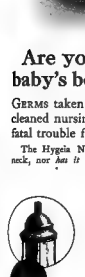

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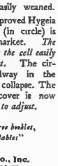

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

with four golden swans guarding her sleep.

The time for grief was past, and the thought of her mother lying silent between her winged guardians brought no tears to Margaret's eyes. The curious injustice of the will crystallized for her a fear of inferiority. But no one should ever see it; she would die rather than show this fear, or any fear, to any living person. She was to have certain pictures and trinkets which she would prize all her life. There would be miniatures of certain illustrious ancestors like Sir Roger Peake, who came first to Virginia, and the adventurous Robert Livingstone, who had plunged into the unknown West with Lord Dunmore. These things, of course, she would be proud of and, as Grandmother Peake had so gently said, give to her children.

But there was a glamour about the oval room down-stairs. Margaret searched her heart and knew that she herself wouldn't have chosen to sleep there. She would have preferred that the room be closed, only to be gazed in on with a reverent memory of the princess who had slept in beauty among her golden swans. What would little Flora Lee do with it all? Would she appreciate or understand?

MARGARET went slowly down the stairs. The oval room's white door stood half open. It was brilliant with gaslight; shadows, dainty, quick, capered against the panels of brocade. A sweet, drawling voice tinkled out into the corridor and struck the listener cold with grief and resentment. Margaret stopped and looked in; but the actors in the oval room were absorbed in their play. Neither noticed her.

Flora Lee was seated before the gilded mirror of her mother's dressing-table. Her white arms slimly raised above her little underbodice, she flirted with her reflection. Old Linda, not a year more decrepit than in the hoiden days of Helicon Park, loomed in the background.

"And now, Linda," Flora Lee was demanding, "do as I tell you."

"Miss Flo' Lee, honey, what will yo' paw say?"

"Don't be a goose," said the child, bridling. "I'll only wear it a minute. Who'll know it? And I've always wanted just that color——"

"Well," demurred old Linda, "ef I do I ain't 'sponsible."

"Who said you were?" asked the small mistress of the oval chamber. "Now you get it right away or I will."

Margaret, her cheeks burning, looked silently while Linda crossed to a painted cupboard and from its depths brought forth a pack of rosy velvet. Margaret knew it instantly—the evening cloak which her mother had worn to her last parties.

How she had loved her parties!

"Goody!" cried Flora Lee. "I just want to try it over my shoulders. Close the door, Linda——"

Linda and the child turned. As the a ghost had risen to accuse her, old Linda started and let the cloak fall, a graceful pile, upon the flowery French carpet. But Flora Lee was less easily disturbed. Slowly she came to her feet and stood, a childish figure in a frilly short petticoat—her golden hair drawn in a goddess's knot from the nape of a baby neck. Her lids had grown heavy again.

"What you standin' out there for, Malgaret? Does I'nvite you want to come in?" she drawled sweetly.

"No, thank you," replied her sister. "But you'd better hurry up and dress for supper. It's past seven o'clock."

Then she let the cloak to the ground floor, where she went into the library and sat beside her grandfather, as was her habit at that hour.

THE students at Miss Martincastle's School for Young Ladies—to give the word "student" a wildly liberal construction—would soon eighty feminine creatures living forward to the day when the local society editor would refer to them as "buds."

There had been two Misses Martincastle, but the younger one had succumbed to obesity several years before, leaving Miss Angela in full possession of the fine Louis Philippe house that had once done penance by General Martincastle, his son Governor Martincastle, and *his* son Major Martincastle—great men on a sliding scale. Miss Angela Martincastle came forth as the friend of organized society, offering to open her house to certain young ladies, daughters of the élite, and to instruct them in the graceful arts of Victorian ladyhood. Miss Angela might have been an educator of some value had she been allowed to choose her own staff of instructresses. But as matters stood she had that work done for her by ladies of the Satsuma Clan.

Miss Martincastle's pupils, imprisoned in the broad, trodden yard with its spiked iron fence, were a pretty sight. Crisp, white aprons covered dresses of dark red or dark blue, and from the top of their heads wide black ribbons spread-eagled to the winds. There was a theory to the effect that Miss Martincastle sat at an upper window during play hours, marking each individual for praise or censure. If so, she nodded at times, or forgot easily or forgave quickly. But there were unpardonable sins which never escaped the all-seeing eye. Barter and trade through the pickets of Miss Angela's fence were forbidden and often preached against during the five-minute "discussion" after morning chapel exercises.

One morning Miss Martincastle herself sauntered majestically forth and met Solomon coming up the walk from the alley gate. The boy was laden with little paper bags, and was too scared to run.

"Solomon," she boomed in her richly cultivated barytone, "what have you there?"

Miss Martincastle was filled with a righteous anger which she vented on Solomon and his father, David. She even spoke tactfully to Margaret—we seldom went further with a Peake. Margaret was a little afraid that the affair would get to her grandfather. So she promised to obey the law and the law promptly, as she usually did. Smuggling was abandoned, and the candy boy seldom came that way any more.

The really interesting feature of Miss Martincastle's was the dancing class. It was held at three o'clock on Friday afternoons. Miss Angela had an enormous bare room up-stairs with "Calisthenics Hall" marked on its double door in rusty gold letters. Nobody ever referred to it by so rough a name as gymnasium; Calisthenics Hall it was, and the name was no more genteel than the morning wand-drills, where fifty young ladies in baggy bloomers flourished polished poles to the one-two-three-four of Miss Julia Macrae, while Miss Betsy Huddleston tinkled Sousa marches on a tinny piano.

But at three o'clock on Fridays Miss Angela introduced an exciting novelty. Boys.

ONLY Margaret saw other than the comic side of Jeff Carter's disgrace. Because he was her hero the jackstones, apples, knives, and toads that fell from the bulge of his blouse across the polished floor, bringing chaos to the Friday dancing class, were but trophies of war, such as Ulysses shed upon his return to Ithaca. Also Jeff was her second cousin, and her tribal vanity was hurt. Her cheeks flamed when he was sent from the room. As he passed her near the door she touched one of his big hands and whispered, "Never mind, old Jeff!" He scowled at her, but she knew it was only a boy's shame at being comforted by a girl.

That afternoon, as she straggled down Inness Street behind the other girls, she saw big, clumsy Jeff coming toward her. He was flushed with embarrassment, and something she had never suspected burned her cheeks, tightened around her heart.

"Hello, Jeff," she said, commonplacely enough, and was answered by his all too casual, "Hello, Margaret."

She glanced shyly at his sailor blouse and was relieved to see that it hung straight, as sailor blouses should.

The girls ahead had turned in at the marble steps which led up to the Peake lawn. Margaret and her disgraced hero straggled behind, constrained, silent. At last—

"Margaret," said the clumsy boy, "I didn't mean to be ugly when you spoke to me going out."

"I know you didn't, Jeff," she answered, rewarding his humility with a smile. "I thought Mademoiselle Thibault was horrid. I'm going to speak to grandfather."

"Oh, bunk!" responded Jeff Carter. "I was just saving those things for my collection, and Aunt Tessie yanked me over to Miss Martincastle's."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

Bobbed Hair Needs Special Attention

Especially if you are letting it grow

TO be attractive, bobbed hair must be full of the lustre and vitality that only healthy hair can have. Dull, lifeless hair is especially unattractive when it can't be "done up" to mask its shortcomings. This is especially true if you have grown tired of your short locks and are letting them grow. At that ugly "in-between" period when the hair is neither short nor long, it requires very careful attention.

The following method, recommended by a prominent New York hair specialist, has been found much quicker and surer than many more elaborate and expensive treatments for keeping the hair in perfect health and beauty.

With the finger tips, first give your hair a "dry" shampoo. Ruffle it thoroughly, briskly massaging the scalp with the finger tips. Then with a Hughes Ideal Hair Brush, brush the hair from the bottom and underneath, with brisk, upward strokes. Keep this up for at least ten minutes every night, and you will be delighted with the rapid improvement in the health and beauty of your hair.

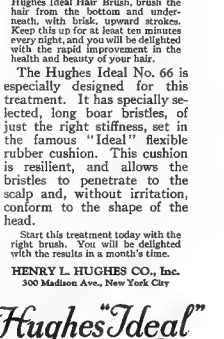
The Hughes Ideal No. 66 is especially designed for this treatment. It has specially selected, long boar bristles, of just the right stiffness, set in the famous "Ideal" flexible rubber cushion. This cushion is resilient, and allows the bristles to penetrate to the scalp and, without irritation, conform to the shape of the head.

Start this treatment today with the right brush. You will be delighted with the results in a month's time.

HENRY L. HUGHES CO., Inc.
300 Madison Ave., New York City

Hughes "Ideal" Hair Brush

No. 66
Price $2.00



$2.35 value for $2.00

With every Hughes Ideal a box of Mirror Nail Polish

Free worth 35c

During December, every dealer in the United States has been authorized by us to give with one, and only one, box of Mirror Nail Polish (value 35c) with the purchase of a Hughes Ideal Hair Brush No. 66. Regular value of hair brush and nail polish $2.35; during this sale only for $2.00.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will both on receipt of $2.00

Women of refinement demand a nail polish that looks natural, polishes quickly, is waterproof, and will not burn or mar the nails. That is the reason Mirror Nail Polish has attained such a phenomenal growth in sales in a remarkably short time. Try it once on your nails, and you will be delighted.

Mirror Nail Polish

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A GIFT, no matter how slight the cost, that carries with it the friendly message of thoughtfulness, is always appreciated

That is why Armand Cold Cream Powder has become the happy gift choice of so many women. This wonderful Armand powder — *the original cold cream powder*, was the first to show women how they could be sure of looking their loveliest, at all times. Armand is giving them the joy of an attractive appearance, every day the year through. As a gift, it expresses your message graciously, perfectly.

Included in every dainty little pink-and-white hat-box, is the Armand "Creed of Beauty," a little booklet that is helping women the world over to possess the charm of a beautiful complexion.

Armand Cold Cream Powder is always $1.00 everywhere. Armand Compacte, in handsome gold-lacquer box, is $1.00 also. Other Armand toilet things are 50 cents to $10.00.

ARMAND—Des Moines

ARMAND
COLD CREAM POWDER
In The LITTLE PINK & WHITE BOXES

INFANTILE PARALYSIS
On Tip-Toes 6 Years

Photos and father's letter show what McLain Sanitarium did for 11-year-old Wanda Pawlak:

Infantile Paralysis caused our daughter, Wanda, to walk on her toes. McLain Sanitarium corrected her deformity. She now walks with heels and bottom of feet flat on the floor. We are more than pleased with the result of her treatment and cheerfully recommend McLain's to all cripples.

STANLEY PAWLAK,
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Write to Mr. Pawlak, or direct to McLain Sanitarium.

For Crippled Children

Parents of crippled children should know about McLain Sanitarium, a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Diseases of the Joints, Wry Neck, etc., especially in children and young adults. Write for these FREE books: "Deformities and Paralysis" and "Book of References."

McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
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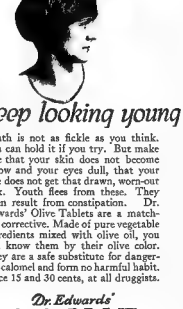

Keep looking young

Youth is not as fickle as you think. You can hold it if you try. But make sure that your skin does not become sallow and your eyes dull, that your face does not get that drawn, worn-out look. Youth flees from these. They often result from constipation. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil, you will know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel and form no harmful habit. Price 15 and 30 cents, at all druggists.

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OLIVE
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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

"Nobody can do those dances right," said Margaret, "because they aren't intended for human beings."

"You think so too?" he marveled, and looked his amazement. He seemed very tall to her.

"It isn't a boy's business to hop around——"

"Margaret," he began.

For all the years she was to wait she remembered that scene: the sauntering group of young girls passing along the grass-fledged walk; there on the pavement she stood with her knight, his hand upon the horse-head of the iron hitching-post.

It was five years since a horse had been hitched there.

"Margaret, I'm in love with you. You're the sweetest girl in the world. Do you love me at all?"

A film gathered over her eyes so that she could scarcely see him, and she merely nodded, quite beyond speech.

"I want to marry you some day," the persistent boy went on. "We'll have to wait—will you wait for me, Margaret?"

Only yesterday they had been babies, watched by nurses, pampered and spanked by grandparents. Yet she looked at him with mature assurance and answered:

"Yes, Jeff, I'll wait."

Poor child, wayward and perverse, she was always true to her word!

They stood just a second, looking into one another's eyes, then childish embarrassment came to their rescue. Jeff shuffled a little and began to whistle.

"I'll see you to-morrow going to school," he suggested.

"All right," said Margaret.

Again they fell silent. Then came a diversion to break an inconvenient charm. Mr. Vesey, the druggist, who hated all boys, came along, a red carnation in his buttonhole.

Red and yeller,
Spanish color!

Jeff Carter turned and bawled it at the back of the Ishmaelite. For it was the year that America defeated a very weak nation, thus gaining international consideration and a place among the Powers.

AT TWENTY-TWO Jo Holtz had matured into a conservative with a complete set of opinions and his life's program definitely worked out. Ma's "good boy" promised to prove a satisfactory investment. Some time before this he had gone to a religious revival and cleansed his heart in public; the sins he had confessed before a mildly interested audience were meager and pale; there were no such scarlet stains as Admah, had he been so disposed, might have flaunted in the face of piety.

His soul saved, Jo went about his business. He was never intensely religious; he was never insolently anything. He failed to understand his younger brother's experimental mania, his passion for books of information, his thirst for "good grammar," his curiosity and his restlessness. Ad's advanced romance with Mabel Stek never failed to be a joke for Jo, who had a small, nagging sense of humor. Long after poor Mabel had vanished from Dutch Hill and Mr. Stek had lost his position at the soap-works, Jo would snicker reminiscently, recalling the time Ad had "gone sportin' in high sassiety." Ad was quite unlike Jo, a victim of his own ideas. He lacked conservatism; he lacked system.

Jo had been employed for nearly a year in Pell's Steam Candy Works. To learn the business "from the ground up," as he put it, had been his own suggestion. Ma Holtz was more than ever proud of her good boy now that he was bringing home ten dollars a week and gaining prominence in the Land of Sweets where chocolate ran in rivers and stick-candy piled up like so much cord-wood. His even way was disturbed a hair's breadth by the behavior of his heart. He fell in love with Miss Myrtle Hoolihan, who made fancy designs in icing, mostly on candy Easter eggs. Ma Holtz suggested that Miss Hoolihan had a Romish name, and Jo lost interest.

Being marked for trouble, Admah's step into maturity was not easy. At twenty he had reached his full height—five feet eight. His fine shoulders and muscular torso belonged more properly to a man of six feet; his legs were short. Like his father, the freethinker, he was built to work in stone. He grew con-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

"I'm not dead yet" said Eddie Jones

EDDIE JONES had established a nice little business of his own in a small South Carolina town when some one came along and took half that business away from him. Enough to discourage most any boy, you say—ah, but not Eddie. He is a tried and true Young Hustler and the training which we were able to give Ed enabled him to take this disappointment with the determined remark "Believe me, I'm not dead yet." Eddie rebuilt his business in such a way that it can never get away from him again.

This unforgetable experience will stand him in good stead all his life.

Is *your* boy preparing to face life in real earnest? We can help him just the way we are helping Edward Jones and thousands of other boys who are members of our Young Hustlers Division. You place yourself or the boy under no obligation by filling in his name and address on the coupon below. We will send him Complete Business Instructions and a copy of the Prize Catalogue.

We Always Keep Faith with the Boy and with His Ideals

Help-the-boy-coupon

(DP)

Mr. Allan B. Scott, Salesmanager, Young Hustlers Division, The Pictorial Review Company, 39th Street and 7th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Here is the name of a boy that I want to help. Please send him your offer, telling him how he can earn Cash Spending Money, Valuable Prizes and get a Real Business Training without cost.

(His Name) .....

(Street) .....

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

scious of his age and his size, and his daily hawking of peppermints became harder and harder to bear. An affair at the race-track finally exploded the inertia which had held his lazy bones so long.

He had found, he thought, a place where the price of peppermints could be doubled and no questions asked. Outside the main gate at Bradbury Downs, where the Spring races were run, hawkers assembled in the afternoon and got what they liked for what they had. It was easy and natural to ask a dime for a nickel bag of peppermints. The scene excited Admah. Tally-hoes, buckboards, victorias, and "rigs" would come driving out from town. Pretty women, some of them ladies, others famous in another world, would step daintily out, their brown-derbied escorts lending an elbow. Competing hucksters clamored like sea-birds at feeding-time. Marshmallows, corn-sheets, chewing-gum, flags—the air was sharp with selling cries, sounding hilariously above a brass band's popular Sousa marches.

"Hyuh y'are, lady! Fresh home-made pep'mints, only a dime, ten cents!"

The rhythm of it carried Admah into an ecstasy, and his basket was usually emptied before the second event. Then it was that he would commit a lovely crime against family tradition. His very presence at Bradbury Downs was an offense; his mother had forbid his selling around race-tracks or saloons or the places which she vaguely designated as "dance-halls." Yet there at the gate of the intoxicating, wonderful track he would stand, his pockets heavy with money that had come like magic. What more natural than to buy a ticket and go inside and linger beside blue-eyed ladies and blue-nosed gentlemen as they circled round the paddock, scrutinizing the shimmering bodies of clean-limbed thoroughbreds?

And a perverse spirit followed him about, mocking him with luck. A very important gentleman with a gray derby to match his hair and a purple scarf to match his cheeks stopped critically and looked over the rail at a long-necked sorrel. Inner Ray's wild brown eyes and the old gentleman's fierce red ones seemed to meet with understanding. Admah Holtz, looking vacantly on, experienced one of those psychic disturbances which gamblers call "a hunch." A gamester's instinct urging, the boy gave a dollar to a book-maker on a bet that Inner Ray would win his race, which was the fifth.

The thin sorrel horse did his best with Admah's dollar, in fact he came in a length ahead with the odds six to one against him. Embarrassed by six more unaccountable dollars, Admah staggered out of the betting-shed and caught the trolley home. He had kept many secrets from his mother, but none so romantic, so guiltily romantic as this.

HIS sporting life fasted three days. On the second his Inner Ray lost its effulgence and cost Admah all he had won. On the third day he had just sold out and squeezed his way past the wicket toward the betting-shed when somebody hooked a heavy forefinger inside his collar. He turned to meet a special policeman's unfriendly grin.

"Whuh's yo' license, sonny?"

"I ain't got any license."

This was bluntly true. For ten years he had peddled candy under the nose of city authorities and never once had his right been questioned. A self-convicted lawbreaker, he must go before the License Commissioner, under custody of a policeman. Finally Ma Holtz was sent for.

She came in, thin as a straw, sallow and sickly under her queer little hat. The Commissioner must have taken pity on her, for he decided to dismiss Admah with a reprimand; but before she took her son away the good man went into the subject of a license. Without a license it was unlawful to sell anything on the streets. Did Mrs. Holtz understand? She reckoned she did.

"I've a good mind to baste ye," she said to Admah that night, breaking a long silence. He was glad to hear her scolding again and showed signs of returning spirit. Had the little skeleton of a woman chosen to take him over her knee and chastise him, according to old usage, with a shoe, he would have surrendered without a struggle. But she stood back and regarded him scornfully.

"Ye're too big to lick," she mused, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

News from a Gearhart Home Earner

I wish to let you know how much pleasure the machine I bought from you has brought me.

I have only a few hours a day and sometimes not that, for I am living on a forty-five acre farm. We have a lot of stock and my husband and myself are doing all the work.

But in spite of all my other work, I have been very successful with my Knitter, I average about $10.50 all the year 'round per week and can easily make at least one to one and a half dozen pairs a day.

I have sold three knitters to my friends and they are very well pleased with them.

I have made over $800 clear since I have gotten my machine, and we are using the money for improvements for our house.

It took me about two days to learn to understand my machine. I want everyone to know about your machine.

Yours truly,
(S) Mrs. Charles L. Bird

New—THE SURE WAY TO EARN MONEY

The Gearhart Money-Back Guarantee

AGAIN the Gearhart Knitting Machine Company proves its leadership—proves its confidence in the supremacy and simplicity of the Gearhart Hand Knitter, by guaranteeing it on a money-back basis.

For thirty-five years the great Gearhart Company has stood far out in front of all others,—the pioneer, as solid and sturdy as the honest, stout-hearted pioneers who have made our country the greatest in the world. The Gearhart Company couldn't afford to make this money-back guarantee unless it were absolutely sure that the Gearhart Hand Knitter will be as easy for you to learn to operate as it was for Mrs. Bird (see her letter above). Mrs. Bird earned $800 with it—in her spare time. And she is only one of many, many women (and men, too) who are turning their spare time into welcome cash.

Gearhart Pay Checks Buy Those Things You Want So Much

$800 in Gearhart checks paid for a veritable host of things in Mrs. Bird's home. Surprising how much $800 will buy! Isn't there something *you* want? Mrs. Bird wanted something. She discovered the simple way of making the money to get it with—the Gearhart way. Perhaps you and your husband need some much needed improvements in your house.

All over the country women like yourself are looking about for means of earning some extra money for the comforts and luxuries that make life worth living—for perhaps new, fashionable apparel; for added riches of beauty and usefulness to make home more homelike; or for a ready-at-hand fund to buy timely bargains with.

The Big, New Gearhart Plan Will Pay Even Bigger Earnings

This new plan will enable you to make even more money than Mrs. Bird.

First, Gearhart pays more money for knitting hose—more than ever before.

Next, the new and improved Gearhart Standard Allwear Outfit enables you, under this new plan, to make all classes of knit-wear.

Finally, there is the Gearhart Company's still more liberal supply of knitting yarn, which gives you all the material you need to knit with, a high-grade, long-staple worsted yarn of virgin wool.

Gearhart Capitalizes Your Business In Standard Knitting Yarn

As soon as you begin knitting standard Allwear Hosiery, we will arrange to send you, at no cost to yourself, enough standard yarn for you to keep on knitting continuously. It requires a large amount of yarn to meet the knitting needs of your home industry; so we send you at least $25 worth of yarn—more if found necessary—at our expense.

You can knit and send to the factory a substantial quantity of hosiery from about one-half to three-quarters of the yarn we send you. Meanwhile you retain enough to keep right on knitting. On receipt of your shipment of standard hose, we will at once forward to you, with your pay check, the corresponding quantity of replacement yarn which will reach you by or before the time you finish knitting the yarn retained on hand. Yarn to knit for Gearhart will cost you nothing.

The Gearhart Home Knitter, A Permanent, Profitable Investment

When you secure the Gearhart Knitting Machine from the Company, you have in mind the things you want it to earn for you. Have you in mind some thing or things costing, say, $100, $200, or $300? How easy it is to get what you want—in the light of Mrs. Bird's experience! She made $800—in her spare time. And then—think of this—at the end of your first year—after you have earned the money you have set out to get, and much more—you still have the knitting machine.

A Very Little Makes You Owner of a Gearhart Knitting Machine

Having received your Gearhart Knitter, you begin practically at once to increase your own and your family's income by knitting Allwear Hosiery, paid for by Gearhart at a liberal rate. Mrs. Bird states it took her two days—only a very little time each day—to master her Gearhart Knitter. It should take you less time, with the new and improved machine. Remember, other women are making the extra money they want by knitting their spare time into dollars on the Gearhart Knitter. So can you.

The Gearhart Money-Back Guarantee Is Your Iron-Clad Protection

The Gearhart Machine comes to you already set up with a standard sock partly knitted but left in the machine ready for you to go on with the knitting, by following the simply written, illustrated instructions which Mrs. Bird found so easy to follow to complete success. This feature is not found in any other home-work proposition, and makes it much easier to master the operation of the Gearhart knitter.

In fact, we guarantee to teach you to operate the Gearhart Hand Knitter successfully—guarantee that you will be enabled to master the machine or you may have your money back in cash. You are fully protected by this iron-clad guarantee.

Fill Out And Mail This Coupon Today

Be fair to yourself. You want to make extra money. Here is a plan of earning the cash you want in an easy, genteel, private way, in regular Gearhart Pay Checks. Fill out the coupon and we will send you, free, and without obligation on your part, our "Guide Book" to home earnings (which tells all about the Gearhart Plan) together with actual samples of knitting done by the Gearhart Hand Knitter.

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

then more sharply, "What was ye doin' at the race-track?"

"Sellin'," admitted Admah.

"After I tole you time an' agin not to sell at them places."

"We could sell a wagon-load there any time we wanted to," he said, reviving their old argument.

"Yes. Ther's plenty o' ways to git money from the devil. Mabel Stek done that, an' see what happened."

"Ma," broke in Admah a little sullenly, "I'm gettin' too old to peddle candy in a basket. The negroes can do that, but I'm too old."

He had expected another outbreak, but instead she sat down, folding her gnarled hands in her meager lap.

"What d'ye want to do, Admah?" she asked wearily.

"Eddie Stek's got a job at the T. & P. In a year he'll be a regular machinist, makin' his four dollars a day. I can make a dollar seventy-five right now, up in the 'cupolo'."

"What doin'?"

"Shovelin' coke."

"So ye'd rather shovel dirty coke than sell yer ma's nice clean pep'mints?" she asked, plainly hurt.

"If I could sell 'em wholesale, or in a store, we'd get rich," he told her, coming back to an old argument that Ma Holtz would never allow to be settled. That was just a part of ma, to be accepted. She was afraid of store-keeping. It offered unknown dangers, and she was already an old woman. She knew her candy business, and had saved a few hundred dollars, which she guarded with a miser's timid care.

"I reckon I can peddle down to the barns myself," she decided.

"Shucks! With me and Jo bringin' in twenty a week——"

"I ain't too good to sell pep'mints," she snapped. Peppermint had entered her blood. Without her trade she would have perished.

So Ma Holtz, ignoring the Commissioner's warning, went with pie and doughnuts to the car-barn. Nor did she stop there. In the afternoon she took the trolley down-town as far as the Manual Training School, where she sold out her stock of candy and was home in time to get supper.

ALTHO Admah Holtz's boyhood had not been easy, he never met hard labor until he bent over a broad-nosed shovel in the "cupolo" of the Tool and Plow Works. The workmen called it "the cupolo" and revered it for the iron-eating Moloch that it was. From the ground floor to the top story of a giant brick building towered the "cupolo," a vast cylinder, impervious to hell-fire. Up aloft, its great square mouth was forever yawning for its balanced ration of coke and scrap and ingots of pig-iron. Far below, the "cupolo" spurted a jet of molten metal. At intervals a workman would stop the stream with a wad of pipe-clay on a long iron bar. Then again, at the proper instant, the fascinating white-hot jet would spurt out to fill another bull-ladle, which a man would hurry on its two wheels toward row on row of pie-shaped molds along the concrete floor.

Up aloft the shovelers were bending all day long—coke and pig, coke and pig, mouthful on mouthful to go roaring and boiling down Moloch's hot digestive tract. There was a singed air about the place, a smell of burnt metal, pungent and mighty, as tho Vulcan's creative genius had opened a cavern into the lava caves of earth. A one-eyed Irish savage on his left, a flat-browed negro on his right, Admah worked with the convert's zeal. The hot smell filled his nostrils. The odor of fierce work, ugly battle, useful service to mankind inspired him like a message from another world. Possibly it was a reaction against the scent of peppermint.

Under the nose of the giant, mankind hammered and shouted. There was no restraint of sound. In the shops an army of Titans, full armored, might have been dueling with battle-axes. Clang—clang—clang, anvils unnumbered were beating out plowshares to turn furrows in the Argentine, perhaps, or the Transvaal. On the track outside flat-cars laden with ingots blundered up. A switch-engine shrieked licentiously. "Whoop-ee! Whoop-ee!" A dragon calling to his iron-clad mate, snorting fire somewhere beneath the roots of Ygdrasil.

During occasional breathing-spaces

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

Photo by H. A. Hawkins

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

when he had spoon-fed the mouth of Moloch until it would hold no more, Admah would lean on his shovel and look down. The smell and the clangor gave him visions. Here was a great company of knotty, smoke-tinged men working incessantly that the world should have wheat: plows, harrows, reapers, binders, hoes, shovels to scratch the earth's surface that seeds should sprout and grain should ripen. The world must be fed, the way the "cupolo" must be fed, by hosts of sweating, aching men. And out of it all there would come a lot of bread—great mountains of it to feed Ma Hotz and Mabel Stek and tramps in the county jail and the Baptist preacher and the President and the sweet little idle girls who played around Miss Martincastle's school.

HIS job at the Tool and Plow Works lasted only two and a half days; at the end of that time he was discharged, I regret to say, for inefficiency. A hard-eyed, leathery old foreman caught him dreaming late on the morning shift. Admah's team-mates had already plunged their shovels into the coke, responsive to Moloch's need, but the young man stood fascinated by the scene of industry in the vast room below. Men with barrows were bringing in more molds, laying them out like a row of giant cheeses. What was the mind behind all this heavy yet cunning toil? Some little old fellow with goggles and a weak stomach who sat all day in a glass office, punching buttons.

"Look yuh, young fella!"

Sharp claws had seized him by the arm, jerking him roughly around. He looked into hard eyes.

"Is this a pink tea-party or a 'cupolo'?" came the foreman's acid question.

Frightened and angry at the same time, the lout of a boy wrenched his arm free and said, quite beyond his will:

"You leave loose o' me, suh!"

"I'll leave loose o' you, all right," smiled the foreman, a terrible smile. "And if yo' don't mind assistin' with the coke until the yopah hour—I'll leave loose of you, all right!"

The noon whistle blew. The foreman handed Admah a slip of paper with the quiet, almost soothing suggestion:

"If you'll take that round to the office."

"What for?" asked Admah hotly, half determined to knock the man down and be done with it.

"It's yo' time, if you know what that means."

"I'm fired?"

"Somethin' like that," drawled the foreman, and strolled away to join a group of his brothers.

THE experience at the Tool and Plow Works, too brief to form a chapter in any life history, was significant in Admah's. It stood like a small white post marking the boundary-line between two States. He went in a mature boy. He came out a raw man. He had smelled iron and dreamed a dream.

Out of the smoky atmosphere of the factory settlement he walked at noon on a Summer's day. In one of his blistered palms, clenched tight with an angry yearning to go back and beat up the foreman, he held three silver dollars and some small change. Instinct turned his feet toward the trolley which would transfer him to the Dutch Hill loop. The ghost of a dead boy, only half released from a man's body, was crying out, warning Admah not to go home and face his angry mother. Ma would be mad. Ma would throw a duck-fit. Then the great lumbering man-Admah, only half born and formless as yet, would grunt back the reply: "Who's afraid o' ma? She can jaw her head off, but I won't sell candy out of a basket any more."

Sitting under one of those small open sheds which a benevolent corporation provides at the end of trolley-lines, he had plenty of time to think. Ma was tired of his goings-on and he had certainly been a world of trouble to her. Jo had always been her favorite. Jo was smooth and steady; he would keep right on in the candy-biz and maybe he'd be foreman when he was about forty. The thought sickened Admah to the core. There came into his mind a memory of Pa Holtz: seated in his plush rocker, his square spectacles slightly awry, he looked like a disreputable portrait of Benjamin Franklin as he held out a stubby forefinger and said, "If a mole had eyes to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

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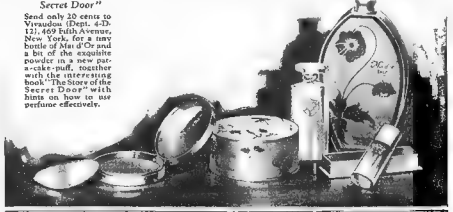

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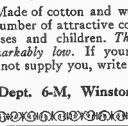

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188-18

To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

see what he was doing he wouldn't be a mole.'

Presently the street-car came bumping along and put down two shabby passengers. The conductor, who got off and reversed the trolley for the home-bound trip, was a figure vaguely familiar to Admah. He was more smartly dressed than conductors had been in the days when mules furnished the power; when he removed his cap to wipe away the Summer sweat he revealed a fringe of gray around an extensive baldness. Otherwise he was the same amiable, goggle-eyed conductor who had advised the Holtz family to sell pie and doughnuts around the Dutch Hill car-barns.

But when the car had started and he came around to collect the fare there was no sign of recognition between the old friends. Admah had grown into another person, whereas the conductor had decayed a little, as all men must after a time. Once or twice his lone passenger had a mind to speak, but didn't. That was a bitter and an exalted hour for Admah Holtz. He was weary of the sights and sounds of a world which had once loomed for him, purple and gold and mighty, as he jogged over the river bridge on top of his mother's old wagon. It had promised him much and given him little. Boyhood had gone, and he had nothing to show for it but a sore back and a pair of blistered palms; the ghost of an old stone-cutter was whispering in his ear.

"Transfer to the loop?" asked the conductor.

Admah looked up and saw that they were swinging into the center of town where steel skeletons, advertising billboards, and the gaudy fronts of chain-stores marked a new and restless era.

"Where does this car go to?"

"River Ferry." The conductor's reply indicated that any one ought to know that much.

"I'll stay on," said Admah, and sank back into his reverie.

ALONG the wharf at the foot of G Street shipping was less active than it had been, even within Admah's memory. The slow-going paddle-wheel freighters had succumbed to railway competition. A few boats still plied their philosophic way up to Cincinnati or down to the hot ports along the Big Water, carrying those who couldn't afford to go by rail and didn't value their time very highly.

Admah always loved the wharves. He came to them as naturally as any home-bound spirit, to gaze over broad waters. Not that the river was so wide at this point—from where he stood he could dimly see the opposite shore, not many miles from where the Holtzes originated—but the sight of shipping, even on so small a scale, gave him a sense of adventure, of freedom from his hateful self. He sat on a pile of empty chicken-crates and counted the boats he knew.

Two wharves below, a giant picture of Liberty painted on her wheel-box, rode the *St. Augusta.* Every moonlit night in Summer a steam-calliope over her engine-room played "Suwanee River" while she pulled out with a load of bargain tourists for a dance at Duck Green. The little snub-nosed *Alexander* had just bumped Wharf Number Three; she was a ferry-boat and, for a quarter of a dollar, would have carried Admah back to the land of his origin.

But Admah sat motionless on his empty chicken-crates, his mind in a fog. Other scenes, not unlike this, swept across it and flops and flying feathers; hundreds of broilers, sprightly in youth, awaited their turn in the hold, where they were soon to be carried, flopping and noisy, on their death-journey down the gang-plank.

Tied to Wharf Number One, dreaming under a Midsummer haze, lay the *Senator Clay.* She was a big side-wheeler, ancient and undaunted. According to family legend an uncle, Lafayette Holtz by name, had once commanded the *Senator Clay* and had accumulated a small fortune in the days when river-boat captains were men to be reckoned with. Admah had often passed the old Holtz house, a sturdy bourgeois of stone, on an unfashionable end of Inness Street. If Uncle Lafe still lived he had moved away. Little negroes played in the seedy front yard.

For a long time the young man sat on Wharf Number One, discontented with his life, unwilling to go home. Out in the yellow river the busy water-life stirred him headily; he had read about ships

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101

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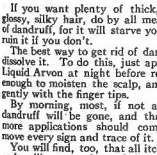

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

that went to sea and saw nothing but wet horizons for months and months—whalers. There was a man named Herman Melville whose books he had found in the open shelves of the Public Library; he had told about a one-legged skipper who bumped into a great white whale and lost ship, crew, and everything except one sailor who happened to be an author.

Admah's knowledge of geography, gained through stolen hours in the library, was uneven. New York, he fancied, was connected with the ocean. That was a plan—go to New York and ship as a sailor before the mast. He relished that phrase "before the mast." He should have liked to go to war the way Eddie Stek's uncle did, but the Spanish war was over. There was nothing for it but the sea. China, maybe, or the Indian Ocean.

A stealthy flutter among the crates attracted his attention to a little red pullet who had escaped her death-house and was strolling pleasantly about, singing to herself and pecking at occasional grains of corn. Admah was at once sympathetic. The open road was ahead of her; only her stupid faith in human motives prevented flight and the enjoyment of a hale old age. A plum-black roustabout came crouchingly around the crates, and with all the skill of a hunting animal pounced upon the fluttering prey. His were experienced hands; not a squawk, scarcely a flutter. One set of fingers had grasped his fowl around the neck, the other had stilled the flopping of wings. A second later the chicken was so completely hidden under his coat that Admah could have sworn that no violence had occurred, that he had slept and dreamed—like a murder.

"Look here, Sam——"

The negro came jerkingly around.

"I ain't done nothin'," he grinned sheepishly.

"You better put that chicken back where you found it."

"Aw, buddy!" His expression was amiable, showing his relief to find that his accuser was only another wharf rat. "Aw, buddy! This yuh chicken ain't no 'count—he's damaged."

The roustabout lifted a corner of his coat, revealing a clutter of still red feathers. His joke was interrupted by the sharp call of a straw-boss; from every direction roustabouts went running toward a lot of tobacco hogsheads which stood ready to be rolled into an open gangway.

Ah got a gal at Fo'th an' Main—
Roll, barrel, roll!

began the chanty-man, and the first obese hogshead of chewing-twist started its rumbling journey toward the hold.

"ALL aboard for New Rochelle!"

Admah jumped down from the crates and turned to see a remarkable young man looking at him with a grin that exuded cigaret smoke. He was weedily tall. He wore his suit with the forlorn elegance of a fallen theatrical favorite; it was a plaid suit, cut sausage-tight in the extreme mode of the day; there were ragged places at the pockets and a large grease-spot on one knee. His waistcoat, marvelously stained, was petunia-colored, cut very high as if to conceal the dirty shirt from which a dirty collar sprang. Above this the young face was keen, good-natured, worldly, and rough with two days' beard.

"On your way, huh?" asked a strange Yankee voice.

"I was just watchin' the boats," said Admah, too shrewd to be caught in an admission.

"Sure." The interloper settled himself easily on the chicken-crates. One of his keen brown eyes winked as *Mephisto* might have winked at *Faust*, having read the poor fellow's desperate thoughts.

"Sure," persisted Red Vest. "I guess I'll watch the boats too."

He inhaled smoke deep into his narrow chest, then brought out a tight little box of cigarets.

"I don't smoke," said Admah, which was not strictly true. Then he thought better of his denial and took one. His persistent acquaintance offered unexpected comfort. Perhaps the world wasn't all against him. They smoked in silence for a time watching the tobacco hogsheads as they lumbered into the hold to the chantey-man's rich exhortation, "*Roll, barrel, roll!*"

"You ain't from these parts?" suggested Admah, his new-found friend

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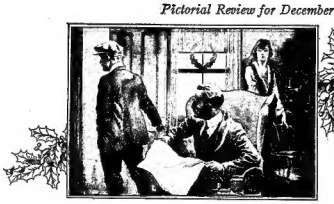

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

having become uncommunicative as himself.

"This hick town? Don't make me laugh. My lip's cracked."

"Oh, this town ain't so bad——"

"I'm wise to that line o' talk. You love your home town, I don't think. That's why you're sittin' on the old levee, thinkin' about a ride on the Coop Special."

"The which?" Here was a new dialect in Admah's experience. But Red Vest merely jerked his thumb toward the open gangway through which hogsheads rolled interminably. How well the stranger had read his tempted thoughts!

"Look here, kid!" Red Vest studied Admah keenly. "What's the signature you put on your checks nowadays?"

"My name, you mean?"

"You guessed it first crack out o' the box!"

"Why—Holtz. Admah Holtz."

"On the level?" The stranger had sidled away as if for a better view. Then suddenly he offered one of his long, dirty hands. "Will you shake that, Brother?"

Astonished, Admah pump-handled obligingly. What was this all about?

"You don't remember me, huh?" Red Vest sidled closer and perked his head coquettishly to one side. There was something familiar in the sharp eyes and narrow, wrinkled face. "Like a look at Uncle Henry and guess again."

"Elmer!" Admah was seized with delight. Here was Elmer, the friendly usher of Macmurray's Theater.

"Them was happy days, huh?" crowed Elmer. "Remember the time you rushed the queen to see 'The Idol's Eye.' Gee! Why didn't you marry the girl?"

"She was some old for me, I reckon," replied Admah, embarrassed as he always was when Mabel was mentioned.

"The women sure do ball things up," said Elmer. "But they're all right if you know how to handle 'em. It's the mushy kind that gets me. I guess I'd 'a' been star in a musical show by now if it hadn't been for the leadin' lady. She had an awful crush on me."

Admah looked shyly up at this superior being, who might have been twenty-two years old.

"Then you're a regular actor——"

"I'm a little bit of everythin'." Elmer seemed to snap his fingers at a world of which he was already a little weary. "Don't go by to-night, will ya, see? I suppose you're still hawkin' ma's peppermints around little girls' schools.

"I been in the P. & T.," replied Admah with dignity, then lowered himself to the explanation, "But I quit to-day."

"Well, since I saw you last I been slingin' hash in Detroit—" here he began counting off occupations on his long fingers—"soda-clerkin' in Indianapolis, drivin' a hack in New Haven—say, that's a hick town—runnin' a lunch-wagon in Cincinnati; and I blew in here with the ponies last week, followed the circuit all the way from Juarez. But it's no game for me. Phew!" He pulled down his red waistcoat.

THEY were silent again, watching the clumsy hogsheads lumbering down the way. Roll, roll, roll, the rumbling march had reached its crescendo; the group of waiting hogsheads was growing smaller and smaller.

"Say!" Elmer crowed, a speculative light in his eye. "Want me to put you onto a good thing? Ground floor, see—? just me and you, d. q. Better hurry, tho, because this old tub's going to leave the post in about ten minutes."

Because Admah had no reply to this sudden proposal Elmer enlarged it.

"Lunch-wagon business—see? I know a fine wagon, laid up in Cincinnati, and a dago to make us the eats. We can clean up a hundred dollars a week easy as pie. All we need's twenny dollars down for the wagon—"

"I ain't got twenty dollars."

"Fudge!" Elmer snapped his fingers. "Anybody can raise twenny dollars. Are you on?"

"Go to Cincinnati—"

"Won't cost you a bean to go there. Don't like it, come home. Free ticket in the Coop Special. Are you on?"

Whether on or off, Admah required details; and Elmer furnished them fluently. For a quarter, he explained, a roustabout would let you push a hand-truck down the gangway into the hold. Once there, he promised, you could hide among the tobacco hogsheads all the way to Cincinnati.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 103

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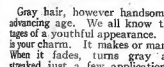

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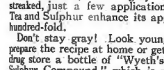

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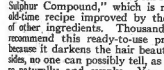

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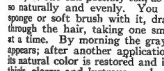

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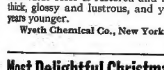

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

"It's easy like hittin' a church with a ostrich egg," said Elmer. "I've done it a hundred times."

Elmer, it developed, was familiar with the water-front as with lunch-wagons and musical comedy queens. Without a word to Admah, he singled out the negro who had stolen the red chicken, and accused him of the crime. They came to terms for a cash payment of fifty cents, borrowed from Admah. Subsequent progress down the gangway, behind a truckload of chickens, was nervous work, but not difficult. Deck-hands below were busy with other things as Elmer, releasing his load at the right instant, plucked Admah by the sleeve; and the two of them went scrambling over hogsheads to a hiding-place aft where the giant barrels stood in a convenient semicircle around a stanchion.

THEIR retreat was narrow, stinking, and noisy. Another detachment of hogsheads came rolling in, bumping their way with a sound of doom. Admah had never been on a boat before; the lap—lap—lapping of water against the wooden wall threatened him as it charmed. His head began to ache with the noise and the smell.

Once he rose to his tiptoes to peer around the dank prison, but Elmer pulled him down with an ingenious race-track oath. Who-o-o-o! He fell back, startled out of his skin. The whistle was blowing "All aboard!"

Slowly, deliberately over the barricade a head with a helmet appeared and eyes that seemed to glow in the twilight roved from one to the other of the two boys, crouching against a stanchion.

"So *thar* you are!" said a rough, heavy voice in synchronization with the rough,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, Etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of PICTORIAL REVIEW, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1923.

State of New York } ss.:
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William T. Ahnell, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the PICTORIAL REVIEW and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher—THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, 200-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

Editor—ARTHUR T. VANCE, 200-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

Managing Editor—NONE.

Business Manager—WILLIAM P. AHNELL, Deal, N. J.

2. That the owners are: THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, a corporation, 200-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

W. P. AHNELL, Deal, N. J.
C. W. NELSON, 2211 Broadway, New York City.
E. D. TRUMBULL, 35 East 84th Street, New York City.
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:
NONE.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

W. P. AHNELL,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1923.

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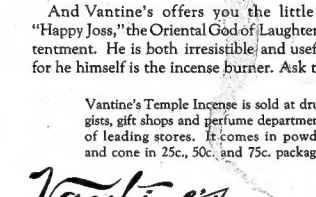

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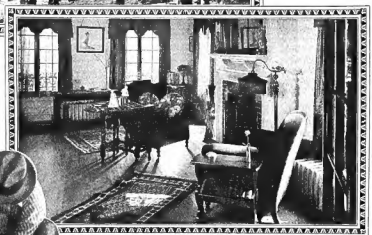

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

heavy hand that reached out for Admah's collar. "What d'you-all think yer doin' anyhow?

Admah cleared his throat and was warned into silence by a pinch in the leg.

"Deef, hey? Well, come out o' thar—hear me?"

The end of a wooden club punched Admah in the ribs; his voyage was over. He swung himself up and scrambled out into comparative daylight. Elmer came too. Another policeman appeared from the gangway, and the two culprits were led back to the wharf. Then the plank was swung away and the old *Senator Clay* rode pompously into the stream. From the deck above a hundred passengers were enjoying the spectacle of two hoboes under arrest for stealing a ride on a river boat.

ADMAH'S second encounter with the law was less fortunate than the first. Had he sent for his mother as he did when haled before the Commissioner he might have fared better. But as he sat beside the dauntless Elmer in a city prison cell he decided that ma should never know of this second and larger disgrace.

From the minute of his nabbing Elmer had retained his air of jaunty defiance; and at intervals during that night of waiting he would turn amiably to his partner and inform him, "They can't do a thing to us." That was consoling. By morning the Holtz boy was almost convinced that the Court would send him home with a reprimand, as the Commissioner had done.

Next morning they sat in the dock and heard a great many negroes explain away their family quarrels. The Judge, a merry, bald gentleman with heavy red eyebrows that worked up and down like restless caterpillars, would draw out the witness for the benefit of his audience. Laughter. Cries of "Silence in the coat-room!" from a stumpy bailiff with a heavy quid in his cheek. Admah began to catch the comic spirit and snicker like a free man. Then the snapping sentence, "Thirty days in the work-house!" would recall to the desolating present.

Elmer Hemingway—for during the night the ex-usher had revealed his all-too-splendid name—volunteered his services as legal adviser. It was his precaution that their names went into the police "blotter" as Frank McGuire and Henry Brown of Cincinnati. They didn't want to go on record as bums, he explained, and repeated his formula, "Just you leave it to me, Ad. And don't you open your trap."

WHEN McGuire and Brown were called the younger stowaway sensed a tingling shame as tho he had been slapped in the face and had no redress. The Judge's heavy brows thickened and settled above eyes that had lost their twinkle. The affair was tragically brief, merely a glib statement from the policeman who had made the arrest: "If it please, y' Onna, the prisoners was watched by me. I seen 'em loafin' round Wharf Number One just befo' the *Senator Clay* put out." "You found them hiding in the ship?" His Honor was brief. "Down in the hold, y' Onna, behind the hawgeads."

When McGuire and Brown were called upon to defend themselves it was the whim of Fate that His Honor should have called upon Elmer to do the talking. And how the boy did talk! He went into the case with all the dexterity of an accomplished criminal lawyer. They had been in the lunch-wagon business in Cincinnati, he and his friend Brown, and a man named Macey had offered them a better job in a wagon just outside the race-course. They had had enough money to come down the river, but when they got to the city Macey had welshed. They wanted to go home and they were broke.

"I have heard that story before," said the Judge in his softest accent. "Why don't you speak the truth and say you've been playing the races? And I want to say here and now that there has been too much free riding lately on the river boats. I am going to make an example of you two young men; and I intend to deal just as severely with future cases." A short pause. "Thirty days in the workhouse."

Then the Judge turned rather bored eyes toward his bailiff, indicating that he would hear the next case. McGuire and Brown were led away.

Thirty days in the workhouse!

The second instalment of "To-morrow's Bread" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published December 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

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